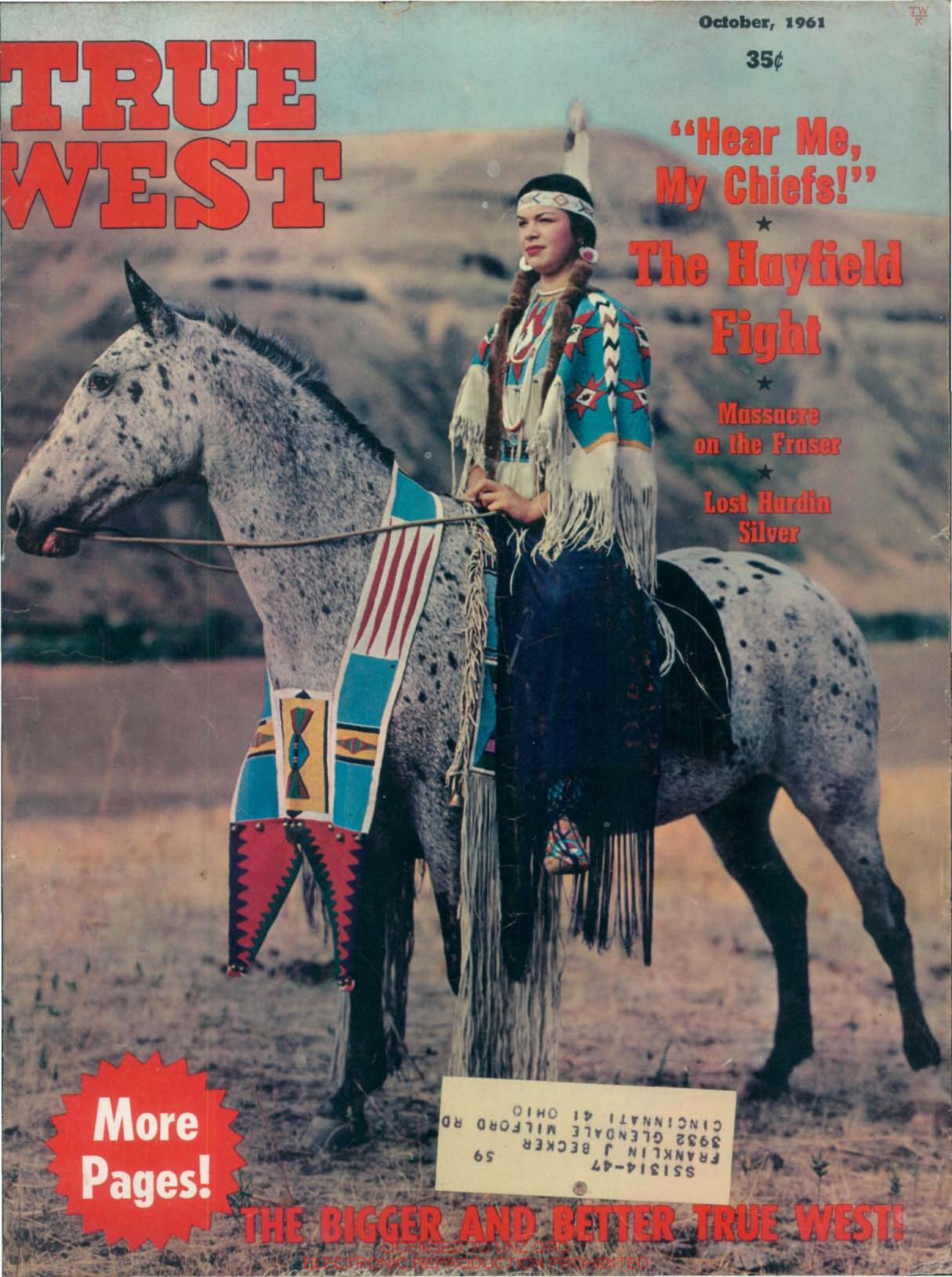
October, 1961

35¢

TRUE WEST



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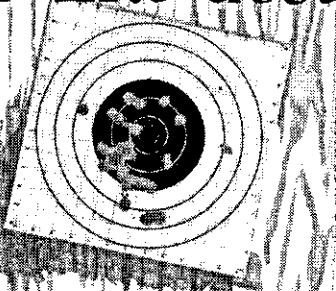

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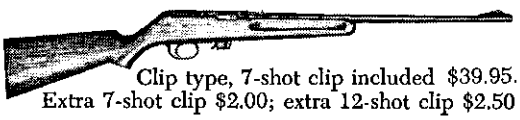

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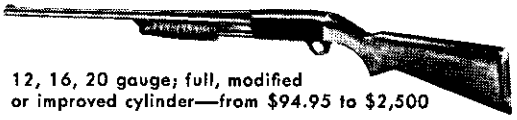

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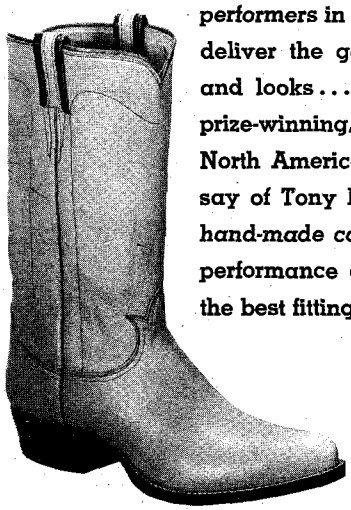

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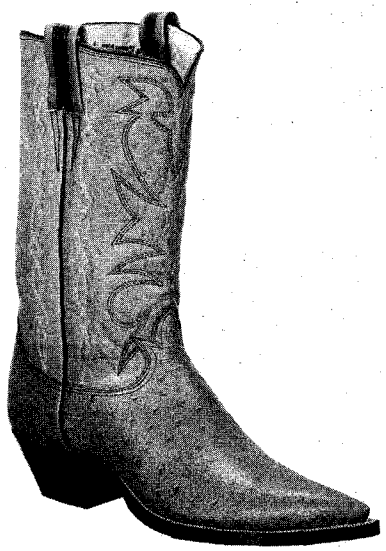

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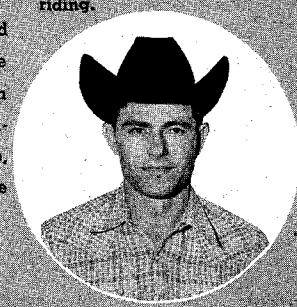

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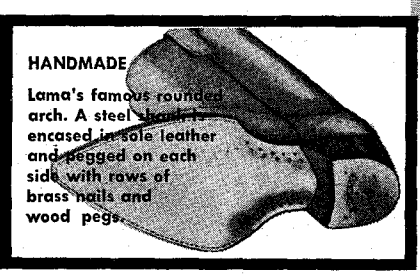

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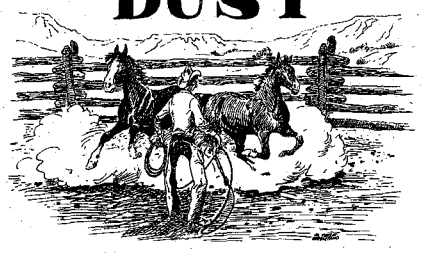

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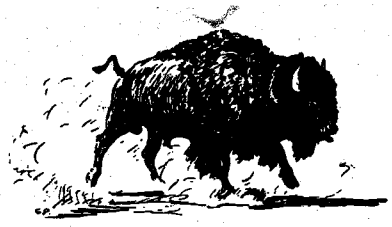

September-October, 1961
Volume 9, No. 1
Whole No. 47

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Cover photo by H. W. Steward

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin 31, Texas. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. $5.00 for 12 issues in Canada and all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1961 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS.

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We'll Never Look Back!

WE here at WESTERN PUBLICATIONS think this is the best issue of TRUE WEST we have ever published. We KNOW it is the biggest . . . We are trying, beginning with this issue, to "hit our stride," to publish the kind of magazine we've always wanted to publish—and to keep on improving.

I KNOW better than to write something like the above. I know that some of you sneaking coyotes are just waiting to pounce upon us and yell, "It isn't so! You haven't improved a bit. It's even downgraded over the last few issues!"

Well, by golly, as the old saying goes, it takes one to know one. If we aren't low-down, sneaky, mange-ridden coyotes ourselves, then there are none left in the West. If we were sane, ordinary, even half-smart people, we'd have had more sense in the first place than to have come out with our white bellies exposed to the vicious dirks waiting for just such a "lost little lamb" as one who says, "We're going to publish a magazine that is absolutely authentic!"

In short, just make a statement and a big portion of our readers are ready to go on twenty-three hour duty trying to prove it isn't so! I've thought of stating boldly: "When the sun is down, it is dark. When the sun is up, it's light." That seems to be a reasonably accurate statement, but we have readers who can prove it isn't so—especially when there are heavy thunderstorms, the sun is in eclipse, or lightning at night makes it light as day.

The above, of course, is all in fun. But we do have readers who jump all over us for making one tiny error. Like the woman who cancelled her subscription because we got one letter wrong in the name of a man who was kin to her. All we can say to people like that is that we have tried harder than you might think to put out the two top authentic magazines of their kind in the world. We've cut our mistakes to few and far between, but we still make them—and we'll always make some.

To those who stop reading our magazines after finding one error (some write in saying, "I've been reading your magazine five years and have never found a mistake until . . .") we say, goodbye, good luck, and we sure hope the good Lord won't rule that you are through after the next error you make. Even after the next one hundred . . .

ABOUT the price raise again, we've explained that fully. Actually, it amounts to only 60c a year—a dime per copy more for six copies and less than that if you subscribe.

Our mail has piled high with warm letters from readers saying it won't make the slightest difference to them. Only TWO letters out of the stacks and stacks were negative. One was from an old man on a pension. The other letter was from someone who signed himself "Sarge." He said he would die of old age before he would pay 35c for the trash we put out. We didn't worry too much about that letter because Sarge's life-expectancy is too short to have made him a good subscriber. We're basing that on the fact that with his disposition, Sarge is going to run up against somebody pretty soon who's going to plait his ribs and cross his eyes permanently. Of course he's safe writing letters, especially when he won't give his name or address, but unless he's holed up somewhere and never sees his fellow-man, someday a guy just a little bigger and tougher is going to fix ole Sarge where he won't be able to read **nuthin'**—even TRUE WEST!

Actually, if you folks don't think the bigger and better TRUE WEST is **worth** a dime more, we want to know it. We think so. We believe that we have made it worth a dime per copy more to you and at the same time relieved the strain of costs that have been rising constantly since we started in 1953. Your response on buying copies from the newsstands and renewing subscriptions will tell the story. If we lose only a few customers, we are headed for the best dad-blamed magazines that it is POSSIBLE to publish in the Old West field! We'll have the wind in our sails and we'll never look back!

You readers, as always, will have the final say on that . . .

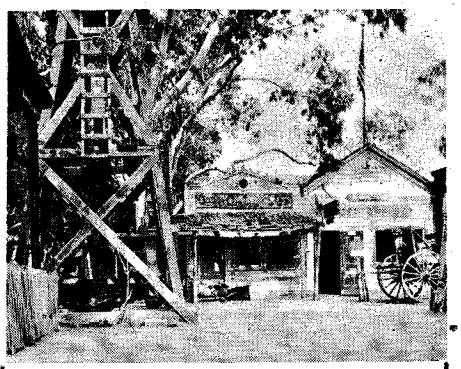
See you later with a report on how it goes.—Joe.

About the Cover

For months, new readers especially have been writing in something to the effect: "I've seen your magazines on the stands for years and thought they were just westerns. Then one day I picked one up and thumbed through it. Those wonderful old photos, the **true** stories—why on earth don't you put some of those great old pictures on your front cover so people will know at a glance that you are authentic all the way."

We've known it's a good idea from the first. In fact, we've used several (No. 2 a good example) but beautiful COLOR photos, with an Old West tie-in, are hard to come by. We're making progress, however, and you'll see more from now on—not every cover, but a thicker sprinkling. What is YOUR opinion on this type cover? We'll probably throw in a terrific western scene (blooming cactus; the cold, lone mesas; etc.) but we won't get "touristy."

The photo on the cover of this issue was taken by H. W. Steward, of Boise, Idaho, and the Idaho State Department of Commerce and Development was kind enough to lend it to us. The girl (isn't she purty?) is Amy Tilden, great-grandniece of Chief Joseph of Nez Percé war fame. (Read "Hear Me, My Chiefs!" by our old standby, Norman B. Wiltsey, in this issue.) Amy is wearing the ceremonial dress worn by her aunt at the last big council between General Howard and Joseph prior to the outbreak of the war. Isn't it wonderfully preserved? She is riding one of Chub Ralston's registered Appaloosa horses—the breed known over the Great Plains before the Lewis and Clark Expedition as the greatest horse in the West.



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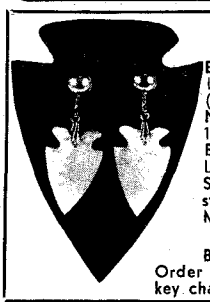

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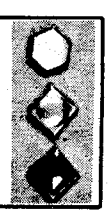

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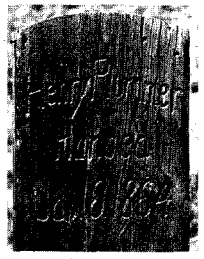

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Truly Western

Stars All Messed Up!

Dear Mr. Small:

I find your questions and answers ("Ask True West") interesting as I do a similar column each week in one of our English comics. I get hundreds of letters weekly. The questions are similar to those your readers ask.

Do you know why the five-pointed star was chosen for a sheriff's badge? I get asked that frequently and would like to know the right answer. My answer to readers is that the badge probably originated in Texas since the five-pointed star was the symbol of Texas, and the first lawman may have come from there. I don't know whether the Texas Rangers used the star when they were first formed in 1836. A star, of course, is the symbol for space and overseeing power, and would consequently be most applicable as the badge of a frontier lawman.

Congratulations on a very fine magazine. I have been reading it for several years now, and would hate to be without it.—Joan Whitford, 16 The Retreat, North Harrow, Middlesex, England.

Editor's Note: It ain't often that an English girl is interested in why there are five points on a Texas sheriff's star—and, as for me, I have made a life-long practice of never gettin' close enough to a lawman to COUNT the points! But I had a little confab (from a distance) with Mr. Berry of the Sheriff's Association and he tells me that the star situation in Texas is a mess.

Texas sheriffs are supposed to have five-pointed stars because, as you said, it's on the flag and the seal and there's no other which-away about it, as far as what's right. However, a long time ago when there weren't any badge makers in these parts, we had to order from those pesky Yankees. Up north they already had their standard molds of six-pointed stars and that's what they shipped. And, Yankeelike, the frazzlin' things just wouldn't wear out. You had to catch a bullet in the heart or lose one on a long ride to have an excuse for a replacement.

For that reason you will find both kinds worn in Texas—but mostly fives and they will be ALL fives sooner or later. That's on account of there's lots of Southwestern badge makers now and I don't have to tell you how many points they use.

I found out, too, that there's a lot of variety among the different states. California sheriffs, for instance, wear seven-point stars. Now if that ain't enough to out-dazzle a villainous sidewinder, I don't know what is! —Joe.

Steep Country

TRUE WEST,

Referring to Harrison S. Cobb's article on "The Wyoming Leaners" in the May-June 1961 issue, one can't refute his story, BUT . . . .

Here in Oregon things happen so strange that we don't have to lie about them (no one would believe us anyway). Yessir, truth IS stranger than fiction.

One day, while surveying a road out of the Big Bottom country on the Clackamas River back in the summer of '58, I witnessed a curious happenstance. There is some fairly steep country back in the Clackamas drainage, as a few folks have found out. You've got to be half mountain goat and the other half crazy to wander over that country.

I was short-cutting cross-country when I came onto this particular rock face. Peering over the edge, I saw hung up on what appeared to be absolutely nothing about three-fourths of the way down, a small sixteen-point buck (one side of the rack only) that would have dressed a paltry 426½ pounds, less the horns, of course. Then, about halfway down, was an Oregon bobcat kitten (full-grown these grow to about the size of a Texas mountain lion) which had evidently figured to pounce on that there buck.

Along about one-fourth the way down were four buzzards. These birds were climbing DOWN the rock face inch-by-inch, using pitons, crampons, and all that there fancy mountain gear. They appeared to be having a terrible time, for if one would happen to lose his hold, he would immediately fall UP!

Being a sane and partially-educated fellow, I tried to figure out this phenomenon. I threw several large boulders over the rim, and it happened that the heaviest did naturally go down the farthest, although none ever did reach the bottom. Every one of them boulders just hung up on pure nothing. I further experimented by throwing over some smaller rocks. These would go UP and come to rest several feet ABOVE the rim.

Finally I figured it out this-away: that country is so steep and treacherous that even the law of gravity is afraid to GET DOWN!—Ray Oman, Box 280 MSR, Prineville, Oregon.

Editor's Note: In order to verify this account, we sent one of our most reputable writers to take a look at this area personally. He hasn't returned yet, but every week or so he sends us a batch of the best-eatin' trout we've ever tasted.

Funny thing, though. Instead of fins, every one of them has rubber-heeled suction cups!

Oops!

Dear Sirs,

While reading your June issue I came across "The Wyoming Leaners." I enjoyed this article very much.

Mr. Cobb has a wonderful imagination but he's not so good on English. I recopied this story for a theme. When I received my grade I was disappointed. I had received a 90 instead of a 98 or 100.I would suggest that Mr. Cobb take a course in English under my English teacher. Good luck and I hope you make a better grade than I did.—Joe Dan Shotwell, Cheyenne, Oklahoma.

Editor's Note: Hmmm. Well, we ain't smart, but at least we're honest. The only thing we'd like to know: how come your English teacher ain't a reader of TRUE WEST like everybody else?

(Continued on page 42)

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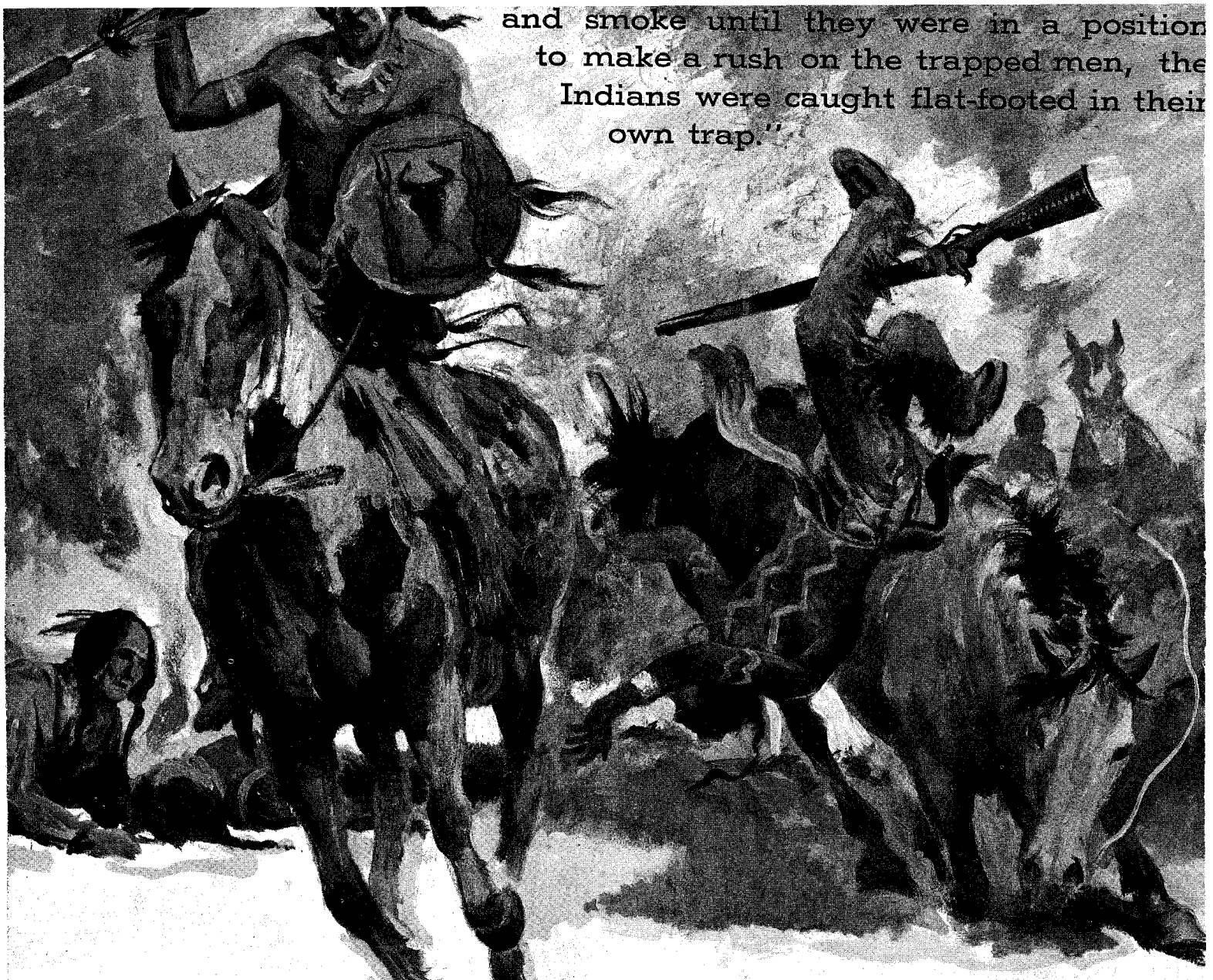
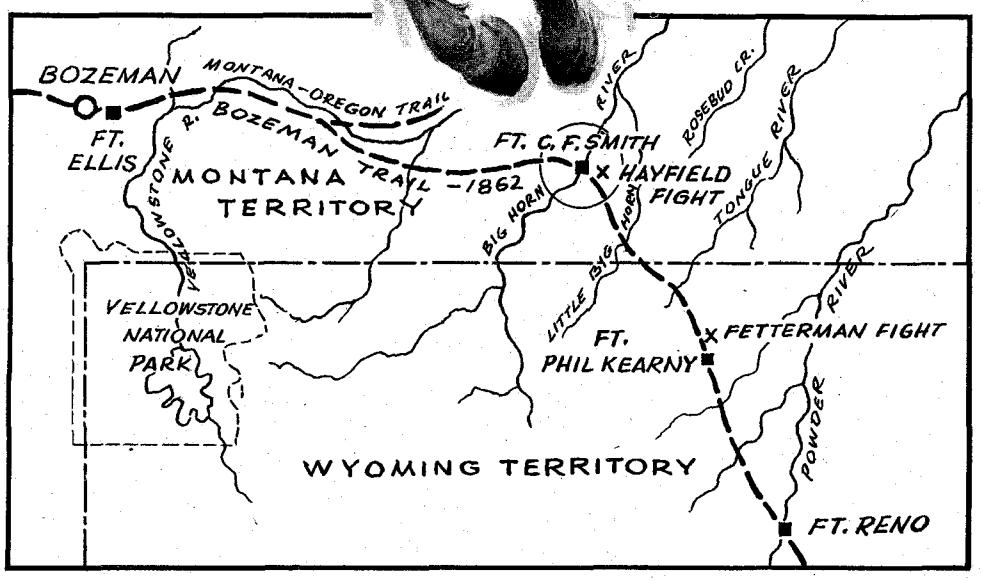


and smoke until they were in a position to make a rush on the trapped men, the Indians were caught flat-footed in their own trap."



THE

By
BILL JUDGE

Illustrated by
Ben Carlton Mead

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HAYFIELD FIGHT

THE year of 1867 was the year of the big Indian push to eliminate three forts, Smith, Kearny and Reno, from the Bozeman Trail.

Red Cloud had harassed the trail every mile of the way the previous year. With the advent of winter, he had wiped out Fetterman and eighty men in a fight which had shocked the white man's world. He had held the undermanned garrisons of the forts so tightly that they had been almost helpless to aid the immigrants along the trail. Encouraged by the authorities, who made light of the many Indian attacks, the immigrants kept coming in ever-increasing numbers.

Red Cloud knew that with the forts completed and the arrival of reinforcements, the army would be able to devote more men to escort and patrol duties, restricting the number and effectiveness of his raids along the trail. The forts had to go and the call went out for all warriors to join the encampment on the Rosebud.

The winter of 1866-67 had been a long, cold and violent season. Time and again the mercury had gone to forty below and had remained there for weeks. Some of the worst blizzards in the memory of the Indians had raged over the hills and plains.

The Indians had been held immobile in their winter quarters. Pestilence stalked the camps. A heavy toll was taken among the very young and the very old. Game was snowbound and food was badly needed by both the Indians and their horses. It was all due to the presence of the white man. Had not so many warriors been required to defend the encroachment on the Bozeman Trail,

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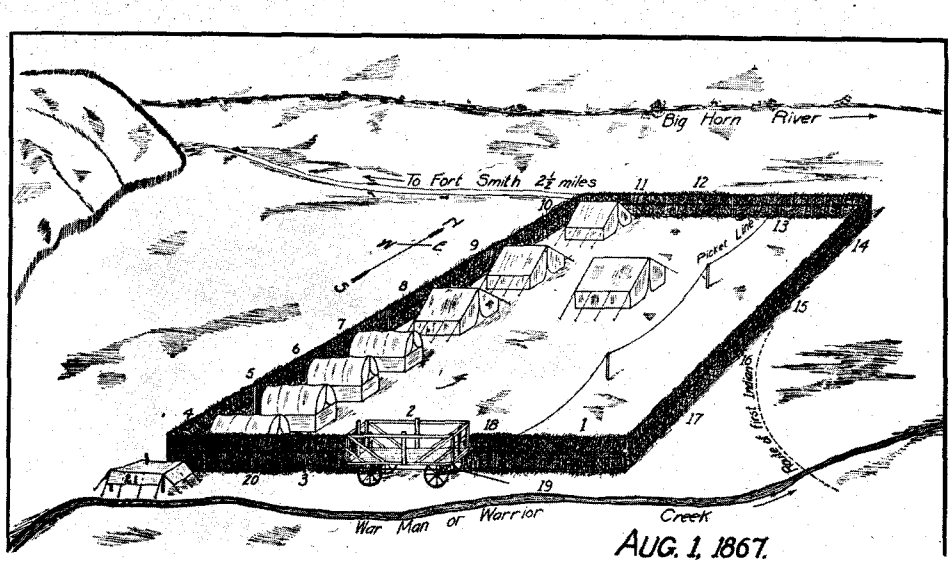

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Above, sketch of the Hayfield Fight, showing the positions of the fighters. (1) Al Colvin; (2) Lieutenant Sternberg; (3) Al Stevenson; (4) Finn Burnett; (5) George Duncan; (6) the man located here lost his nerve and didn't fire a shot; (7) Robert Little; (8) Hollister; (9, 10, 11, 13) soldiers; (12) one soldier was killed here; (14) soldier here was wounded; (15) Zeke Colvin; (16) the wounded sergeant; (17) William Haynes; (18) soldier; (19) Sioux chief killed here by Al Colvin; (20) soldier here wounded; (20) cook's tent at lower left outside corral. Below, Fort C. F. Smith as it looked about 1900.

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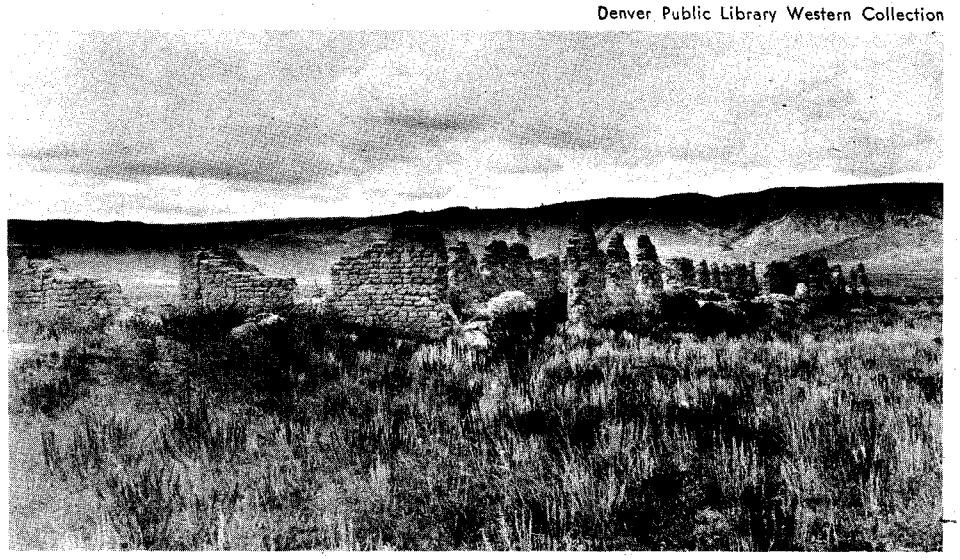

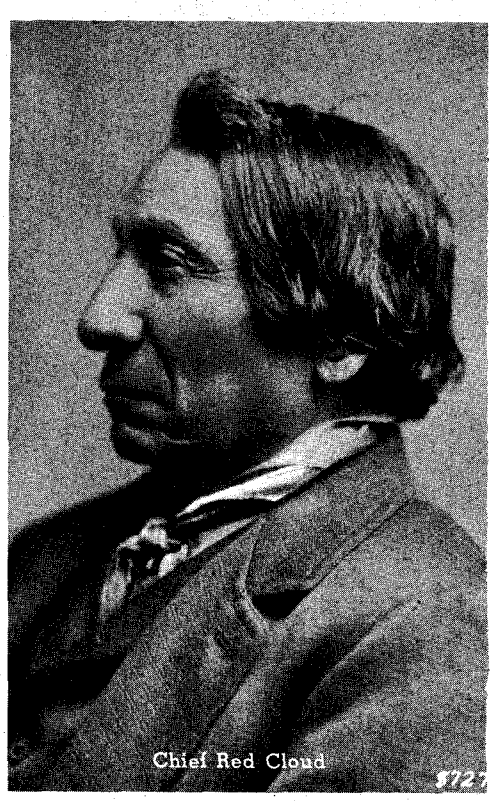

U.S. Signal Corps photo 111-SC-94324 in the National Archives

food would be more plentiful and the lodges scattered over many different locations for the winter.

Spring had come with much wet snow and heavy rains to add to the burden of swollen streams, already swift and angry with the thawing of the winter's hard-packed snow. But now streams had subsided, the grass was green, ponies were fat and the lodges filled with food. Now was the time to fight, to destroy the hated forts and to reclaim the violated hunting grounds.

Warriors by the thousands were assembled until the lodges extended for miles along the river banks and valley. But, as usual, there was dissension in the council. Red Cloud and the majority of the Sioux wanted to attack headquarters at Fort Kearny first. They contended that when it fell, the others could be more easily destroyed.

The majority of the Cheyennes and the Minneconjou Sioux wanted to attack Fort Smith, which was closer. Why ride to Fort Kearny, then to Fort Reno, and have to return all of the way to Fort Smith? The Indians were so strong in number that none of the forts could resist for long; it would only be a short delay at Fort Smith before attacking Fort Kearny. So why not attack and destroy each fort in its turn?

The argument grew hotter, until violence threatened the whole campaign. It was finally decided to form groups of those favoring each plan, to decide which was the most popular. As a result each group was so large they decided to attack both forts simultaneously.

Red Cloud and his group of warriors left camp July 31 and arrived in the vicinity of Fort Kearny the night of August 1. But by that time the battle of Fort Smith, known as the Hayfield Fight, had been decided.

ON AUGUST 3, 1866, Colonel Henry B. Carrington had ordered Lieutenant Colonel N. C. Kinney and two companies of infantry north to establish a fort on the Big Horn River, to be known as Fort C. F. Smith. The expedition, numbering approximately 160, took with it 300 tons of hay and a year's provisions.

Arriving at the site on August 12, they immediately started work on the fort. This most northern outpost on the Bozeman was somewhat different in construction from the other two. The north wall was constructed of adobe, with the outside of the buildings, facing away from the interior of the fort, forming part of the remaining walls. The spaces between were filled with heavy vertical pine timbers.

Later that fall, the garrison was reinforced with the addition of two more companies of infantry.

Guarding the Bozeman ford over the river, the fort was located on the southern bluffs looking up the mouth of the Big Horn Canyon. While the fort had a beautiful view of the canyon and the backdrop of hills, there was little else to recommend it. Fort Smith proved to be the most lonely of the three outposts. Practically in a state of siege during its entire existence, it was free of hostile threat only when friendly Crow Indians were camped in its vicinity.

For months at a time communication between Fort Smith and headquarters at Fort Kearny was impossible. There was always strong doubt at Fort Kearny, during those periods of silence, whether or not Fort Smith was still intact. Jim Bridger, the noted scout, was often sent to check on it. Mail between the two forts often required the escort of a company of cavalry.

On July 21, 1867, Brevet Brigadier General Luther P. Bradley arrived at Fort Smith to assume command of the post. The enlarged command now totaled ten commissioned officers, seven subalterns, and 347 enlisted men. General Bradley was the officer later connected with the doubtful circumstances surrounding the death of Crazy Horse.

With the grass grazed off the immediate vicinity of all forts, it was necessary to go some miles to secure hay in any quantity. The usual procedure was to cut the hay with mowing machines, if the Indians had left them in operating condition, or to hand-cut it with scythes,

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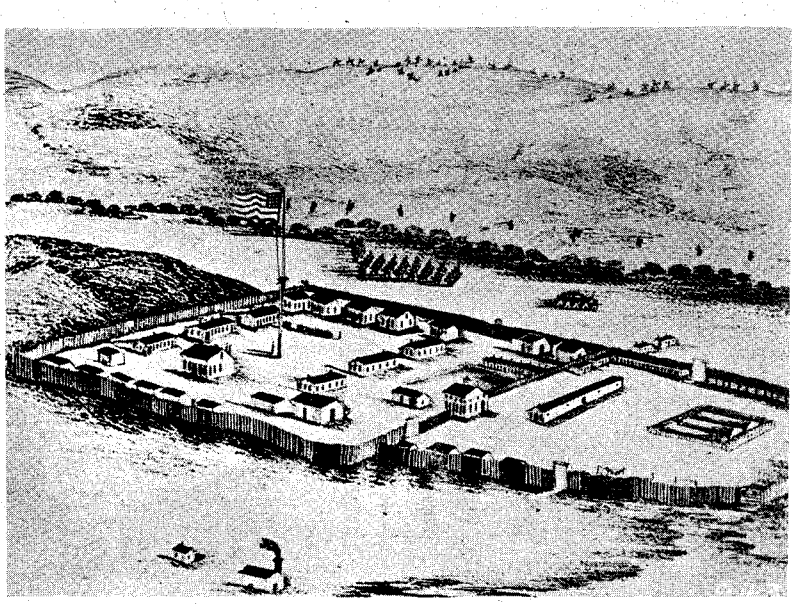

U.S. Signal Corps photo 111-SC-87277
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Above left, Red Cloud and four other Dakota chiefs as they represented their tribe in a delegation to Washington, D.C. Above right, Fort Phil Kearny, one of Fort C. F. Smith's "sister" forts. Below, HARPER'S WEEKLY, June 18, 1870, depicted an Indian charge such as that made on the hayfield.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

and cure and bale it in 200 pound bales for hauling to the forts. Balers were of the stationary type, operated with a team.

Haying operations began during the middle of July. The hayfield was a natural meadow, some two-and-a-half miles east of the fort, on the bottom land of the Big Horn River. It had been a favored spot of buffalo and antelope.

A detail of nineteen soldiers under Second Lieutenant Sigismund Sternberg escorted the hay crew to the banks of Warrior Creek, which traversed the hayfield. Forty feet from this creek they erected a temporary type of protection for the men engaged in the haying operations. The only opening in this brush-walled fort was on the south side, facing Warrior Creek. Each side of the gate was framed by a large vertical post set firmly in the ground. Just large enough for a wagon to pass, the gate was closed at night by chaining the wheels of a hayrack to the posts.

The corral was a rectangle approximately 120 x 100 feet. Heavy posts were set in the ground at intervals of six to ten feet and logs laid along the ground on the outside of the posts. It was customary in this type of frontier post to lay one log on top of the other leaving rifle space between to protect the fighter's head when firing.

Heavy horizontal rails were securely fastened at the center and top of the vertical posts. Green willows, retaining all of their smaller branches and leaves, were so tightly woven between the horizontal bars and the ground, that it was difficult to see through the wall and even more impossible for a man to force an entrance.

The wagons were converted to the hauling of hay by removing the boxes and building racks on the running gears. Four of these boxes with canvas schooner covers were aligned inside the southern half of the west wall, about four feet distant from the wall. The civilian workers occupied these quarters at night.

The northern half of the west side held three squad tents for the shelter of soldiers on guard duty with the hay crew. A separate tent in the center of the corral served as quarters for Lieutenant Sternberg. In the eastern half of the corral was a picket line, running north and south, for the tethering and protection

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of the working stock.

Between Warrior Creek and the southwest corner of the corral a tarpaulin shelter for cooking and eating was put up. A short distance from each of the other three corners, a small rifle pit in the form of a half-moon was excavated.

In addition, Lieutenant Sternberg and his men spent a day in measuring and noting the various points that were within range of the rifles used by the soldiers and civilians.

The enlisted men were armed with the .50 caliber, Allin-modified Springfield breech-loading rifles, newly arrived from the east. The civilians, with the exception of Zeke Colvin, were armed with Spencer or Henry repeating rifles. All had Colt revolvers as sidearms and some of the civilians had double-barreled ten-gauge shotguns also.

Noteworthy among the civilian employees were two brothers, Zeke and Al Colvin. As boys they had received early rifle training on squirrels in Missouri. Both had been captains in the Civil War but as so often happened in those terrible days of divided family loyalties, they served on opposite sides.

FROM the start of haying operations, the crew and guard were under constant surveillance and intermittent attack. The Indians watched while the hay was cut and cured and, when it was raked into cocks or small stacks, they would suddenly swoop down and set fire to the gathered hay.

During this time, the members of the haying crew repeatedly received warnings from the Crows that great numbers of hostile warriors were gathering on the Rosebud within easy striking distance of the fort. Both the fort personnel and the haying crew believed the information to be an exaggeration of the true situation.

The Sioux had been trying to persuade the Crows to join them in the campaign against the three forts. The older men among the Crows restrained the young men from acts that would endanger their long friendship with the white men. The Crows were free to come and go as they wished in the Sioux camps, the Sioux hoping they might still be won to their side. Instead, the Crows—when they learned the immediate objectives of the Sioux were to be the three forts—carried a warning to Fort Smith.

Toward the end of July the hostile camp split into the two rival factions and the Fort Smith contingent moved to the Big Horn. A cover of small war parties had prevented detection of the encampment by the whites.

It would have been impossible for those in charge at the fort to have sent out search and scouting parties. Fetterman proved this the previous year when he and eighty men were wiped out on a similar expedition.

That there were screens of Indian scouts and small war parties between the fort and the main camp was proven by the almost daily burnings of cured hay. The hayfield was between the fort and the camp. Any small party venturing forth even a distance of half-a-mile from the sanctuary of Fort Smith would have almost certainly been attacked.

It is hard to realize the terrible isolation of those frontier army posts and the tension burdening the minds of those manning the garrisons. The majority of men were seasoned Civil War veterans accustomed to foes who could be seen, foes who fought by the rules of established warfare. Enemies who were constantly watching and yet invisible were different. The men knew the Indians were there, ready to pounce at the first wrong move or relaxed moment. It is a matter of record that this type of warfare mentally unbalanced several of the men at Fort Smith.

On July 21 another party of twenty Crow Indians stopped at the hayfield to implore the men to return to the fort. They carried the warning that a war party, numbering so many warriors that they could not be counted, was encamped five miles below the hayfield and planned to attack the fort the next day. Failing to convince Lieutenant Sternberg or the hay crew, the Crows went on to the fort hoping to find someone there who would believe them.

August 1 dawned bright and clear. The hay wagons, which had been loaded the previous day, left early for the fort with an escort of eleven infantrymen. Lieutenant Sternberg was left with eight soldiers and nine civilians to carry on at the corral. The men occupied themselves with many neglected small tasks around the corral, while awaiting the return of the crew and guard.

The picket, on guard duty at the bluffs several hundred yards southeast of the fort, was on the alert. At approximately nine-thirty, he fired his rifle and whipped his horse on a dead run for the corral. Arriving there, he frantically told the men to look to the east, where the whole bottomland was lined with hundreds of warriors. Knowing that they were now discovered, the war party broke into a run.

Onward the screaming warriors came —Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe—waving their weapons threateningly, their war feathers streaming in the rush of air. Many of them carried torches made of tight twisted hay. The smoke, hay and sparks added to the satanic illusion they presented.

The flimsy willow shelter—hardly more than a brush corral—had never been intended to withstand an onslaught of this magnitude, but the men had no time to try to gain the sheltering walls of Fort Smith. Fortunately the fence had been built honestly; it shook but held fast. Failing to penetrate the wall, those savages carrying fire brands hurled them into the green willows or over into the interior of the corral.

ZEKE Colvin's rifle notched the first horse and the first warrior. The latter was brave or confident enough to lean out from his horse to hold his torch to the wall. Zeke couldn't see the Indian because he was hidden by the tops of the willows, but he could see the horse and shot him. The horse fell, pinning the warrior to the ground. Zeke rolled over on his back to ram down a fresh charge and recap his rifle. Rolling back on his belly, he saw the Indian just rising to his feet. Zeke stopped him—permanently.

By now the other men were in action, firing as rapidly as their repeating rifles would permit. Their fire merged into a continuous roll as every shot found some kind of mark. It was impossible to miss. The Indians were jammed tight against the barricade, trying to look over or through the willows to get a glimpse of or a shot at their victims. The Spencer and Henry repeating rifles, the shotguns, the revolvers, the Springfield breech-loading .50-70's all took their toll.

The Indians couldn't stand such deadly fire; those nearest the wall began to fight those farther away, trying to escape, to get clear and away from the certain destruction that was theirs along the barricade. Many injured remained behind, pinned under their dead or wounded and screaming horses. Rescue attempts were made, but the white men were on the watch and added to the toll of Indian dead and injured.

There was a brief interval of comparative quiet while the attackers sought advantageous cover for directing a sniping fire toward the beseiged men, who hastily scooped out hollows behind the logs for still further concealment and protection.

Lieutenant Sternberg, newly arrived from the East, was receiving his first baptism of Indian warfare. He was standing in the southern gate facing the willows, scoffing and rallying the men for their badger-burrowing tactics. While he was belittling the marksmanship of the Indians, a sniper's bullet ended his career.

Soon after that, the only other person of authority with the army detachment, Sergeant James Norton, received a nasty wound in the shoulder. The remaining men called on ex-captain Al Colvin to assume command. Colvin rearranged the troops to form a floating guard, shifting them to meet danger when it threatened from any direction. One civilian and one soldier found that their courage was not equal to the occasion. Their defection further reduced the effective number on defense. Both crawled into holes and would not—or could not—fire a single shot.

The wounded sergeant's bravery somewhat compensated for the loss of the two weaklings. One of the squad tents had been converted to hospital usage. The sergeant, being wounded in the shoulder, could not handle a rifle, but several of the men reserved loaded revolvers for him. When the going got rough he would come to lend a hand until the emergency was over.

During the sniping, one of the men realized he was receiving the special attention of some individual marksman. Each time he raised his head above the base log, he was greeted by the bumblebee passing of a bullet. Unable to locate his personal enemy, he decided to try the old hat trick, placing the decoy on the log while he peered over from a new position.

Soon he was rewarded by sight of a warrior shooting at the hat from around the side of an old punk-rotten cottonwood stump. The Indian evidently believed himself safe behind this shelter. Sighting dead center on the rotten stump, the former lamb assumed the role of the lion and carefully pulled the trigger. The Indian rolled out from behind the stump, painted face upward to the sky, a victim of his misplaced sense of security.

ANOTHER full-scale assault was made by the Indians that morning. It, too, carried up to the willow barrier. Of shorter duration than the first attack, nevertheless it was more effective, for two men, a soldier and a civilian, were mortally wounded.

Then the hostiles decided to employ one of nature's most deadly forces to carry the burden of attack for them—fire. Upwind from the corral, they set fire to the dry grass in the meadow. The men in the corral watched helplessly while the roaring flames, leaping thirty to forty feet in the air, swept down upon them. Expecting to be burned alive, the men shouted encouragement to each other

(Continued on page 52)

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THE LAND is FREE

Tragedy wields an ugly hand. Ray Briggs' fate was a horrible testimony to the fact that every foot of "free" land was paid for with sweat, blood — and sometimes death.

By COLEN H. SWEETEN as told to COLEN H. SWEETEN, JR.

IT was March, 1901. Three years had passed since our family had begun homesteading in Curlew Valley in southern Idaho. Other families were now rapidly settling the neighboring land. Some said the land was free, others said they had bet $16.00 (the filing fee) against 160 acres that they could live on the land for five years without starving. On this particular spring afternoon I was walking behind the handplow on my father's homestead. My younger brother, Warren, stopped the horses. "Well, look at that!" he said.

I turned my eyes to the road which ran along the north end of the homestead. A young boy, Peter Neilsen, came running down the hill, past the end of our clearing, and disappeared to the west still running like a scared rabbit. About this time we noticed a man approaching us through the tall sage. He also ran in desperation. As he neared, we could tell he was one of the Briggs brothers who were digging a well about a mile east of us. He staggered into our arms trying to get enough breath to speak.

"What is it, John?" I asked.

"Horse's down the well on Ray," he gasped.

I looked at Warren. The color left his face and he started to unhook the horses. A few minutes later, Warren was on his way to Rock House Ranch about seven miles north of our place. There 'Dolph House raised some hay and he was sure to have cables or ropes.

I took John on the other horse and started back to the well. As we rode through the tall sagebrush, John told me that the well was about sixty feet deep. They were just starting to strike water when the horse which was being used to pull the bucket up out of the well became excited and backed into the well.

The horse had wedged in the hole just below the surface, but when Ray climbed up the rope to try to squeeze past the horse, they had both fallen to the bottom together. I knew there was no hope for the man.

Soon after we arrived at the well, John became hysterical and tried to go down the well on a rope. I reasoned, pleaded, and finally had to drag him back from the spot. While struggling, we saw a rider coming from Wood Canyon east of us. As he neared the well, he sensed trouble and kicked his horse into a run. I could see that the rider was Eph, the oldest of the Briggs brothers. Eph set his horse up in front of us and stayed in the saddle.

"What's up?" he almost whispered. "What happened?"

"The horse fell down the well on Ray," I blurted out. There just didn't seem to be anything else to say. Eph made a sort of a groaning sound and toppled from his horse like a dead man. He lay in the dust in a state of shock.

A little later when he was able to get to his feet, I found my troubles growing. I now had two men who wanted to climb down the rope.

It was about sundown when Warren returned from the Rock House Ranch. He had plenty of equipment and, to my great relief, I saw that he had brought our oldest sister's husband, Heber Holbrook. I was barely out of my teens and the other fellows even younger than I. Heber Holbrook, with years of experience and plenty of determination, was exactly what we needed.

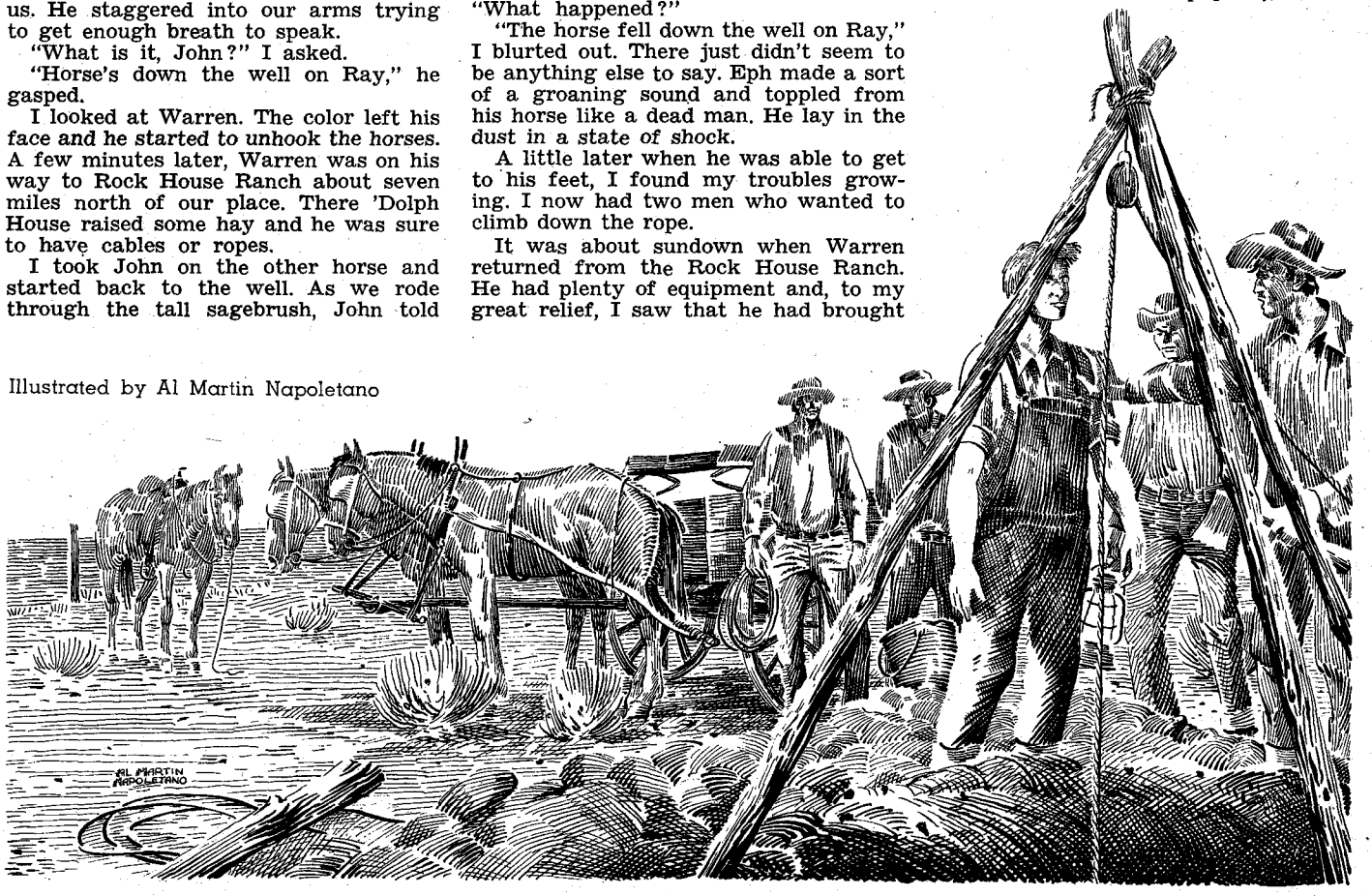
AS dusk fell, Heber outlined our task, and we prepared the equipment. We were no longer alone. Ed Robbins and Jesse Bradshaw on their way to Malad had stopped their wagons to help. Janus Neilsen, a neighbor, was there and a sheepman named Price.

Heber was a little hard of hearing; he put his hand on my shoulder and in the half darkness I could feel the seriousness of his gaze.

"Colen, I can hear you and we understand each other. I'm going down that well on one condition and that is that

(Continued on page 64)

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



"I'm going down that well on one condition . . ."

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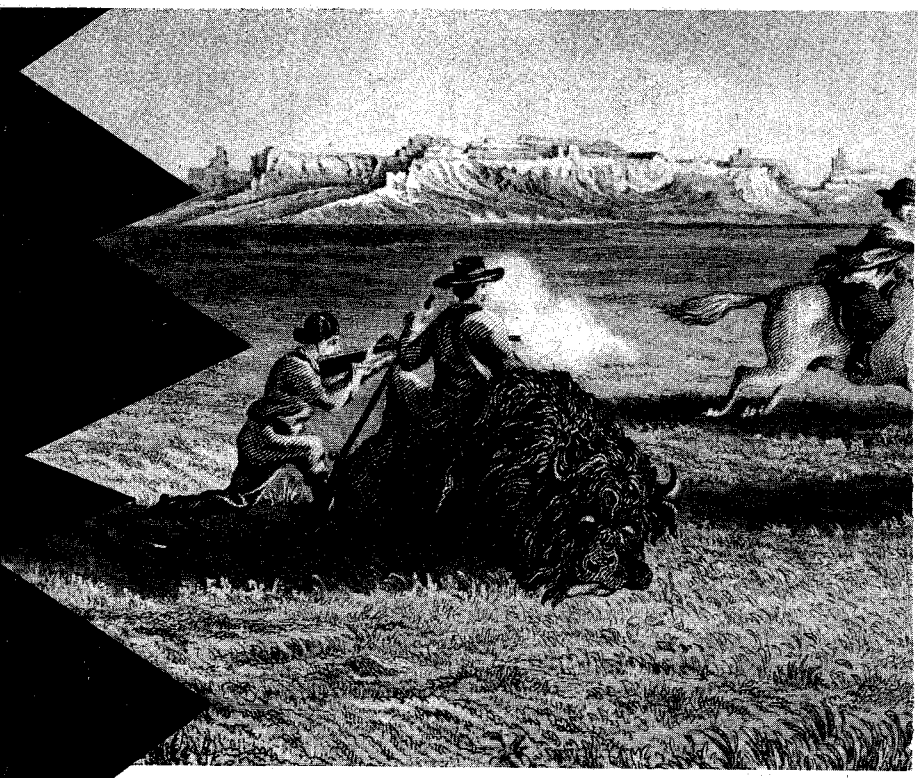
Royal Russian Buffalo Hunt



Buffalo hunting on horseback in the more sporting Indian style favored by Alexis. Scott's Bluffs are shown in the background.

IN the early part of 1872 the prairie dogs, buffaloes, a few humans and other denizens of the western Plains were treated to a pair of unexpected and improbable occurrences: one, the normally frigid January blasts suddenly and without warning turning into the gentle zephyrs of April; and two, the rare and highly incongruous sight of the royal scarlet and gold braid of an Imperial Russian Guard accompanied by a prodigious wagontrain, a column of the U. S. Seventh Cavalry and a coterie of tamed Sioux.

There is no explanation for the freak weather, but the Russian retinue could be explained by the presence of Grand Duke Alexis, third son of Czar Alexander II. The young man, under the auspices of a grateful American government, was about to have the thrill of a lifetime on the wildest buffalo hunt the West would ever see.

During the blackest days of the Civil War, when it seemed as if the Union might soon pass into history, the Czar had sent a large part of his fleet on a good will visit to New York Harbor. Such felicity between the two nations quickly dampened the enthusiasm of England, then contemplating entering the war on the Confederate side, an alliance which would have most certainly assured a Southern victory.

In 1867, with Seward's purchase of Alaska, Russian-American relations soared to a new peak of friendship and it was decided that it would be a nice gesture to give the Czar's son a grand tour of the Republic.

At that time Alexis could conveniently use the trip. Shortly before, he had eloped with his tutor's daughter and the Czar had angrily had the marriage annulled. The chance to "get away from it all" for a while was eagerly welcomed by the debonair and jocose twenty-one-year-old prince.

The young aristocrat cut a dashing figure indeed. His well-proportioned body encased in the splendidly tailored uniform, combined with his sparkling blue eyes and remarkably light hair and side whiskers, made him the recipient of many furtive but wistful feminine glances at the whirl of formal balls and parties given in his honor. Alexis' pleasing personality and generosity made him the perfect companion.

Originally, the Duke had no special intention of going buffalo hunting or even journeying farther west than Chicago and St. Louis. However, when President Grant gave Alexis a state dinner at the White House, he was seated next to the personable frontier commander, Phil Sheridan, who regaled him with tales of the fabulous American West and offered him a hunting trip with the renowned Buffalo Bill Cody as guide. Alexis became so aroused by the prospect of a jaunt over the Indian-infested American Plains that plans for a trip were immediately laid.

General Sheridan, in charge of the expedition and consequently responsible for the Duke's pleasure as well as his safety, applied all of his military preciseness to the success of the mission. He telegraphed General Pope, the new commander of the military division of Missouri, to ascertain where the buffalo herds would be wintering and to instruct that he be kept informed of the situation with regular reports.

Colonel Forsyth was placed in charge of culinary arrangements with orders to secure a cook who could provide a fare worthy of the Duke's cultivated and discerning tastes. The General became so engrossed in all his preparations and precautions that he actually missed a banquet given in honor of the celebrated subject of his work.

Finally, planning passed into production and the party's special Union Pacific train rolled into the little Nebraska frontier town of North Platte at about three o'clock on the morning of January 13, 1872. As soon as it grew light, a procession (literally a parade), was formed with Buffalo Bill leading in his splendid fringed buckskins and striking broad-brimmed white hat. Duke Alexis followed in an elegant gold-trimmed carriage.

The destination was Red Willow Creek where General Innis Palmer and his troop from Fort McPherson had established "Camp Alexis," from which the Duke would do his first buffalo hunting. Behind Buffalo Bill and the royal carriage stretched a long and curious caravan of supply wagons, valets, newspaper reporters, the brightly contrasting columns of blue-coated cavalry troops and the scarlet and gold clad Russian guard. It was a big day for everybody.

ON his arrival at the camp named for him, Alexis was treated to the roll and thunder of the cavalry band blasting out the strains of *Hail to the Chief* while the troops snapped sharply to attention. Also on hand to greet the Russian prince was the famous Sioux chief, Spotted Tail, and a band of braves who welcomed their guest with a simulated but realistic battle charge complete with full ceremonial regalia and blank cartridges. The Duke was visibly impressed and highly pleased by the demonstration, noting the resemblance of these lords of the plains to some of the Mongolian tribes back home.

Although the royal visitor was thoroughly enjoying the Indians' presence, Buffalo Bill Cody was not. Knowing Spotted Tail to be one of mighty Sitting Bull's right-hand men, the scout-turned-guide did not place a great deal of faith in the Indian's overtly peaceful intentions. Four years later Bill's suspicion

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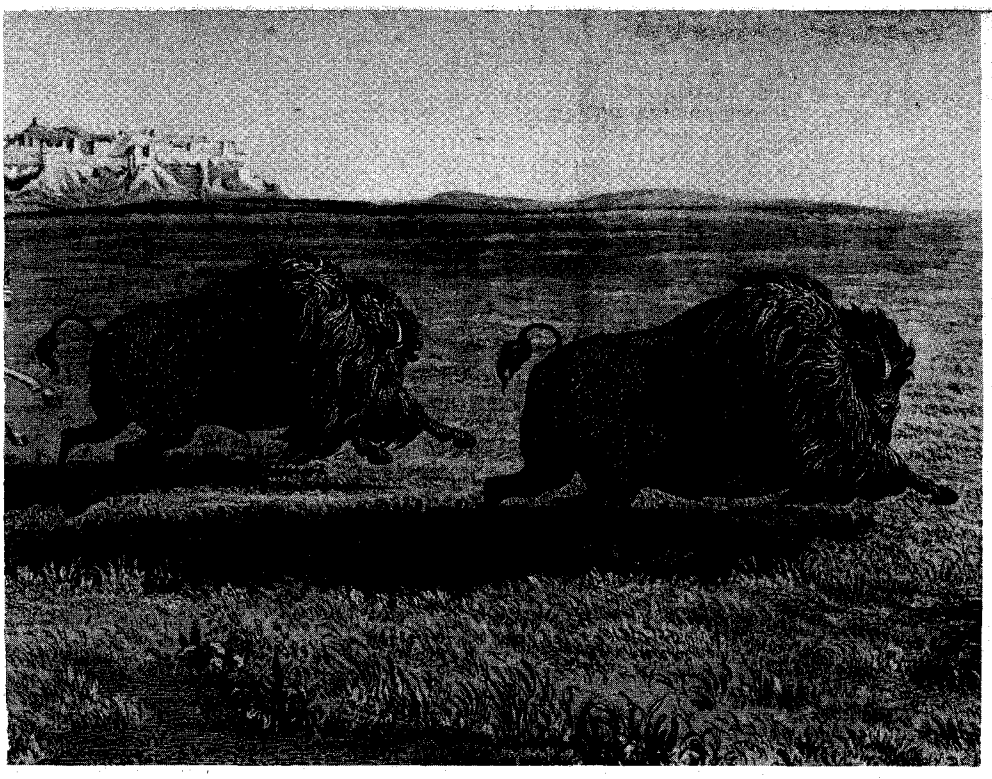

Library of Congress

The red carpet the U.S. dragged out for the Russian Grand Duke included the wildest bison hunt the West ever saw. Even General Sheridan did everything but shine the royal visitor's boots.

By

LOUIS WILLIAM STEINWEDEL

bore fruit when Spotted Tail proved to be one of the foremost leaders in the Custer battle at Little Big Horn. Ironically, Custer now sat with the royal party and watched the Indians' sham battle. He would see them in earnest a few years later.

Bright and early on the morning of the fourteenth, the Duke's twenty-second birthday, all was in readiness for the long awaited hunt. About ten miles from the camp some Indian scouts had sighted "heap-buffalo" and so the party, led by Buffalo Bill, Grand Duke Alexis, Generals Sheridan and Custer, and a few Indian hunters—and followed by a troupe of squaws with the customary travois for hides and meat—set out.

Under the Duke was Bill Cody's patiently trained and famous buffalo horse, Buckskin Joe, and in his hand, Bill's .50 caliber Springfield breechloader aptly nicknamed "Lucretia Borgia." At Alexis' side was an ornate specimen of Smith & Wesson's new .44 Russian model revolver, a quarter-of-a-million of which had recently been sold to the Czar's government.

As recorded in General Sheridan's memoirs, it was agreed just before the hunt that "the proof of prowess was to be a buffalo tail." At the end of the day the number of tails totaled twenty-eight, nine of these the result of the Duke's own shooting skill. So intense was the national interest in the royal hunt that in addition to the stories sent back by the newspaper correspondents, General Sheridan telegraphed an official communique to Secretary of War Belknap informing him that, "The Grand Duke killed his first buffalo today in a manner which elicited the admiration of the party with me."

As host of the hunt one thing had bothered General Sheridan. That was the fear that the Duke would be of the bloodthirsty bent that characterized many of the "dude" hunters, both foreign and American. A typical example had been Sir George Gore's expedition of 1855, which had methodically devastated immense quantities of game. Sheridan, realizing that at the present pace the shaggy beasts would soon be doomed to extinction, maintained a hard and fast rule that no more game would be taken on this outing than could be used by troops, Indians and other members of the party.

Sheridan's fears were allayed by the Duke's novel and delightful innovation called the "champagne break." Every time Alexis downed a buffalo, his valets brought up a basket of champagne bottles and there was celebration of the Duke's conquest on all sides. After this pleasant little ritual had been repeated a few times, Sheridan obviously had little reason to fear that the Russians would depopulate the Plains of the noble buffalo.

THE hunt over, the royal party returned to camp for food, rest, and a fete to be given in the Duke's honor. After a sumptuous meal in his carpeted and heated tent, Alexis viewed a demonstration of buffalo hunting, Indian-style. Keenly interested and excited by the primitive spectacle, the pampered tourist watched attentively as an Indian warrior

(Continued on page 72)

General George A. Custer, Grand Duke Alexis and William F. Cody. The photo was taken just prior to their 1872 hunt.

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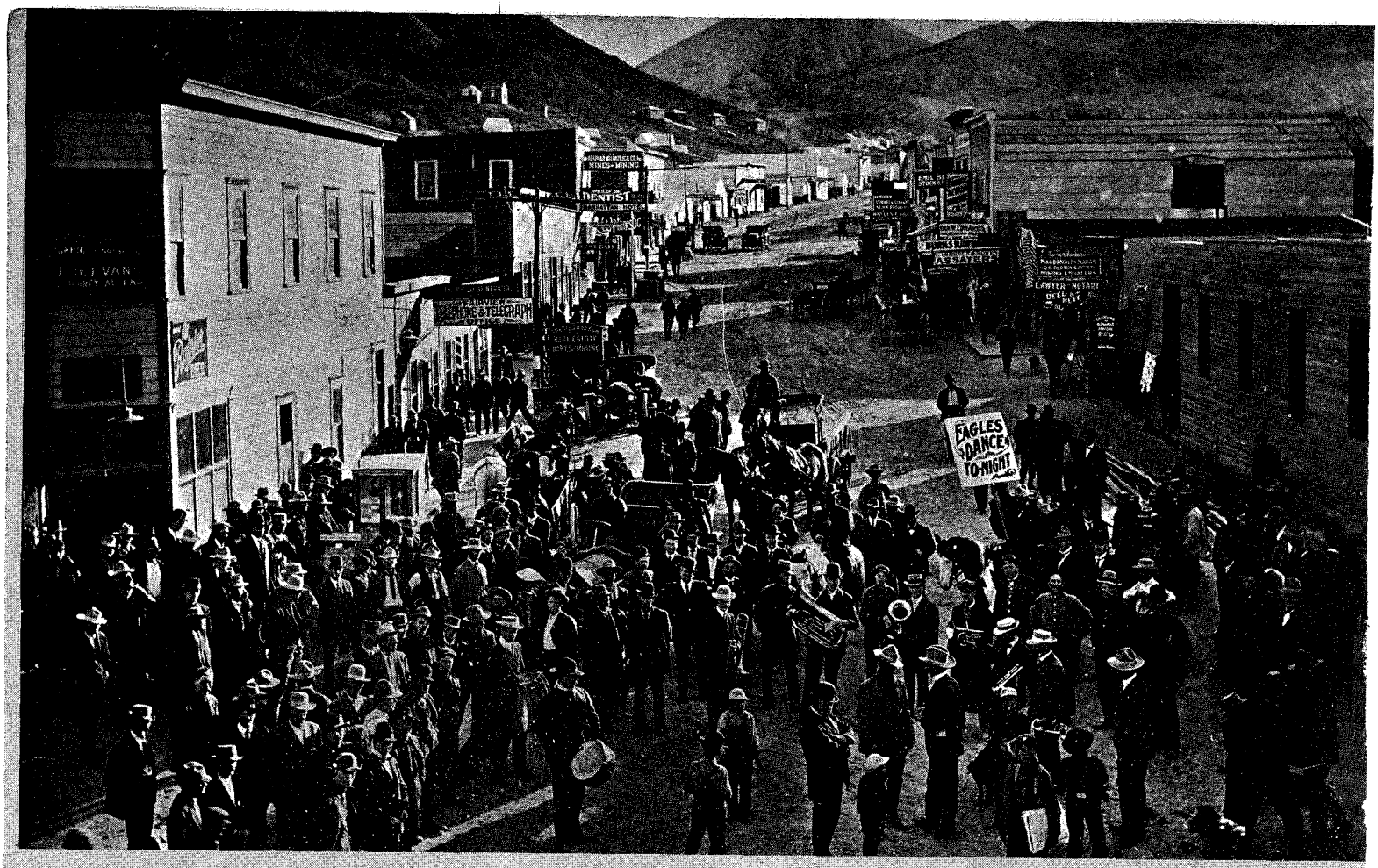

Scene on Rawhide Avenue, looking west. Holligan Hill is on the left. The photo was taken April 17, 1908.

RAWHIDE

By DON ASHBAUGH

RAUCOUS Rawhide was the rooting-tooting rocket which roared into the gold rush stratosphere in 1907—and then burned out on September 4, 1908, becoming soon after the most rip-snorting memory of all Nevada's Goldfield satellites. The town with the distinctly individualistic name was located in a canyon of the Sand Spring Range with 6,600-foot Pilot Cone, a raw, igneous, volcanic uprising, blocking the setting sun. It was thirty miles by road to Schurz, its nearest rail connection, and was located about 115 miles northwest of Goldfield.

Its birth dates from February 12, 1907, when Z. T. Carson, having panned some float on what became known as Bluff Hill, located the first claim. Two days later he located other claims on Balloon Hill.

Rawhide gots its name on the following day, February 15, when Charlie Holman, a prospecting, former Wyoming cowboy, christened it. The reason is vague but it is considered probable that it may have come from the skin of a wandering beef which unwarily fell to the loop of the ex-cowman.

Certain it is that the first post office was a large tin can from which dangled the tail of a cow and bore a sign, "Leave mail here for Rawhide."

A few other locations were made during the summer and on July 4, a fellow with the unusual name of John Snowgoose hauled out the first load of ore.

The boom received its starting quiver the latter part of August when Eugene Grutt, who became known as the "Daddy of Rawhide," bought an interest in the Mascott claims on what became known as Grutt Hill.

A townsite was formed by Charles Walker early in September and optimistically named the "Rawhide Improvement Association." The population at that time was twenty. R. M. Dorn went Walker one better by reorganizing and surveying the townsite and selling lots at $10 apiece.

Then on October 10 rich strikes were made on Balloon Hill and the rush really got under way. Soon town lots were going at $1,500 each. During that winter (which was one of the worst in years), word spread about the discovery of rich stringers of gold in the Sand Spring foothills.

Goldfield was turning into a commercially operated factory run by the Wingfield-Nixon combine and settling into pious tranquility. The livelier spirits among those who had made it what it was, were chafing at the bit.

George Graham Rice's house of phony stock promotion cards had tumbled and on a dark and stormy night he lammed out of town with a meager $500 in his wallet—all he had been able to salvage from the $10,000,000 which had gone through the L. M. Sullivan Trust Com-

Tex Rickard, George G. Rice, Riley Grannan, Elinor Glyn—all were a part of Rawhide, a great place where great names congregated. Today only sagebrush and sand share the once-crowded Rawhide Avenue and the silence is as complete as the shouts of excitement once were.

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The Grutt Balloon Hill mine in 1908.

E. W. Darrah

Above, Rawhide in 1947. Below, Tex Rickard's drill arrives.

Ned E. Johnson

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Ned E. Johnson

ght traffic on Nevada Street.

been a conservative

noted that business
nks stayed open until
e and telegraph lines
he outside world and
as being made. This
though the railroad
l. Rawhide died too

of Goldfield's leaders,
itting the new strike,
ne Bluff property and
whide Bluff Mining
years this well-known
s to reminisce, "Yep,
at camp—for a min-
hs it grew to 10,000
at much more time it
ng."

ly Press clarioned the
February 1, 1908, to
k H. Bryan following
other famous bonanza
ned that, "Rawhide is
e camp that ever has
solitude and silence
hat "Rawhide doesn't
she's got the goods."
m Goldfield. Among
his wife and eight-
boy, who clearly re-
in the one-room tent
, is Henry Thimsen
s.

own place—The Gold-
field Bakery—in a tent house on a wood-
en frame at the foot of Balloon Hill," he
told me a couple of years ago. "Next to us
the red-headed ex-wife of Diamondfield
Jack Davis had a barber shop. She and
my mother cut holes in their tents so
they could talk back and forth to each
other when they weren't busy."

Being a youth, Stowell remembers best
the activities of the juvenile element.

Rawhide's free-spending hordes, as they
had in Goldfield, demanded the best and
latest of everything. For this reason
one enterprising entrepreneur did a rush-
ing business with the then-crude early
motion pictures. His theatre was a large
tent, made of heavy canvas and filled
with benches. Ticket prices were too high
for youngsters.

"We saw all the shows, though," Stowell
remembers. "It was a simple matter to
cut slits in the tent walls and look
through them to the screen."

He also recalls that the tarred roof
was an ideal place upon which the kids
loved to slide when the owner was away.

"I remember one day a couple of the
kids were sliding. One of them had hob-
nails in his shoes and they cut through
the canvas and dumped the pair right
through upon the benches below. They
were scared but got away before the
owner could catch them."

AMONG the Rawhiders were all sorts.
One whose name has gone down in

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They hired H. W. Knickerbocker, a defrocked Methodist minister who had deserted the pulpit for the more intriguing and interesting life of Nevada's mining camps. There is a tale that he tried to arouse interest in Shakespearean plays at Tonopah but gave up for more lustful entertainment when he discovered Shakespeare didn't appeal to the citizens.

Well-educated and maybe a bit embittered over being blackballed from the pulpit, Knickerbocker was well-liked and known to have a vivid flair for oratory. even the hardest-boiled of his listeners.

That oration, preached by a man who no longer was entitled to be called a preacher, has since been called one of the greatest funeral eulogies in this nation's history.

RICE, Rickard and Nat Goodwin wasted no time in parlaying the nationwide publicity about the Grannan funeral into further front page promotions of Rawhide. Of these, Nevadans undoubtedly have enjoyed the performance produced of them at a healthy profit in rip-roaring Rawhide.

All this was occurring out in the bare hills of Nevada during a pious period in American life when folks regarded as slightly sexy such songs as *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*. Elinor Glyn had set tongues to wagging with her "sensational" novel, *Three Weeks*. She was riding the crest of success after the book was suppressed in various places.

Rawhide seemed to her a golden oppor-

(Continued on page 65)

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"Hear Me, My Chiefs!"

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Chief Joseph, brilliant strategist and indomitable foe, finally accepted the white man's peace, but not before immortalizing himself as a military genius.

AT four o'clock on the bleak afternoon of October 6, 1877, Generals Nelson Miles and Otis Howard stood on a low hilltop in the Bear Paw Mountains of northern Montana, awaiting the surrender of one of the greatest military tacticians the world has ever known—Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé tribe.

Within five minutes of the appointed hour, the chief appeared between the lines, riding his big war horse and flanked on each side by two of his warriors. As the little party reached the crest of the hill where the two generals stood with their aides, the one-armed Howard said softly, "It's over, General—the most amazing campaign in my career as a soldier. This Indian leader is an absolute genius in the science of warfare."

Miles nodded grimly. "I have already learned that fact, General!"

Since late the preceding June, in a masterpiece of tactical maneuvering that was to later serve as a model campaign for instructors in West Point classrooms, Joseph had led his harried tribesmen in a classic 1,300 mile retreat from Idaho over the Lolo Trail through the Bitterroot Mountains, across the Continental Divide and into Montana.

In nearly four months of flight, he had eluded or outfought every military force that could be thrown into the field against him. Although having lost 175 warriors from his original band of 300, he was within thirty miles of Canada and sanctuary before the exhaustion of his old people, women and children forced him to halt on September 27 and go into camp on Snake Creek in the Bear Paws.

In the wake of the weary fugitives, far back along the Yellowstone River, the troops of General Howard and Colonel Samuel D. Sturgis made ready to cross that turgid stream in pursuit. A steamer happened along just at the time of their crossing, and Howard sent a dispatch by its captain to General Miles at Fort Keogh, informing him of the route taken by the Nez Percé and asking for his fullest assistance in their defeat and capture.

This was the chance factor which Joseph could not foresee that resulted in disaster for the Nez Percé. Miles, with 280 troopers of the Seventh Cavalry—recently reactivated after virtual annihilation at the Little Big Horn in 1876—started on a forced march from Fort Koegh to intercept the fleeing Nez Percé before they reached the border.

Miles' Cheyenne scouts rounded the northern head of the Bear Paws on September 29 and on the following morning cut the trail of the fugitives. Eight miles farther on, the scouts discovered the Nez Percé camp. They dropped back at once to inform their commander.

Snow started flying across the high plains in blinding flurries as Miles confidently began his attack. The troopers charged the camp with their horses at a dead run, but they did not catch the Indians offguard. A Nez Percé scout had spotted the Cheyennes at the crest of the divide above the camp and had alerted the warriors. In twenty minutes, most of the women and children had been hustled away to cover and the gaunt, grim-faced braves returned to meet the white soldiers in battle for the seventeenth time in their nearly four-month flight.

JOSEPH'S 125 warriors faded to the high bluffs surrounding the camp and calmly held their fire until the charging cavalry had pounded to within a hundred yards. At the chief's signal they began pouring in the steady volleys for which they had become famous during the long retreat. In five minutes fifty-three of 115 men were killed and wounded in this charge. K Troop alone lost over sixty percent in casualties.

"I'm the only damned man of the Seventh Cavalry wearing shoulder straps who's alive!" shouted Lieutenant Erickson, rushing up to Miles.

Erickson, dazed, babbling with shock and covered with blood from a wound, had seen every officer in his battalion killed or wounded in the charge. Miles sent him to the rear and ordered the infantry, supported by a four-pound howitzer and a Hotchkiss gun firing two-pound explosive shells twelve to the minute, forward.

For a time it seemed that the artillery would drive the Nez Percé from their vantage point on the bluffs. Then daring sharpshooters, crawling through the underbrush, knocked out Miles' "jackass battery" by killing the mules and riders, and guns were abandoned. In one hour of heavy fighting, the General's three companies of infantry were thrown back with severe losses. Miles broke off the engagement and hurriedly called a council with his few remaining officers.

From the beginning of the battle, when Chief Joseph's wife had handed him his Winchester at the teepee door with a fierce exhortation to fight, the tall leader of the Nez Percé had directed every move of his warriors. He encouraged and drove them by his own example. Bullets ripped his clothes and scratched his skin, but none wounded him. When Miles quit fighting just before noon, Joseph set his braves to constructing breastworks to meet a fresh assault.

In the afternoon the stubborn General tried again. Troops A and K of the riddled Seventh, together with Captain Snyder's company, made a concerted attack. The Nez Perce fire stopped them cold, and when Captain Snyder fell badly wounded, the troops broke and ran for cover. Miles belatedly concluded that a frontal attack on these sharpshooting Indians was too costly and decided on a siege. Nature itself took part in the battle, slowing up the fighting with a raging blizzard. By nightfall, five inches of snow lay on the frozen ground.

The Nez Percé worked through the night, digging new trenches and strengthening their lines. With knives and flattened frying pans they dug into the rock-hard earth, constructing connecting galleries and laterals much like those later built by the Germans in France in World War I.

In the morning, Miles sent a half-breed scout under a flag of truce to the Nez Percé lines, asking for a conference with Joseph. Ten minutes later the two leaders met between the lines. Speaking through an interpreter, Miles asked Joseph to surrender. The chief replied, "We are willing to return to Wallowa (ancestral home of the Nez Percé) if the white man will arrange it, but we will not surrender under any other terms."

Miles insisted that the surrender must be unconditional. Joseph shook his head at this, and rode slowly back to his own lines.

The General now opened up on the Nez Percé camp with a twelve-pounder cannon, but the Indians ignored the shelling by the big wagon-gun. The red marksmen kept the troops pinned down in their positions all afternoon. Near nightfall, Miles sent another emissary to arrange a second parley with Joseph. The chief accepted the invitation at once, and Miles greeted him with outstretched hand.

"The was is over," declared the Gen-

(Continued on page 62)

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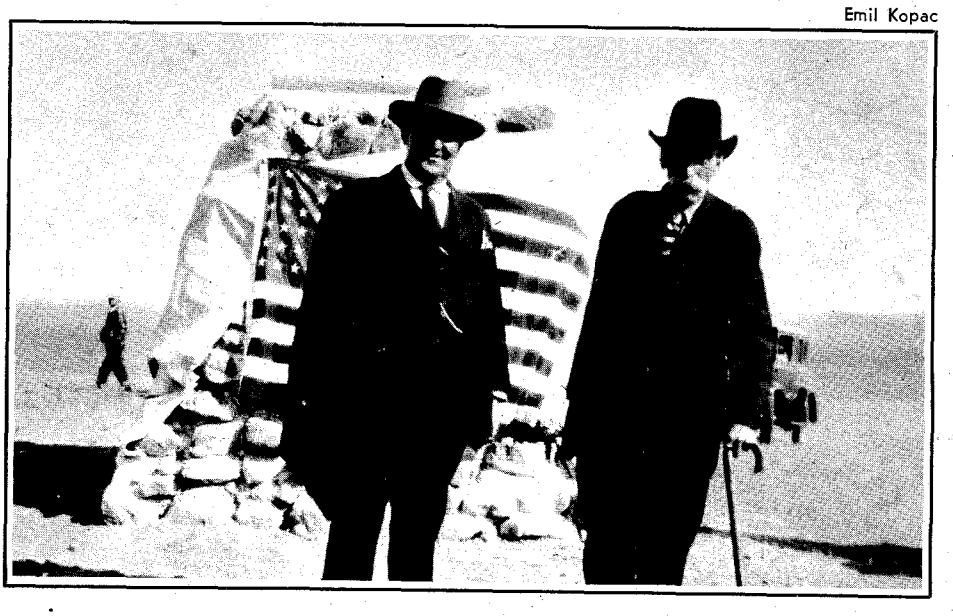
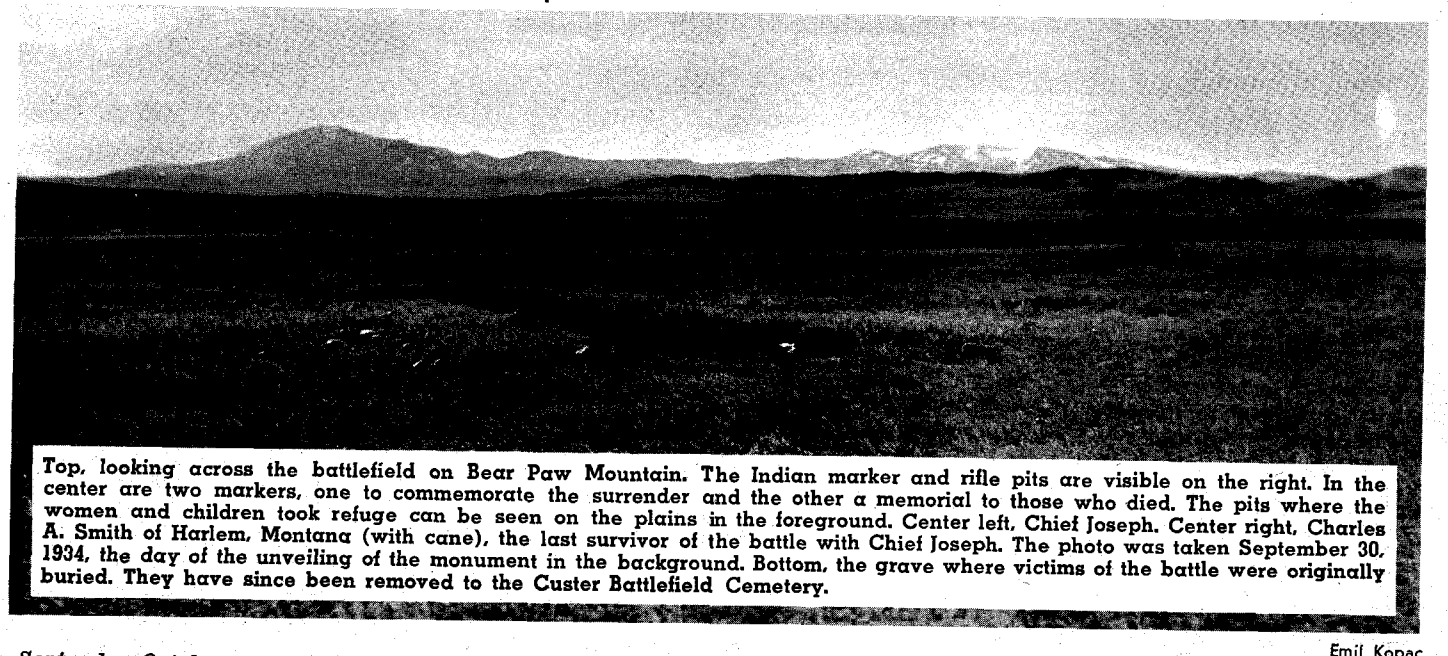
Emil Kopac

Historical Society of Montana





Top, looking across the battlefield on Bear Paw Mountain. The Indian marker and rifle pits are visible on the right. In the center are two markers, one to commemorate the surrender and the other a memorial to those who died. The pits where the women and children took refuge can be seen on the plains in the foreground. Center left, Chief Joseph. Center right, Charles A. Smith of Harlem, Montana (with cane), the last survivor of the battle with Chief Joseph. The photo was taken September 30, 1934, the day of the unveiling of the monument in the background. Bottom, the grave where victims of the battle were originally buried. They have since been removed to the Custer Battlefield Cemetery.

Emil Kopac

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The horse that remembered

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Taylor Oughton

Ute was the most beautiful stallion Art Green had ever seen. He captured him, tamed him, and lost him, only to recover his prize in time to save a man's life!

SKEPTICS will sneer and tell you a horse's memory is but a yard long and, for that reason, the events described in this story couldn't have happened. Yet they did. I heard the story from the horse's owner and had it verified by reputable men who knew him. There are probably several hundred persons still living who vividly remember that breathless moment in 1926 when a killer horse reared over a prone rider at Salinas, California, only to be stayed by a voice out of the past.

The story began on a summer afternoon in 1922. Art Green and Bill Webb were flying an old World War I jenny over the brown hills east of Elko, Nevada, scouting for wild horse herds. Webb had flown in the war and owned the plane he had bought from a war surplus agency. Green, then forty-two years of age, owned a ranch near Mesa, Arizona. They were brothers-in-law.

Webb sighted a band of mustang mares about a mile away. Putting his binoculars on them, he could see them all standing, their heads pointed in one direction, frozen like a Remington painting.

"I see now what's attracting their attention," he told Art Green. "Two horses fighting. Stallions, no doubt, trying to decide who gets the mares."

The scene which was unfolding 2,000 feet below them was a common occurrence. A young stallion had come along to dispute the leadership of an old one and this was the pay-off, the final showdown. One had to go.

Art Green saw a level valley ahead and asked Webb if he could land. A magazine had requested him to get some photos of a stallion fight and he had brought his camera along just in case.

Bill Webb put the old jenny down and they climbed for about half a mile up a ridge to the little plateau where the band was feeding, but they were not close enough for pictures.

The battle was still in progress. Biting, kicking and lunging at each other, the stallions went at it while Art and Bill barked their shins on rocks and scratched their faces crawling through brush to get near enough for some good shots. They were downwind to the band and had the advantage of approach without detection.

Suddenly Art exploded with some choice cuss words.

"Now what?" Bill asked.

"No film! I forgot to load the camera!"

The commotion set the herd in motion, but not before the old stallion had been vanquished and was in flight in another direction.

Just before the young victor pulled out, he posed for a defiant look at the two men. Silhouetted against the blue of the desert sky, he made a picture neither would ever forget.

"What an animal!" Art Green exclaimed at the end of a breathless moment. "Did you see that head—that mane! He's a beauty and I want him. We've got to take that band!"

BUT Art and Bill were only getting organized. Several weeks were to pass before they were able to coordinate the hazing of herds by plane with the efforts of a ground crew of several Indian riders. They made two profitable hauls by driving mustangs into a narrow defile and closing off the entrance.

Toward the end of summer they rounded up the bunch of mares that belonged to the young stallion and captured the entire band.

Part of the entrapment included a crude fence erected by the Indians. It was six feet tall. The stallion took one look at it and sailed over, but caught his hind feet in the wire and was quickly roped before he could get away.

"He's got a wild heart and you'll never tame him," Bill said. "He'll give you plenty of trouble."

"It'll be worth it to own a horse like that," Art replied.

He put the stallion in a high corral near Ely, the central point of their operation, and named him Paiute, later changing it to "Ute" which was shorter. With oats and alfalfa hay, a diet foreign to the sustenance it had known, he tamed the animal until it would permit him to curry and fondle it. At first it shied at a currycomb, but gradually became used to it and in fact showed a fondness for

(Continued on page 67)

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Massacre on

Old Hastings Mill Store Museum
Native Daughters of British Columbia Post #1,
Vancouver, British Columbia

Above, William Fitchie, one of the survivors of the massacre. This photograph was taken in Barkersville, British Columbia, in 1906. Below, the Fraser Canyon not far from Yale, B. C.

"Gold on the Fraser!" The cry changed

Indians went on the warpath in British

IN the spring of 1858 the world was set afire with the news that gold had been discovered in the yet unnamed colony of British Columbia, some 1,500 miles north of San Francisco. Some employees of the Hudson's Bay Company who traded with the Indians in the area had reported gold strikes on the Fraser and Thompson Rivers.

On an April morning soon after, two rafts bearing the first goldseekers from California paddled their way up the Fraser River's muddy estuary in search of yellow riches. Of those twenty-six miners who paddled up the river that morning, only five were destined to see civilization again. Twenty-one of them were to meet horrible deaths in the upper Fraser Canyon in the fiercest and biggest Indian fight ever to take place in British Columbia.

About 100 miles inland from the river's mouth the men reached the entrance to the high-walled, nearly impassable Fraser Canyon. At the entrance to this canyon, some Indians had a small village which they aptly named, "Place of the Bad Rocks." (Today, the present town of Yale, British Columbia, stands on the site.)

At the Village of the Bad Rocks the men began panning for gold but only fine particles, hardly worth bothering with, found their way into the bottoms

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the Fraser

By EDWARD VILLIERS

"Murder on the Fraser!" when angry Columbia's only major Indian uprising.

of the pans—flour gold. In California these miners had been used to coarse gold, gold that didn't require quicksilver to separate it from fine black sand.

Some of the men became dissatisfied and wanted to turn back. Others thought they should press on up the canyon in the belief that since fine gold was present at the lower end of the canyon, coarser gold would be found above. So on June 2, 1858, a vote was taken and it was decided to push ahead. Officers were elected to make decisions and take charge, and by noon of that day the little band had commenced the struggle through the rugged, trackless Fraser Canyon.

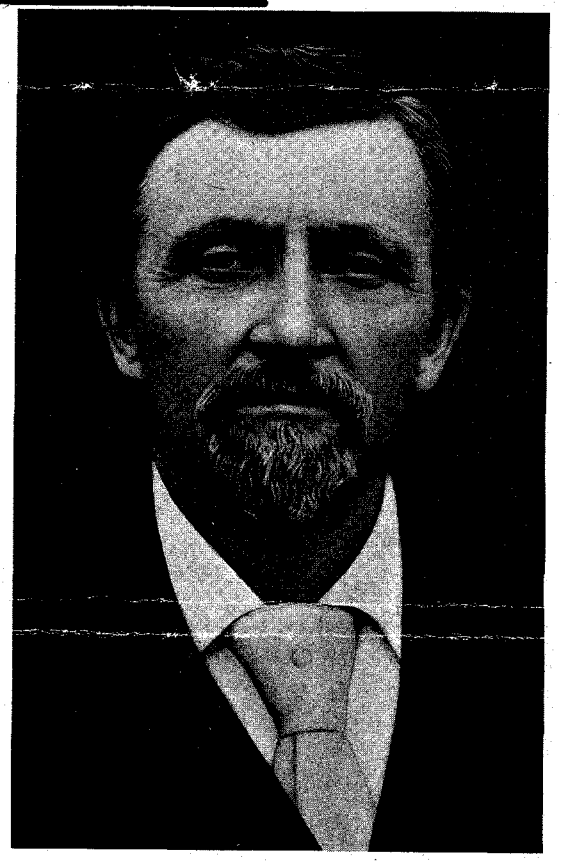
Few people had ever traveled through this canyon. Simon Fraser, for whom the river was named, managed to get through it with a small group of explorers in 1808 and he commented on the trip in his diary, "We were obliged to walk where no man should dare to go, and we scarcely made our way with our packs."

Since 1808 a few Hudson's Bay men had passed through this eighty-mile-long gash in the rocks—on one occasion one of them committed suicide rather than continue—but these twenty-six miners were the first gold prospectors ever to attempt it. Everything they required for survival was carried on their backs—flour, rifles, blankets, bowie knives and mining equipment. They soon discovered that heavy miner's boots were unsuitable for clinging to slippery ledges far above the turbulent river.

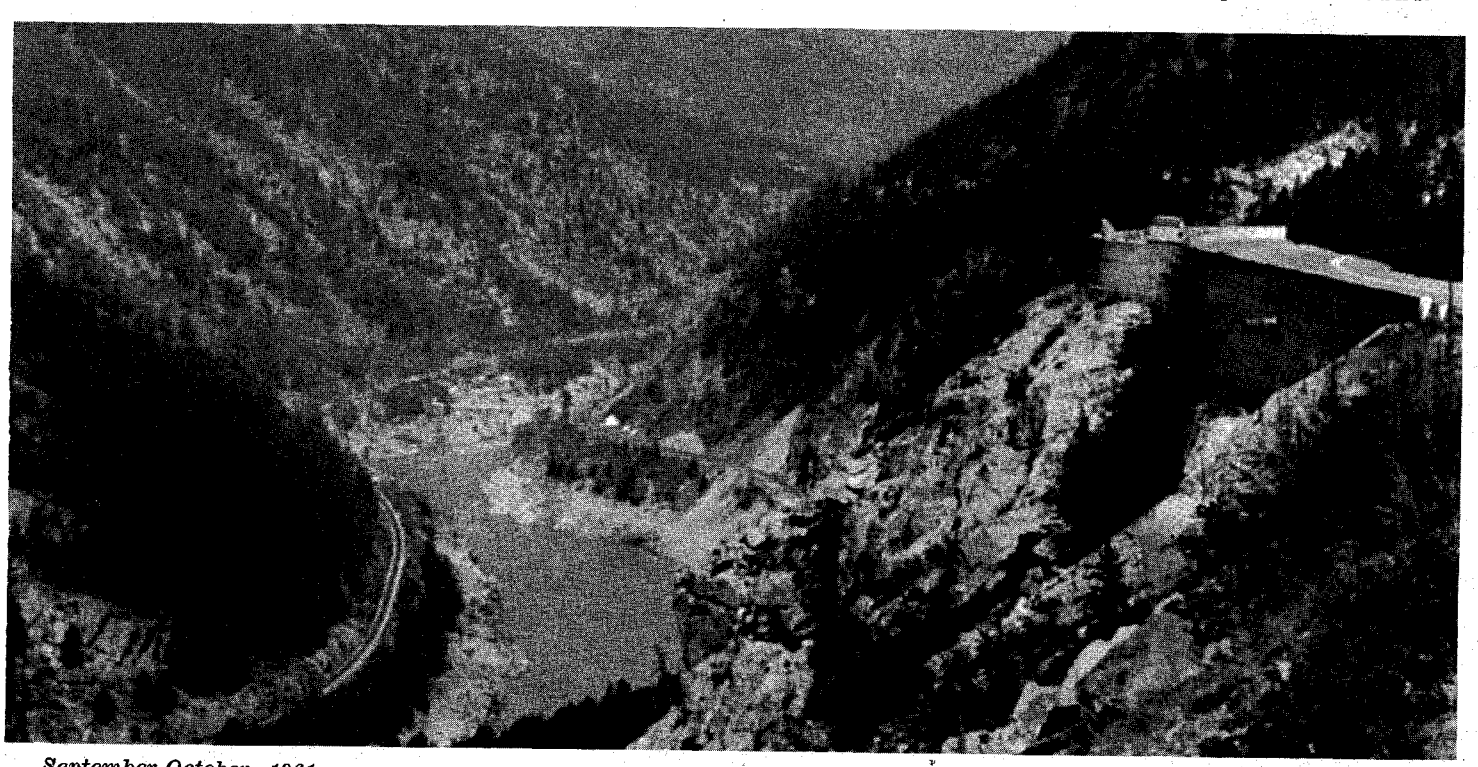
In order to travel above the Village of the Bad Rocks the miners had to detour around a mountain. For days they labored upward through a dense jungle of Devil's Clubs, ferns, twisted underbrush and fallen logs. A path had to be slashed every inch of the way with bowie knives. They saw the sun only at noon when it was directly overhead; at night, the sounds of wild animals could be heard just outside the glow of the campfire.

After the sixth day they dropped down to the Fraser River again to another Indian encampment called Spuzzum. The natives seemed friendly enough but acted suspiciously. The day after they left the Indian village of Spuzzum, a young Indian woman from the encampment, apparently attracted by the sight of husky John McLennan who led the party, ran away from her people and joined the miners. Nothing they could do would make her go back. Realizing it was useless to force her to return, McLennan gave her a couple of pieces of clothing to cover her nakedness and let her stay

(Continued on page 58)



Above, Ned Stout. Below, the Fraser Canyon. The photo shows the spot where a group of German miners were killed by the Indians.



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Third in a Series—

Backgrounds of Famous Western Badmen

"He was on his way to kill, when J. W. stopped him."

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LUKE SHORT

By WILLIAM R. COX

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

THE wagon creaked as it rolled slowly behind the two spans of oxen crossing into Texas. It was a big wagon, a Conestoga, and it held many people. In Arkansas it had paused to allow the birth of Henry, the seventh child. Luke L. Short, two years old, knew little of what was going on. He had been born in Mississippi, before they started on the westward trek.

The year was 1856. Northeast Texas was Comanche country, but the little man and his tiny wife had no fear. His name was J. W. Short and he was of English descent. She was Hettie Brumley Short, Scottish-Irish, ninety pounds of sandy-haired dynamite.

Martha was the eldest of the children, then John, Joseph, Young, Mary, Luke L., and Baby Henry. The wagon ground into Bowie County, squeaked on through Red River County, Lamar County, Fannin County, all (except, of course, Red River) named for famous Texans who twenty years before had fought for independence.

In Grayson County they hit the farmland of the Red River Valley and there J. W. Short unloaded his wagon of worldly goods and children. Here, on Elm Creek, seventy miles northeast of Fort Worth, Luke L. Short spent his boyhood.

It was a troublous era, with the War between the States looming because of the Nebraska Territory opening, which complicated the slavery situation. Luke and his family, however, paid little heed to politics; they were busy trying to make a living.

J. W. Short was about five-feet six and weighed 135 pounds. He was mild of manner and a great Bible reader, but he had brought seven children and a feeble old father-in-law into this new country filled with hostile Indians. He took up land and put in crops. He bought a few head of cattle—the business didn't amount to much in '56, before the great trails—and put the kids to work.

He was capable of teaching them the three R's, too, and of forcing them to burn the midnight oil, armed with a razor strap. It was the era of the male, when the West was hell on horses, dogs, and women. Father was head of the family so long as he could whip his offspring.

The nearest neighbors of the Shorts were miles away, therefore like everyone else on that frontier they were constantly subject to Indian attacks, or to nocturnal visits by nefarious white saddle tramps. Any sound at night would set the teamwork into action. The children would be driven or placed under the bed, Hettie would back into a dark corner with a shotgun and the old man would slip out the back door with his favorite shooting iron and scout the area before coming silently upon his caller. Friend, relative, or stranger, all must needs be greeted in this manner. It took steady nerves to make a neighborly call.

The Shorts had what it takes. They were a sturdy lot; they grew up in the wild country without a casualty. They got into the same troubles and had the same triumphs as country children in Maine, New York, New Jersey, or back in Mississippi from whence they had come. Three more were born in Texas; Belle, George, and Will, the last-named in 1867.

Young Short, the fourth child and third boy, was the prime mischief-maker, catcher of the most stripes from the razor strap. He was a charmer and a talker. Once he took advantage of the absence of his parents to propose a fascinating game, jumping off the roof of the barn. Below, to break the fall, was a growth of stinging nettle, a fact known only to Young.

John, the eldest, was to go first. Now, one would imagine that with his howls this would be the beginning and end of the joke. But Young knew his brothers.

John jumped. The others called down, "Hurt, John?"

Smarting, angry, stung to the core, John still replied, quite calmly, "Hell, no."

Off went Joe. Same question, same answer. None would tip off those who had not felt the sting of the nettle. The whole kit and kaboodle jumped, even little Will. He and George couldn't hold back the tears and about that time Young spotted the dust of the family buggy returning to the ranch. He and the older boys rushed the little ones inside and smeared their hurts with lard, trying to hush them up before the holocaust.

They failed and the strap got a wholesale workout. It was the day of tough people with leather hides and enduring souls.

THE boys grew up, none of them very tall. When all of them stood side by side with their backs turned, it was difficult to tell one from the other. They were short like their father, light blonde, with heads held high and shoulders very square and straight. They were proud and quick and hugely independent. Right was right and wrong was black and there wasn't any leeway.

There was a preacher, finally, and a settlement, and a sort of society in which the Shorts took their rightful place, no higher nor any lower than they knew they deserved. The preacher had a large, husky son who took a rather superior view of his position.

The preacher, like most of his calling, was dependent upon the bounty of his congregation for his living. It developed that the Short family's tithe that year was a wagonload of corn. The boys were delegated to deliver this to the preacher's ranch.

When the boys got there, they backed the wagon up to the corn crib and began unloading. The preacher's son wandered from the house and leaned against a post, insolently giving orders.

Young, the firebrand, was in charge. He said, "Jump in here and give us a hand, you fat s-o-b."

The stout boy grinned. "You fellows are doing all right."

Young was a man of few words. "Luke, you and Henry get into that crib and start reloading."

He then chased the preacher's son back into the house. When he returned, Luke suggested that it would not be a good idea to take the corn back to Papa, and what should they do with it?

Young could also answer that one. They hauled the load to the nearest creek, dumped it in, and went home and said no more.

It was almost a week before Papa caught on and the usual application of leather to backside transpired. This time Luke and his brothers felt it was worth it; they could still see the bearded preacher and his fat, lazy son standing in the creek, trying to rescue the corn ear by ear.

They grew and they worked. Luke liked the hard labor least of all. Something in him revolted from callouses and sweat and aching muscles. He was willing to fight Comanches or Kiowas, but he hated the butternut habilaments, the tedium, the lack of time for fun and leisure.

J. W. Short had no such feeling about the life. He knew no other, but even if he had, he would probably have said that this one suited him best. One time a party of Comanches caught the old man, John, Joe, and Young coming home with a wagon loaded with flour they'd milled in town, shoes, clothing, and supplies for the whole winter. John had sharp eyes and spotted a large band of Indians maneuvering to surround them.

They were hoplessly outnumbered; their only chance was to make a run for it. They cut loose their saddle horses from the tailgate of the wagon and readied their guns. Old J. W. stubbornly refused to leave the needed supplies. He was going to fight it out if it took all winter.

The boys jumped him. They put him on his horse and threatened to shoot him if he didn't get going. Between the Comanches and his wild sons, J. W. had to give in.

The delay brought on a running fight. First one of the Shorts would drop back

(Continued on page 56)

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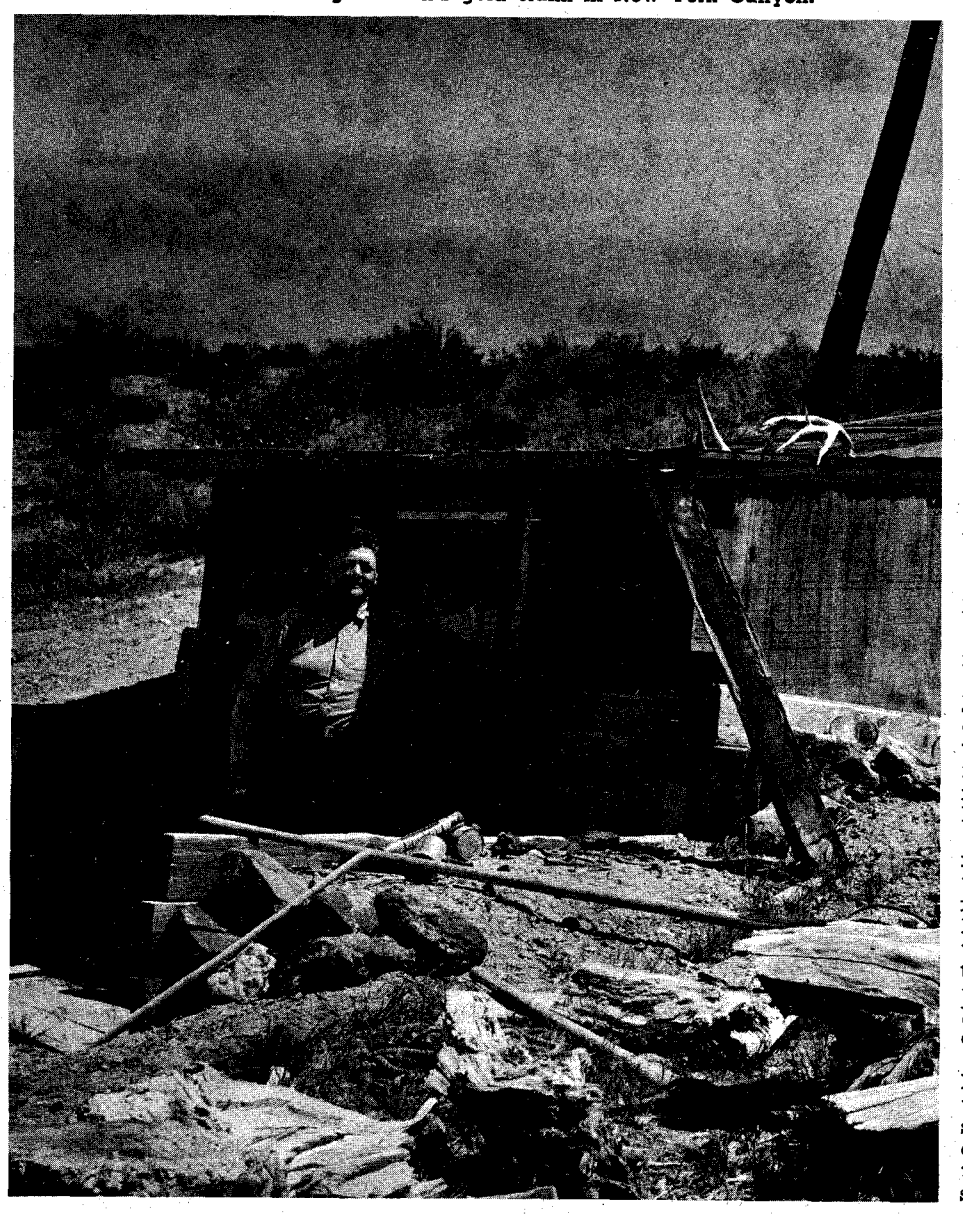
Mystery of the LOST HARDIN SILVER

By NELL MURBARGER

Photos by the Author

The desolate stretches of Black Rock Desert defy the few hardy treasure-seekers brave enough to venture into this barren wasteland in search of the wealth of silver it might contain.

Ed Green at the dugout on his gold claim in New York Canyon.



WHEN long shadows creep through the canyons, and the night grows dim and large, desert men press closer to dying campfires and talk of lost mines and buried treasure. Every section of the land has its favorite legend, every legend its faithful followers, and up in the northwest corner of Nevada, the treasure tale most frequently told is that of the Lost Hardin Silver.

Three generations of men have pondered that story, and quoted other men, and cited opinions, and all that probing and weighing and analyzing has accomplished nothing at all. The mystery of the Hardin Silver is yet unsolved!

In the first place, there is reason to doubt that silver ever existed in the locale ascribed to the Hardin discovery, yet, men of close to a century ago were so confident of that treasure's abundance they swarmed into the area by droves and battalions! They founded a frontier town and built homes and erected three ore mills. They laid down their lives and fortunes and sacrificed even honor itself in that fruitless quest—all this, in one of the earth's most desolate corners, all on the chimera of a lost mine legend!

Groundwork for the Hardin story was laid in 1849 when a California-bound emigrant train, comprised of fourteen wagons and 200-odd members, one night made camp at Double Hot Springs, a few miles north of Black Rock Point in Nevada's Black Rock Desert.

Upon breaking camp, on the morning following, the wagon captain delegated three men to go in search of wild game for food—one of the trio being J. A. Hardin, a wheelwright. According to the plan, the huntsmen were to swing through a low range of hills, paralleling the trail on the east, and later cut back to overtake the slow-moving wagons.

After several hours of unrewarded hunting, the men decided it was useless to continue and started down the west slope of the mountain to rejoin their companions. It was in the course of this descent that the hunting party was supposed to have come upon a deposit

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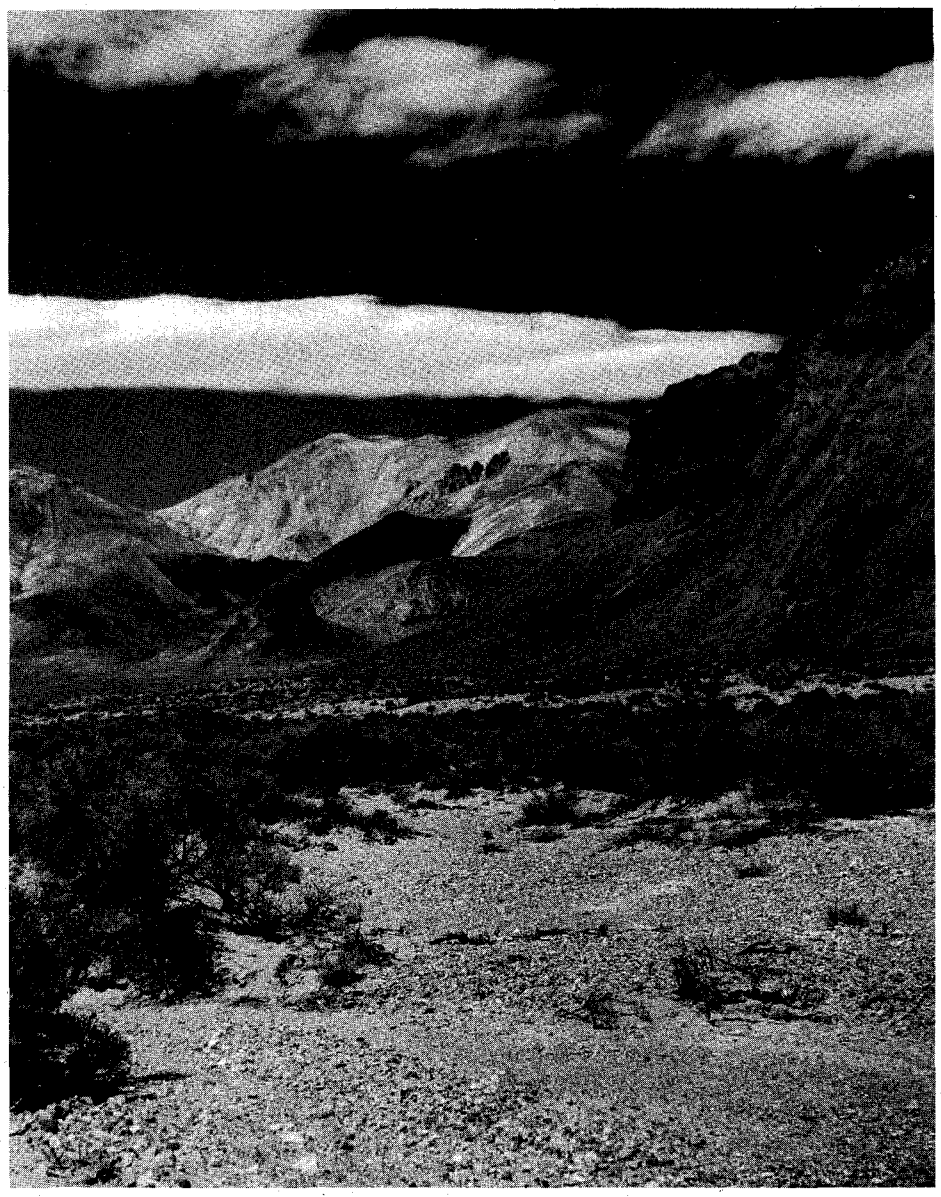

Across the Black Rock Desert, west of Hardin City, lie the colorful and forbidding Calico Mountains.

of soft material, similar to volcanic ash, with strange metallic glints striking out of its midst.

Investigation showed those glints to be caused by sunlight reflecting from a hard substance which appeared to have been buried in the ash while still in a molten state! When one of the trio pronounced that material native silver, the men loaded themselves with all they could carry and hurried jubilantly down the mountain.

As the day grew warmer and walking more difficult, much of the material collected by the men was necessarily discarded. Even so, when the hunters rejoined their party at Mud Meadows that evening, they still were carrying enough of the alleged silver to toss the wagon train into a tizzy!

After the first flurry of excitement, however, the trio came in for a curt reprimand. This, they were informed, was an expedition of serious-minded land-seekers—not a holiday for treasure hunters! With food stocks dangerously low and the Black Rock country swarming with hostile Indians, every hour passed needlessly in these environs, they were reminded, was but an invitation to disaster.

Despite Hardin's plea that the silver lying visible on the surface would alone be sufficient to load all fourteen wagons of the train, and that such loading might be accomplished in a single day, leaders of the party refused to further endanger the many women and children included in their group.

With general opinion favoring this stand, the wagontrain departed Mud Meadows on the morning following and headed up High Rock Canyon toward California. Meanwhile, Hardin and his two companions, with a last hungry look toward the color-splotched hills which held their professed treasure, made a solemn pact to return to that bonanza at the first opportunity.

BUT men's plans, like burros, have a habit of slipping their halters. Hardin settled at Petaluma, established a wagon shop, and began prospering. His erstwhile companions also entered business, and with Indians of the Black Rock country growing steadily more hostile as emigrant travel increased, the men's return trip was deferred from month to month and from year to year.

As time went on and the material discarded by Hardin and his partners was picked up by subsequent travelers on the Applegate trail, it was inevitable that some of those samples should be brought to the attention of prominent and moneyed Californians, among them General John Bidwell of Chico, and P. B. Redding, two of the oldest and most respected citizens of northern California.

These men and others began pleading with Hardin to lead an exploration party to the scene of his discovery, so after months of urging, Hardin, in 1858, agreed to their proposal.

Using Double Hot Springs as his initial landmark, the Petaluma businessman retraced as best he could the route taken by his hunting party nine years before. All went well until he reached the point on the mountain where he believed the silver would be. Halting, the old pioneer stared about in speechless bewilderment.

On all that slope there was not one landmark he could recognize! Rocks which had lain exposed were covered deeply with tumbled earth and debris, and where he had expected to find the silver-impregnated ash, the skeleton of the mountain lay stripped to bedrock!

There seemed little doubt that Hardin and his partners had found the silver as they said. The samples had been seen by too many persons for the story to be discredited completely. The only explanation seemed to lie in devastating landslides. Either that or the Petaluma man had misjudged his distances and directions, or had confused his landmarks.

This unexpected turn of events was only the beginning for poor Hardin. A situation having arisen that seemed to cast doubt on his veracity or ability made the man redouble his efforts to locate the missing treasure. But although he hunted it throughout the remaining years of his life, he never found it.

Others sought it, too.

L. D. Vary, who first saw the mysterious silver on display in a jeweler's window at Shasta, California, devoted fifty-odd years to its seeking, and when past ninety years of age and on his deathbed in Humboldt County Hospital, was even then drafting plans for his next trip into the Black Rock! O'Donnell and Jennison, Judge Harvey and Steve Bass, Johnny Thacker, the Wells Fargo detective, and Jo Voshay—all left their marks on the Black Rock. And the deepest mark of all was left by Charles Isenbeck.

Isenbeck is the unknown factor. Either he was a charlatan, a humbug, a fraud, an impostor, or the most astute scientist and shrewdest operator who ever worked on the Hardin silver!

It's all a matter of opinion.

Nearly ninety years ago, men were coming to blows on that matter of opinion, and over that same point men still disagree today.

WITH Hardin, Vary, and sundry others conducting an everlasting search for the lost treasure, considerable attention came to be focused on the Black Rock region. Numerous prospectors and semi-trained geologists studied the situation and about 1863 someone developed the theory that plutonic fires and internal heat, penetrating to the surface in geologic ages past, had burned the matrix to ash and so smelted out the silver found by Hardin and his party.

With this pseudo-scientific explanation the field for search was greatly enlarged. Instead of seeking a single bed of volcanic ash in which was embedded a paltry million-or-so dollars in silver, men

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began seeking the fountainhead of that treasure.

In Idaho at that time, the Poorman mine was disgorging riches from a black, waxy-looking ore. When a prospector, who had seen that ore, discovered in the Black Rock country a vast deposit of a material bearing faint similarity, word spread that the source of Hardin's silver had been found and the rush was on!

Men of four states poured into the region; ground was staked from the bottom of the sink to the summit of the Black Rock Range; Hardin City was founded; steam communication across Pyramid Lake was projected; and three ore mills and an arrasta were made ready for operation.

"The Blackrock (sic) country is alive with people," stated the Red Bluff, California, *Independent,* on February 21, 1866. "Specimens of the rock have been taken to the mills at Humboldt and produced $2,700 to the ton . . . . The ledge they have struck, as described in *The Sagebrush,* of Susanville, seems to be almost fabulously rich, equalling the Poorman, of Owyhee. The distance from Red Bluff to Blackrock is 200 miles and can be traveled by a loaded team in ten days, and by a man on horseback in four. The road is good all the way, with plenty of stopping places, and is but a little way from the regular traveled route to Owyhee and Montana . . . ."

"Blackrock is all the go now," reported *The Humboldt Register,* March 24, 1866. "When you see a man sitting in front of a roll of blankets and frying pan, and behind a Henry rifle, you need not ask him where he is going—he's going to Blackrock or burst!"

Yes, Black Rock was "all the go," but Black Rock ore was not returning anything but goose eggs. Samples had been sent to assayers all over the country and every assay certificate brought back the same disheartening tale—not even a trace of silver!

When someone recalled the occurrence of a "similar ore" in the vicinity of Freiberg, Germany, a sample of the black waxy stuff was forwarded to Charles Isenbeck, eminent Freiberg chemist.

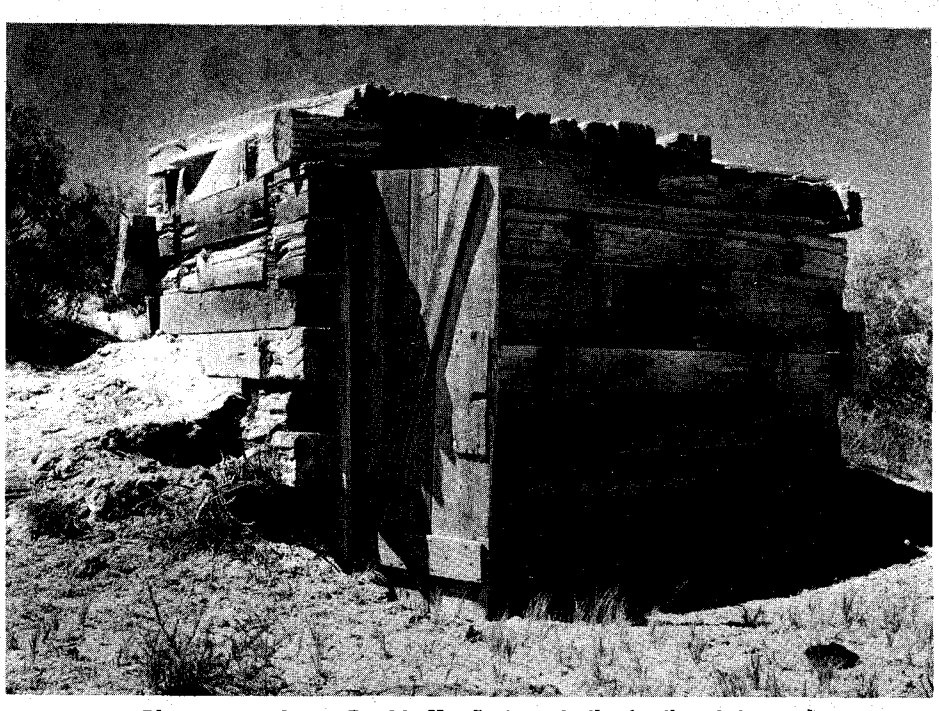
Isenbeck's report on that ore had the immediate effect of turning night into day and bringing rejoicing out of despair! The ore was rich beyond man's wildest dreams, some of it running as much as one pound of silver to four pounds of rock! Or said Isenbeck.

There was only one difficulty. Due to the peculiar nature of that ore only Charles Isenbeck knew the secret of treating it so that its values would show in the assay—and not even Mr. Isenbeck knew how those values could be saved. Given a little time and a little money, however, he thought he could work out a milling process.

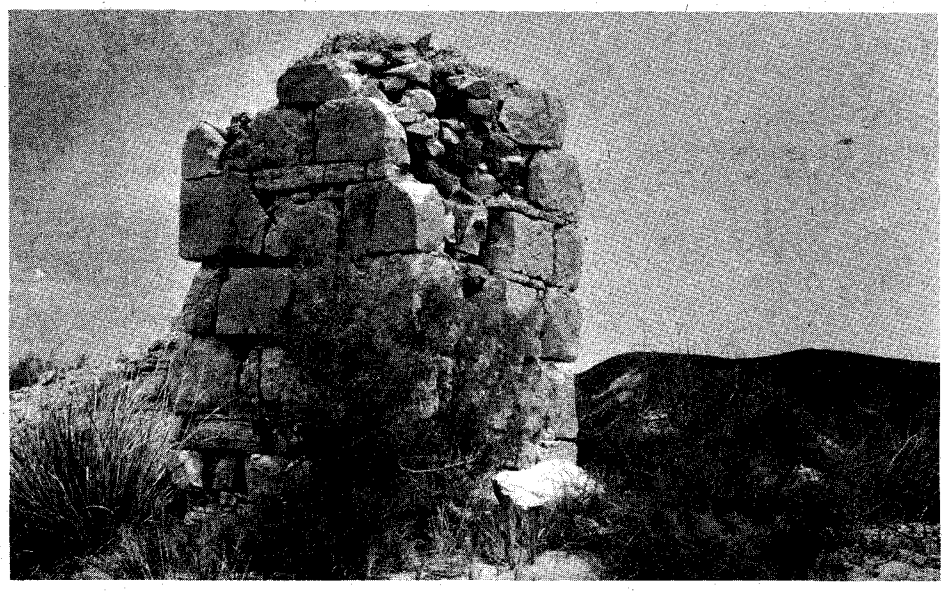
Mr. Isenbeck was given all the "time" he wanted—more than two years of it—during all of which period he was carried on the payroll of Black Rock's most important mining company as a "research chemist" and at a fabulous salary. (Rumor said it was $1,000 per month!)

MEANWHILE, newspaper accounts of the Black Rock development were either fantastically reassuring or outright disparaging. There was no middle ground, no fence-straddling.

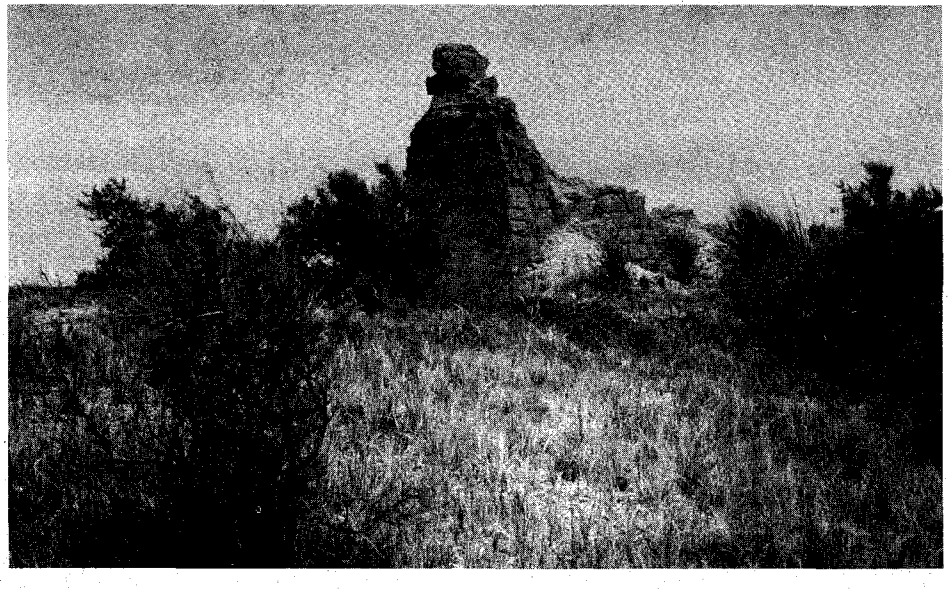
The Washoe, Nevada, *Eastern Slope,* reported $8,000 recovered from twenty tons of Black Rock ore. The Chico, California, *Courant,* in January, 1867, said samples of Black Rock ore forwarded



Above, old cabin at Double Hot Springs, built of railroad ties and other castoffs. Below, part of an old mill at Hardin City, Nevada.



Sod-and-stone wall of a fallen ore mill at Hardin City.



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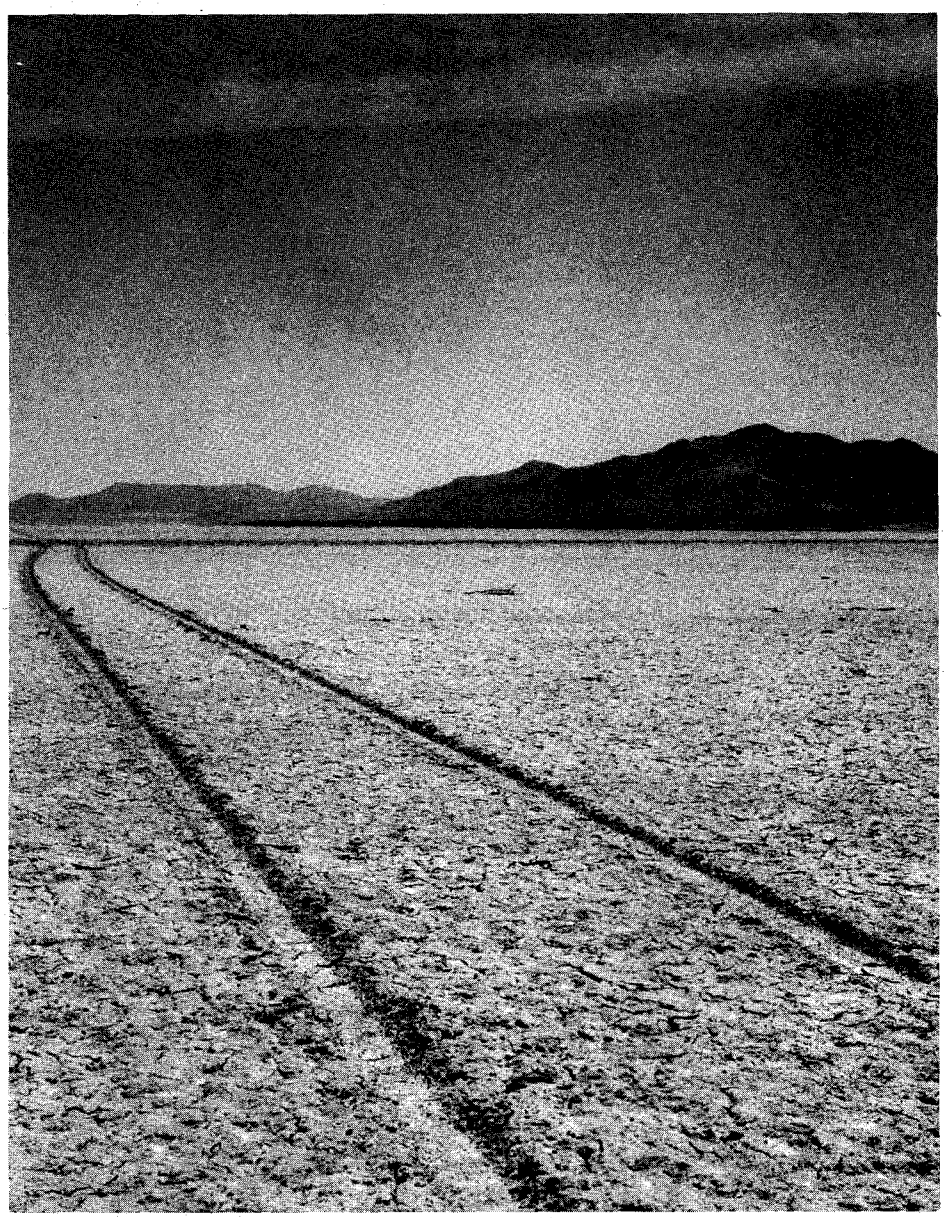
Above, Ed Green prowls the ruins of Hardin City's largest mill, inoperative since 1867. Below, the tracks made by the author's car across the great salt playa of Nevada's Black Rock Desert.



to General Bidwell had been taken by him to Europe "and fully tested by the best metallurgists . . . . Those tests proved the ore rich beyond their most extravagant ideas, and . . . the Mineralogical Institute of Freiberg, Germany, has made propositions, through General Bidwell, for an interest in the company . . . ."

In his report for the fiscal year 1866-67, filed with the state surveyor general, Humboldt County's assessor and surveyor gave extended praise to the Black Rock district and, in closing, planted this thought, "If Isenbeck succeeds as he expects, the people of Blackrock and the whole country should erect a statue to his memory built of solid silver . . . ."

But the *Humboldt Register,* of Unionville, took a dim view of this report. For several months past the *Register* had been characterizing Isenbeck as "a prince of humbugs," his followers "victims of insanity," and the Black Rock as a fraud and swindle. And now, muttered the *Register,* that "statue of solid silver" alluded to by the Humboldt County assessor "was evidently intended to mean two uprights with a crossbeam and a rope in the center . . . ."

So time marched on, with half the newspapers within 200 miles of Hardin City battling for the glory and honor of the district, and the other half whetting their knives for the kill.

They had not long to wait. The axe fell early in 1869 in the form of Uncle Sam's yearbook, *Mineral Resources of the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains,* compiled and edited by Rossiter W. Raymond, special commissioner of mining statistics. After stating that the Black Rock district had been the scene "of hopes as wild and disappointments as overwhelming as any recorded in the history of American mines," Mr. Raymond carried through with a lengthy resume of the Black Rock story. And then came the denouement.

"It was not long before the story found credence that a new ore of silver had been discovered in the 'black wax' of Humboldt County," stated the Raymond report. "Respectable assayers in the Pacific States, and in New York, flatly contradicted the popular delusion. But the Black Rock people had an assayer of their own—a man by the name of Isenbeck, who claimed that no one but himself could extract the silver from these peculiar ores. He worked by what he called the Freiberg process, and made use of a peculiar flux. Of course, Mr. Isenbeck's 'secret flux' contained a compound of silver. Six or seven years passed away in experiments and explorations. At last, in 1867, Mr. Isenbeck announced that he was ready to work the rock on a large scale and thirteen tons were hauled from different ledges. The result announced was $70 to $400 per ton! A renewed excitement was the consequence. A mill was built in the Black Rock country to be managed by Isenbeck. Two others were put in active preparation. But Mr. Isenbeck could not afford to use his flux on a large scale, and before operations commenced, he disappeared from the public eye. The Black Rock miners, who had shown for six years a grim determination and perseverance worthy of respect, abandoned their mines in despair. Houses, mills, everything was left as it stood, and in the summer of 1868 there was not a human being left in the district. Even thieves would not go there to steal the abandoned property. An expedition sent to the region by Mr.

(Continued on page 48)

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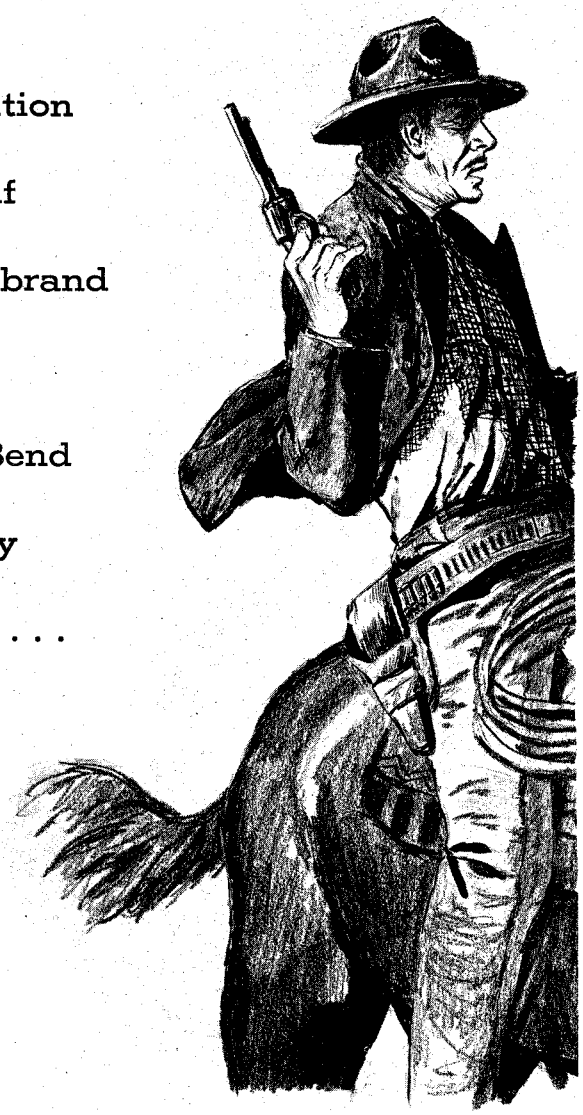
Ghost of the Murder

Violence, superstition and a strange calf marked with the brand MURDER roamed the Big Bend region — some say the calf still does . . .



By WALLY GEORGE

Illustrated by Dave Kinney

THE ghost will be seen again. Somewhere in the high country, just on the fringe of the lonesome Big Bend in Texas, there roams a maverick—a gaunt, ash-grey beast with the letters MURDER burned into his hide from shoulder to flank. Some late evening, when dusk has nearly turned to darkness, a lone cowboy will see him again—the maverick with the murder brand. And that cowboy will say a prayer, and hope that he is not the one who must die.

But someone must die.

The maverick has not been seen now in several years, but there are those who believe he will be seen again. For according to the legend, he is doomed to roam forever with his ugly brand—a symbol and an omen of violent death. He is a legend now. The maverick is dead and somewhere, rotting away in a draw, is what remains of that hide. The story is a part of the country. It has been absorbed into the way of life—growing and changing as that way of life changes, until they are part of each other.

But the maverick did exist.

THE story began one morning in mid-January, seventy-one years ago. It was 1890. The word that year was "cattle." Huntington's Southern Pacific Railway had cut a chute through the mountainous grasslands south of Fort Davis and the cowboy with a fast rope and a branding iron was in business.

Three years before, old Alsate, last unconquered Apache chief, had lain down in a cave 100 miles south and died of heartbreak. Two years later the notorious Antonio Carrasco, bandit of the river country, was killed in Ojinaga. In six more years barbed wire cut off the air and blood of the great American cowboy, but in 1890 he was still the man.

The cattle were brindled, wild-eyed longhorns and they roamed in big herds pretty much as they pleased, most of them bearing the brands of nearby outfits. When a cowman wanted his own stock, he rode into the herds and cut out the animals bearing his brand. Usually, cowboys from other outfits who had stock in the herd were on hand to look out for their own interests.

And that was how a spindle-legged, blue-dun little bull calf caused the murder of four men.

Jeff Webb, boss of Dubois and Wentworth, was a good man. Dubois and Wentworth was a big outfit and Jeff took his job seriously. On January 20, at Leoncita Springs, northeast of Alpine, a few small operators were having a roundup. They were cutting their own stock out of the D&W herd and branding new calves. The ownership of a calf is decided by the calf himself, and gets the brand of the cow he claims.

Webb sent his uncle, Fine Gilliland, over to Leoncita Springs to represent D&W. Gilliland apparently meant to do his job well. He reined up to Leoncita just as H. H. Powe had put the rope on a blue-dun calf and was dragging him to the branding fire. Gilliland did not see any heifer with the Powe brand.

Nobody will ever know to whom that calf belonged. H. H. Powe was a quiet, easy-going man and well-liked. He had lost one arm in the Civil War, and for the last twenty-five years of his life he wore a tattered grey Confederate coat. He was a good man, but as a rancher he had a hard time making a living. One arm was not enough.

Gilliland took issue with Powe over the ownership of the calf, and accused him of being too quick with the branding-iron. Powe claimed that the calf was following a heifer with his brand. The heifer, however, must have wandered back into the herd, because she was nowhere around.

Gilliland was not a man who liked to argue. Without another word, he turned on his heel and strode to his horse. Taking his rope, he lassoed the calf and began dragging it away—ignoring Powe, who had been pushed about as far as he intended to be. The one-armed man drew his six-gun and fired at the calf.

His first shot missed and he fired again. By that time his horse was shying so badly that Powe couldn't have hit the sky. He missed his second shot, and the surprised Gilliland drew his own gun. He fired and missed—at Powe.

Powe shot back, and the fight was on.

Maybe you wouldn't call it a fight. Some people don't. Powe never had a chance. A one-armed man on a skittish horse has his hands full without a gunfight. Gilliland's next shot did not miss, and Powe was a dead man.

Powe's son was less than a hundred yards away, but by the time he got to the scene, Gilliland had leaped to his horse and made tracks for the Glass Mountains. A posse of Rangers was soon on his

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Maverick

trail, but he made it to the mountains, and after two days of useless searching, the Rangers, headed by Captain Frank Jones, returned to Alpine.

Gilliland was then a hunted man, and he could feel it. He hid for days after the Rangers had gone, and was afraid to come out in the open. He cursed the maverick calf that had started the trouble.

Finally one day he did come out and, riding along the bottom of a canyon through the desolate, eroded crags, he saw two horsemen approaching. They saw him, too, so it was too late to hide. He decided to brazen it out. Maybe they were not looking for him. They got closer. Gilliland saw a star glint on the vest of the second rider, but the men did not act unfriendly.

The man in front was John Putnam of Marfa, and the other was T. T. Cook, a peace officer. The men were not looking for Gilliland—they did not even know him. They were traveling from Marathon to Ft. Stockton on personal business.

On a narrow trail in the canyon Gilliland drew abreast of Putnam. Fighting his fears, he spoke in a friendly voice to Putnam and made ready to pass Cook.

But Cook inadvertently blocked his way somehow.

Before Cook knew what had happened, Gilliland drew his gun and fired. The shot broke Cook's leg and killed his horse, which fell and pinned Cook to the ground. Gilliland turned his own horse down the canyon. Putnam drew his gun and fired one time, and Gilliland's horse fell. A fast exchange of shots ensued and Gilliland collapsed, dead beside his horse.

Dead man, number two.

Cook and Putnam, after identifying the corpse, retraced their steps to Marathon. While Cook was getting his leg treated, Putnam hunted up Bill Roberts, a friend of Gilliland's. He told Roberts where the body was—if he wanted it. Roberts quietly hitched up the buckboard, and went alone into the mountains after his friend.

Meanwhile, something new, something gruesome, had appeared on the range—a symbol of murder. Back at Leoncita Springs, when the cowboys had resumed work after Powe's death, they were not a happy bunch. They cut out the bull calf which had been the cause of the killing, and they branded him.

But they did not brand him with a mark which anyone would ever claim. With a white-hot running iron, from flank to shoulder, they seared his hide with the letters, MURDER, and down the other side they burned the date, JAN. 20, 1890. And then they turned him out.

A legend was born.

THE maverick never joined a herd. He was seen several times after that, but

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Wild old Days!

WORLD'S BIGGEST BARBECUE

By Virginia Stumbough

I was only thirteen when I went to Jack Walton's inaugural barbecue and ball in Oklahoma City, in January of 1923, but it wasn't the kind of event a person forgets. There were 200,000 of us there, from eighteen states, and it took 3,000 pit men, waiters and guards to feed us.

John Calloway Walton wore overalls and smoked a corncob pipe when he electioneered, and the people affectionately called him "Our Jack." In actuality he was a handsome, well-tailored gentleman who knew which way the ball bounced! He fought big business and bankers, and promised the laboring man his day was coming. It was enough to get him elected governor by a big majority. One of his campaign promises was a "come-one, come-all" parade, ball and barbecue.

Festivities spread over three days, but folks started arriving long before. Whole Indian tribes in blankets, braids and feather headdress, camped out on the state fairgrounds, west of the great barbecue pits. The weather was dry and warm for midwinter. Scurrying night and day among the lounging Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Osage, Creek and Cherokee families were hundreds of men building up fires in the pits, tending buffalo, beef critters, hogs, antelope and deer which were turning on the spits; or getting up steam in fire engines which kept the house-sized iron coffee urns perking.

Guards roped off the working areas, but the Indians were there to be fed, and they didn't wait for the starting hour.

On Monday noon Governor Jack was sworn in before a joint session of the legislature. The first big event as far as the public was concerned was the open house that evening at the new domeless, white marble capitol. The white pillars gleamed, moccasined feet and high-heeled cowboy boots slid on the slick marble stairs, and wide-eyed Spanish-American children clung to their mothers' skirts.

Everyone had a chance to show off at the parade the next morning. Oxteams driven by pioneers with weathered faces, stagecoaches, hawkers selling chalk statuettes, clowns carrying cigarette ads, cowboy bands, covered wagons filled with opossums for the barbecue, dignified Chief Bear Track on an Appaloosa, Marshal Zack Mulhall on a brilliantly caparisoned Palomino, Pawnee Bill sweeping his sombrero as he waved to the crowd, oil-field teamsters, fiddlers and gun-slingers all made up the crowd.

The hungry horde had to wait until the inaugural ceremony was repeated for them at the fair grandstand. At last they surged to the rope barriers, where guardsmen lined them up, five lines to a coffee urn. Nearly 200 waiters served about fifteen persons a minute, and 60,000 were fed the first afternoon—not counting the several thousand who had jumped the gun.

By nightfall the crowd had completely consumed 5,000 chickens, 200 hogs, 200 opossums, 200 sheep, 3,000 rabbits, 1,000 squirrels, 1,000 turkeys, 500 head of beef roasted overnight over charcoal, countless buffaloes, antelopes, bears, deer, ducks, frogs, geese, "most of the sweet potatoes in the world," 100,000 loaves of bread, 100,000 buns, 250 bushels of onions, thousands of sliced pickles, and 20,000 gallons of coffee.

Those able to move after eating went on to further entertainment, a formal reception in the capitol as colorful as the open house the day before. There was a grand ball at the capitol on Wednesday evening, the third and last day. Leaves and ferns decorated the rooms, with colored lights overhead. Twenty-five bands played; Governor Walton led a grand march; and everyone else shuffled slowly through the jam-packed mob and gawked.

So began the five months' reign of Governor Jack, the people's choice, ex-mayor, ex-farmer, orator. He had kept his promise to give the biggest barbecue ever held!

The other promise he had made was jobs. Every man who asked for a job got it—in fact, Walton ended up with several men to one job. When payrolls wouldn't stretch, he lost his own.

I'll never forget the impeachment proceedings either. My father, Charles E. Carter, headed the secretarial corps at the trial. He took notes while dodging flying inkwells. I could never understand how he knew which of the shouting legislators was the most important to listen to and record. And once he was shot at while taking his typed notes down to the printer late one night.

But none of that made as much of an impression on me as did the biggest barbecue in the world!

MYSTERIOUS LADY

By Joe Pires

CLOSED, the coin to the right looks like any other silver dollar. But when pressure is exerted at one spot near the edge, one side of the coin pops open. Inside is a picture of an attractive woman dressed in the style of the late 1880's.

The mystery of a Nineteenth Century silver dollar, cleverly concealing an old tintype photo under its hinged lid, may hold a story of romance in the Old West.

Many theories have been offered to Forrest Miller, the owner, who lives in Sherman, Texas. But he has no answers to these questions: Who created the oddity? Who is the belle in the old tintype photo? And how did the coin get out of the hands of the craftsman who made it?

Miller was given the coin by his grandfather, the late Otto B. Steinpfad of St. Joseph, Missouri, many years ago.

"My grandfather was riding a train to Denver, Colorado, one day about 1900 when one of his acquaintances gave the coin to him," Miller explained. "The friend hadn't discovered the photo inside. He thought the coin was counterfeit because of its light weight and because it didn't ring true when dropped.

"On his return train trip, Grandfather just happened to squeeze the coin in the right spot and it opened. He tried for several years to find out who made the coin but failed to turn up any information about it."

The novel silver dollar, minted in 1879, is a perfect piece of workmanship and apparently was made of two silver dollars by an expert silversmith or jeweler.

"The sides of the coin fit snugly and you can't tell it from any other silver dollar when it is closed, except for its counterfeit sound," Miller said.

The circular tintype photo is covered with glass, held in place tightly by a thin ring.

"The coin is real. I took it to the bank and was told it was genuine."

Probably the mystery will never be solved. But curious questions still arise.

Was the maker an expert jeweler? Was he an old man in prison with nothing else to do but work with his hands? Was the girl his sweetheart or mother? Why would anyone part with something which took so much work? Was it stolen or lost? Who is the mysterious lady?

Editor's Note: If any of you readers have a clue, write Mr. Miller in care of True West and we'll see that he gets the letter.

CINCO DE MAYO, 1907

By Burr H. Mallory

IT WAS getting late in the afternoon of the fifth day of May, 1907, when Clicerio Orayco left his home on the outskirts of Del Rio, Texas, and started for the business district of San Felipe, the Mexican section of the town.

The fifth of May, *Cinco de Mayo,* was a holiday for Mexicans, so Orayco and his *paisanos* had not gone to work that morning. Everybody but Clicerio Orayco seemed to be in high holiday spirits. There was gaiety in the air with preparations for the evening celebrations, the parade, the fireworks and the dancing. But Orayco walked slowly down the main thoroughfare in moody silence until he was opposite the saloon and dance hall run by Sam Bean.

He looked longingly at the building but he did not enter. The sounds of a guitar came from within blending with voices singing *Yo No Soy Marinero.*

There, somewhere within those walls

(Continued on page 71)

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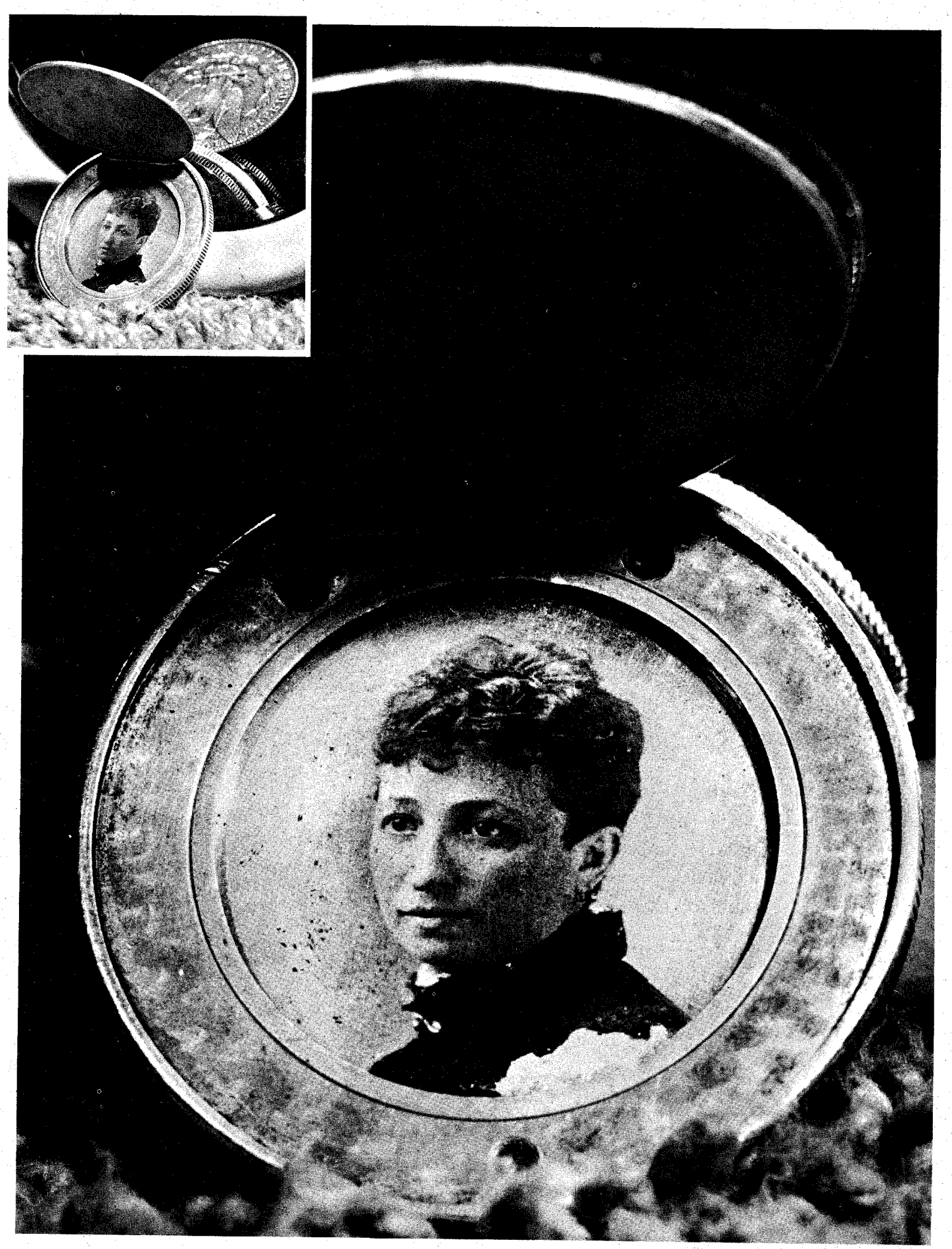

The mystery woman. Insert, upper left, shows more clearly the way the dollar opened.

Greer Studio Photos

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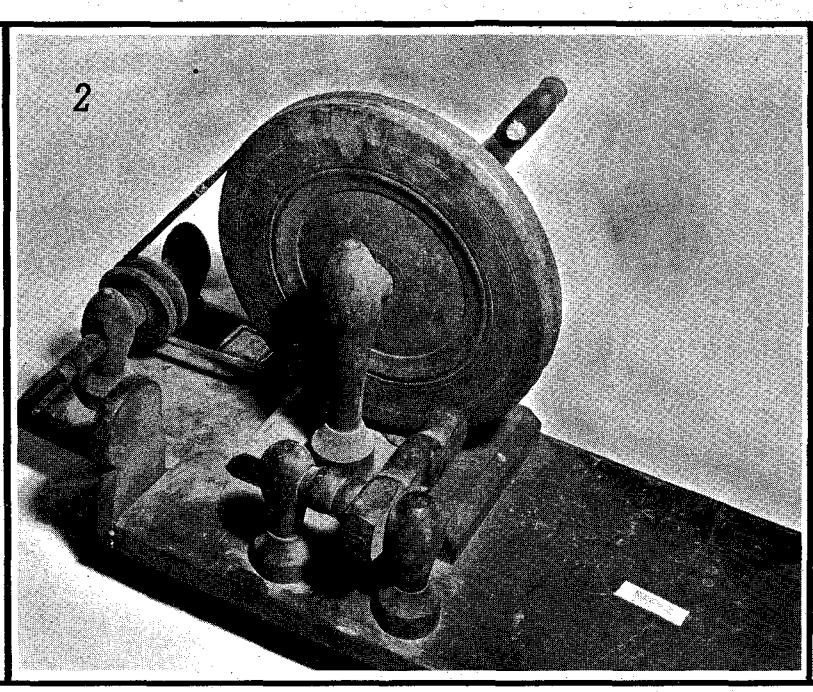
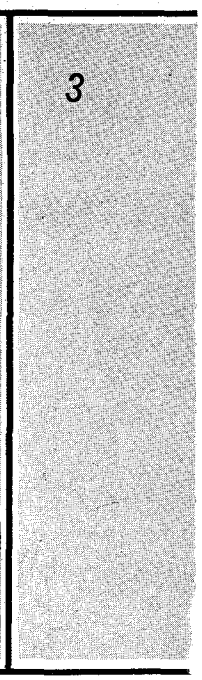




So You Think You Know the West?

By JOHN R. CLAWSON

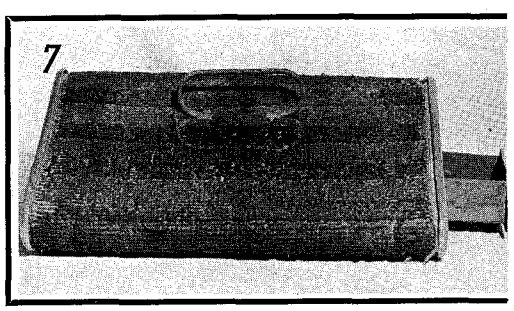
Photos from the Author

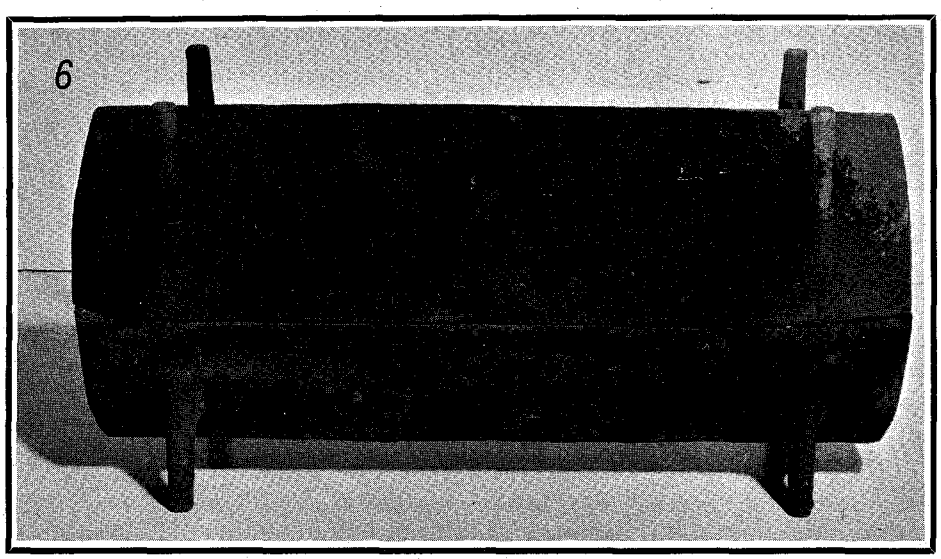
IT IS good to relive the Old West and to separate fact from fiction.

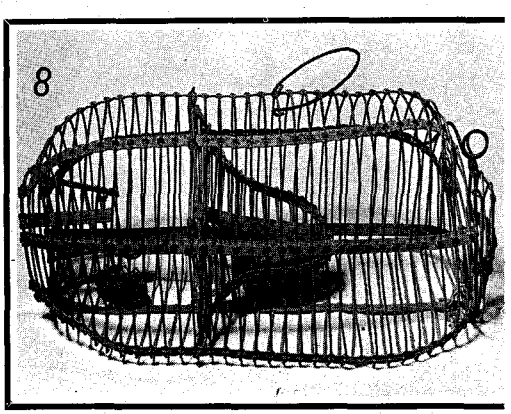
Sometimes we make sport of the TV cowboys and say, "They don't know what they're doing. Life wasn't that way then!"

Yet—if we had to go back ourselves and live life the way it was then, how many of us would know what we were doing? Tools and implements were very much different then. Here are pictures of some of them. Various ones have been changed into modern gadgets. Others have almost been forgotten. How many of them do you know? Can you tell what they are, or for what they were used?

Try your own answers first, then turn to page 72 for the correct ones.







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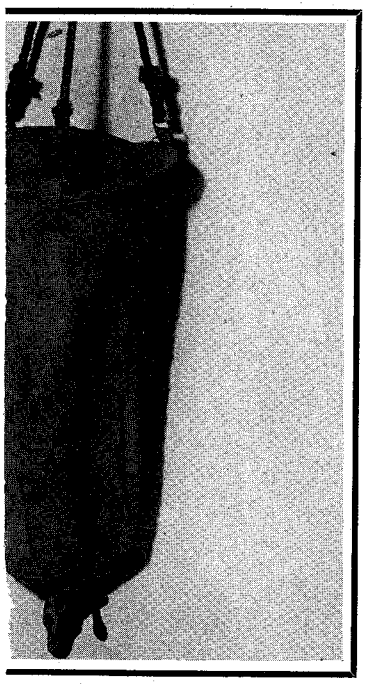
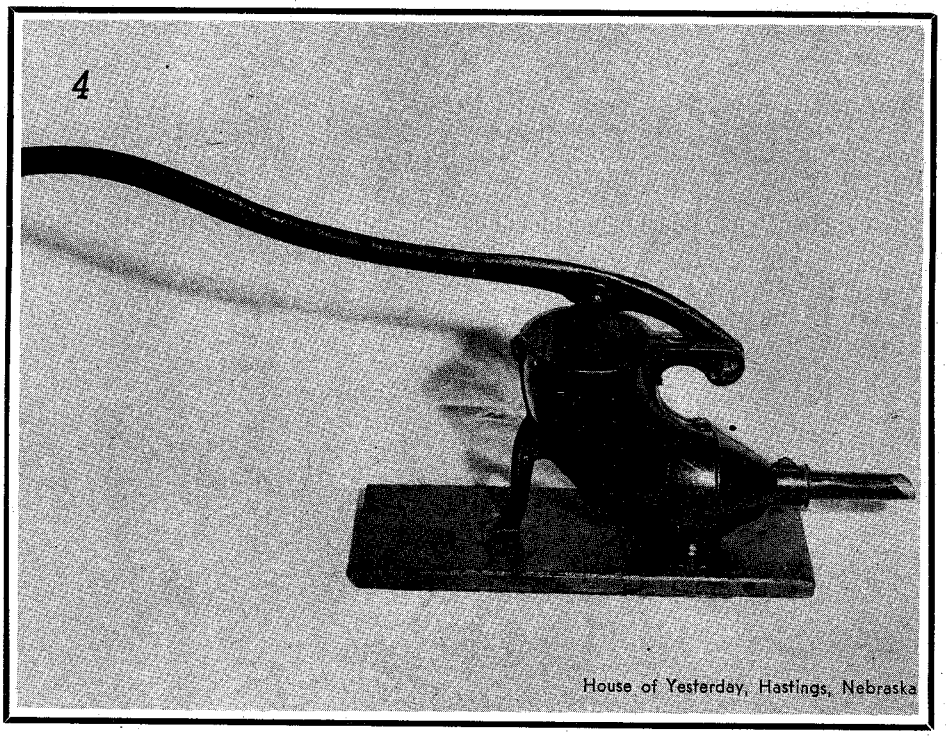
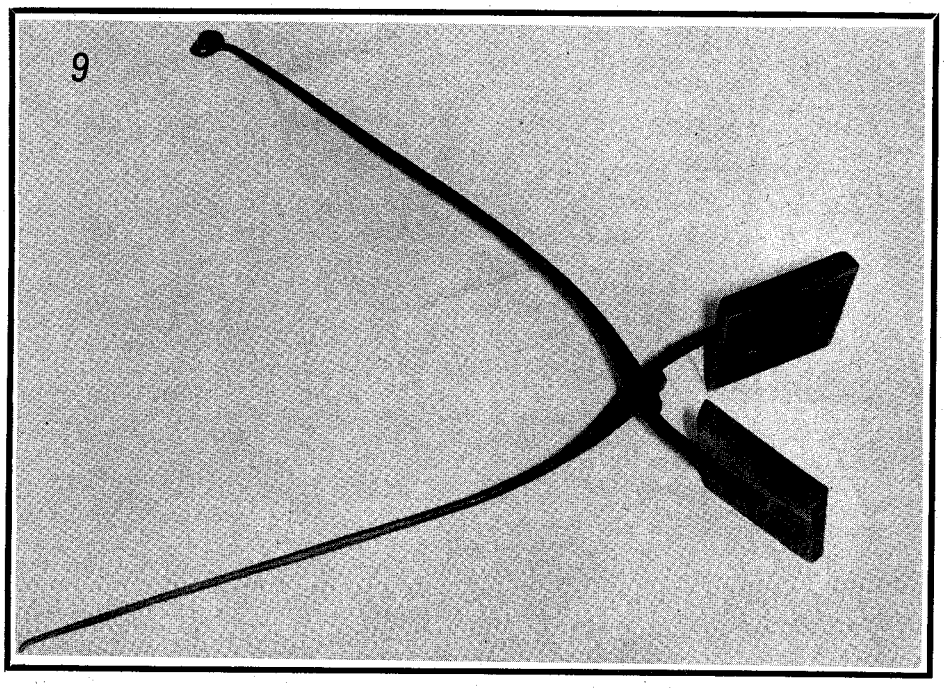
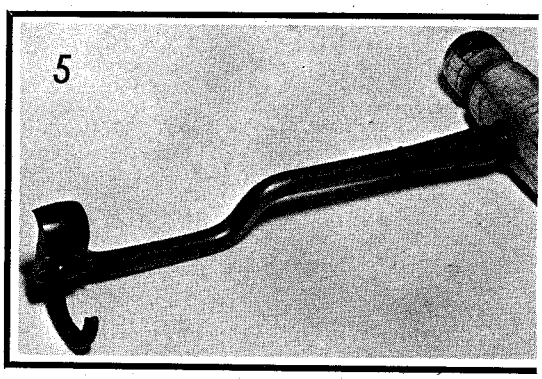
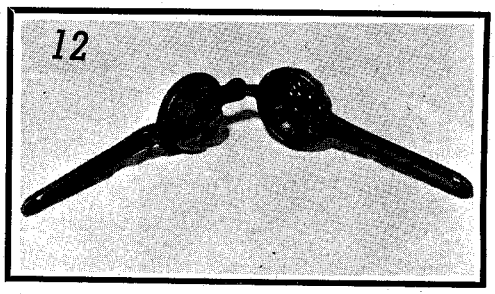


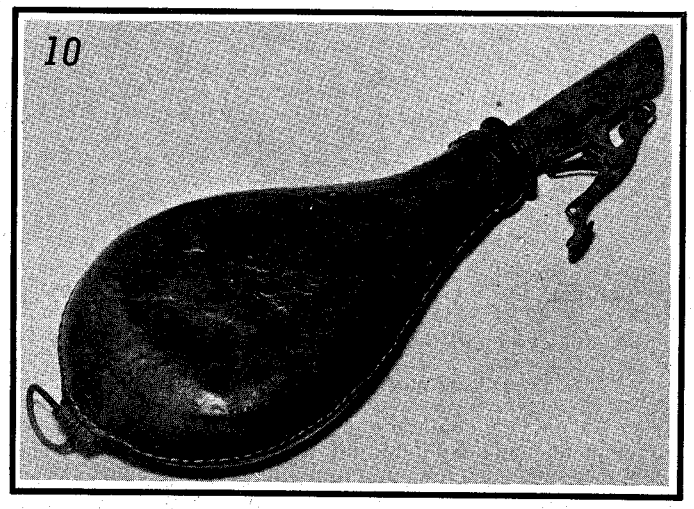


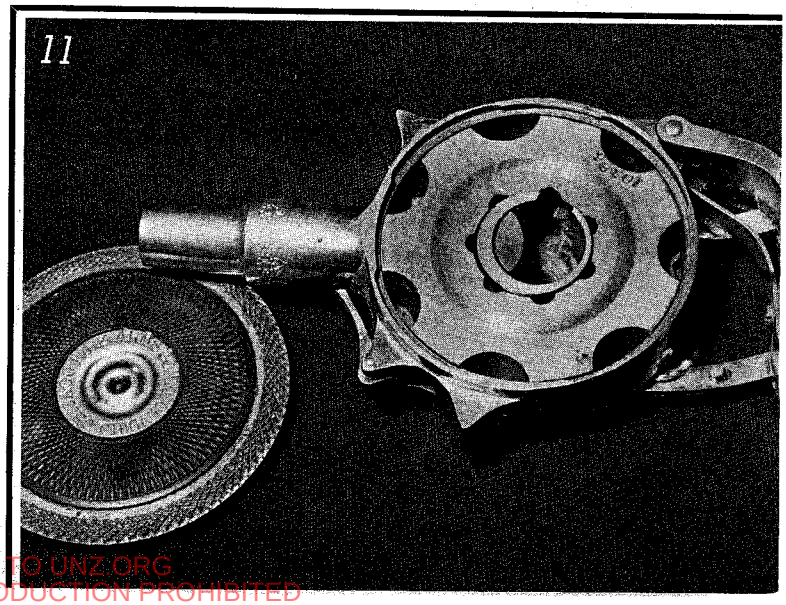
House of Yesterday, Hastings, Nebraska











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"Boys will be boys" —

except when they cost the old man $1,500.

By ERNEST DOUGLAS

Then they will be punished.

Mail Order on the Wild Gila

IT was right after Frank Hayman shot himself with the two-dollar pistol, that Dad squelched the mail-order business at the Douglas ranch—or thought he had. There was to be no more postal purchasing of "trash" by his two budding cowpokes, eleven and nine years old, from merchants in New York, San Francisco or other foreign metropoli.

In vain we argued that a snickering and unsympathetic community had libeled the firearm that jammed and discharged a bullet into Frank's knee as he struggled to unjam it. Its actual cost, as listed in the catalog of a Chicago sporting-goods house, was six dollars and some cents. Never would our limited funds approach a sum so vast.

Besides, everything we had ever bought by mail was perfectly harmless. Well, yes, that oversize sling-shot called a "catapult" had knocked the head off one of Mother's prize roosters, a bird ordered by mail and delivered by express from a California poultry farm. But that was a mere accident; Clyde had aimed at a skunk.

"And what if he had hit the skunk, right there almost under the kitchen floor?" Dad rejoined.

Timidly we inquired whether the anti-mail-order rule applied to the family's women folks. Young as we were, we could foresee war along the Gila if Mother were forbidden to receive those mysterious packages of corsets, underwear and hats.

Dad's uncomfortable reply was that he knew better than to try to exercise control over females of the human species; mares and cows were hard enough to handle, but it could be done. But *we* were to stop wasting our money on juvenile junk, and that was that.

Clyde and I were in a pickle, for we had an important shipment almost due. From what Dad had said, we knew that confiscation was all we could expect if he got his hands on it.

The problem of getting to the post office ahead of him, or of any neighbors who might bring out our mail, was solved one morning when Dad directed us to ride into the desert and see if there were enough feed to justify moving some cattle out there. We quickly ascertained that the summer rains had started grass and weeds along the arroyos and filled quite a few water holes. Then we swung a mere dozen miles out of our way, through the cacti and greasewood, to touch at Gila Bend and claim the Douglas mail.

Sure enough, our parcel was there. I have completely forgotten what toys and knickknacks it contained, except for one item. That was a small, three-cent horseshoe magnet, red except for ends of burnished steel, and with a tiny steel bar to be attracted by incomprehensible, if not exactly irresistible, force.

On our way home we stopped under a palo verde tree, by one of the water holes, for a late lunch of biscuits and jerky that Mother had packed for us. After shooing away a chuckawalla lizard, wandering at a somewhat unchuckawallish hour, we settled down to magnetic manipulation of a button off Clyde's overalls, a nail from my pocket, and other metallic trifles.

One of our friends from the nearby Papago Reservation, old Joaquin-of-the-face-like-a-shriveled-potato, rode by. He sat on his horse, watching our magnet perform its magic. Plainly he was both entranced and mystified, so we handed him the horseshoe and its steel bar.

Joaquin lifted the bar, pulled it away and repeated the process over and over. Time passed, perhaps a quarter of an hour. We indicated that it was time for us to be going, but still that Indian hung onto the magnet.

"How much will you give us for it?" Clyde asked.

Joaquin fished in his pocket and forked over a dime, probably all he had. We rode away, our heads swimming with visions of fabulous profit from an unforeseen commercial opportunity. Seven cents profit on a three-cent investment! How many Papagos lived on the reservation? A thousand or more but, conservatively, only a hundred or so would be able to raise the capital to equip themselves with magnets.

When we sneaked off our money order to Lynn & Company, we were still more cautious; we ordered only twenty-five magnets. Again we managed to be at the post office on the right day, and made our expectant way to the reservation village among the mesquite groves west of the ranch.

The first Indian we approached accepted a magnet, fooled with it briefly, handed it back, and laughed when we mentioned that the price was only a dime. It was the same with the next, and the next, and the next. Everybody had seen Joaquin's plaything; magnetism was no longer a novelty.

That left two small boys considerably overstocked on magnets and with greatly diminished enthusiasm for mail-order commerce. The mail-order houses, however, continued to be the main source of supply for what few luxuries the settlers along the lower Gila could afford. The two stores at Gila Bend kept only the bare necessities in food, clothing and hardware. People "sent away" for articles not strictly utilitarian, including wives.

IN those turn-of-the-century years there must have been a periodical named *Heart and Hand*, although I must admit that I never saw a copy. It was frequently mentioned in jocular fashion, especially when single men were around; and lonesome bachelors comprised a heavy segment of our scattered frontier population. Rumors often floated in from other settlements that somebody or other had "got himself a *Heart and Hand* woman." Only three cases of postal romance came to our direct attention, however.

Dad's was a combined farm and range-cattle enterprise, and one season he hired an elderly drifter named Sam Monroy to do the farm work. Sam was a silent sort, kept much to himself at the barn where he slept, and he must have been a *Heart and Hand* subscriber. One day he confessed to Dad that he had answered an ad and was soon to be married in Los

(Continued on page 60)

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Illustrated by Jack Davis

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What was a cowboy?

Here is the answer, as warming as a campfire on a cold watch

and as real as the call of the coyote on a lonesome night.

COWBOY !

By MILT HINKLE

L. A. Huffman Photos

WHY that word? Where did it come from?

Back in the days before the coming of the white man there weren't any cattle roaming the broad reaches of what is now the western portion of the United States. It was not until the Spaniards pushed northward out of Mexico in search of more gold, that cattle were seen by startled Indians. Extremely poor hunters, these foreign treasure-seekers drove herds of cattle with them to be slaughtered for food when needed.

Many Spanish companies died before the arrows and war spears of outraged Indians. Heat, lack of water and illness struck down many more. The cattle, left without herders, wandered off to multiply and become wild and fat on the bountiful grass. Some, the Indians domesticated. Many fell prey to wild animals, but nature has a way of caring for her own so by the early 1800's, there were many great herds of wild cattle roaming the lush valleys and prairies, then covered with rich, nourishing Buffalo grass. By this time many bold settlers had arrived in the West.

Because the land was free and broad, stretching away for miles beyond the horizon, men laid claim to vast reaches and built themselves veritable empires where their word was the only law. Thus the first cattle ranches came into being. Wild cattle were rounded up and mixed with domestic breeds. Some of those early ranches numbered their cattle by thousands and tens-of-thousands. A "spread" of several hundred was considered too small for notice.

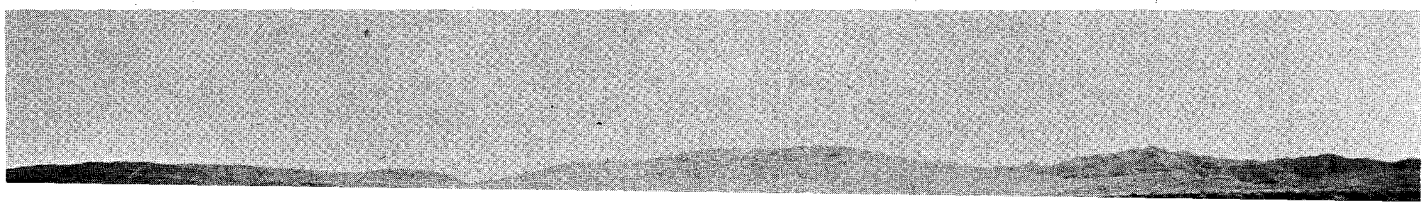
To care for these big herds roaming the unfenced ranges, the owners hired men who became known as "Cow Boys." The words, "Cow Men," were applied to the owners. There was no room for a weakling in that rough business of cattle care. Those fellows had to be men and endowed not only with physical strength but a certain amount of stubborn courage. In other words, they had to have "guts" as well as a body as resilient as a tempered steel spring.

It was the duty of the cowboys to ride swift and tough horses from twelve to twenty-four hours every day, with rarely a day of rest. They had to guard those cattle at all hours. Hard and bitter work it was. Only the man who has lived the life of those early ranching days can say just how hard and bitter. The vast distances of the country, the loneliness, the days and nights of solitude were hard, but by no means the worst of their difficulties.

Much of the land was dry. Streams and springs were few and far between, yet it was the duty of these men to see that the cattle got ample water. They undertook to keep them on good grass at all times and protect the herds from marauding wild beasts, such as wolves and mountain lions. They had the hardest kind of work at branding time; and on the slow, tedious drives overland to distant railroads, they were always vigilant to prevent a catastrophic stampede. A stampede could be caused by such a simple thing as a loud laugh, the flare of a match, or a flash of lightning after the animals had bedded down for the night.

Thousands of cattle have been known to get to their feet and run senselessly until they dropped dead because of these simple things. Men have died under their pounding hoofs while trying to guide them into a great circle, to calm and save them. All honor to those brave men, giving their lives simply because of a loyal sense of duty, and for wages that would seem ridiculous now.

Roundup on the open range.



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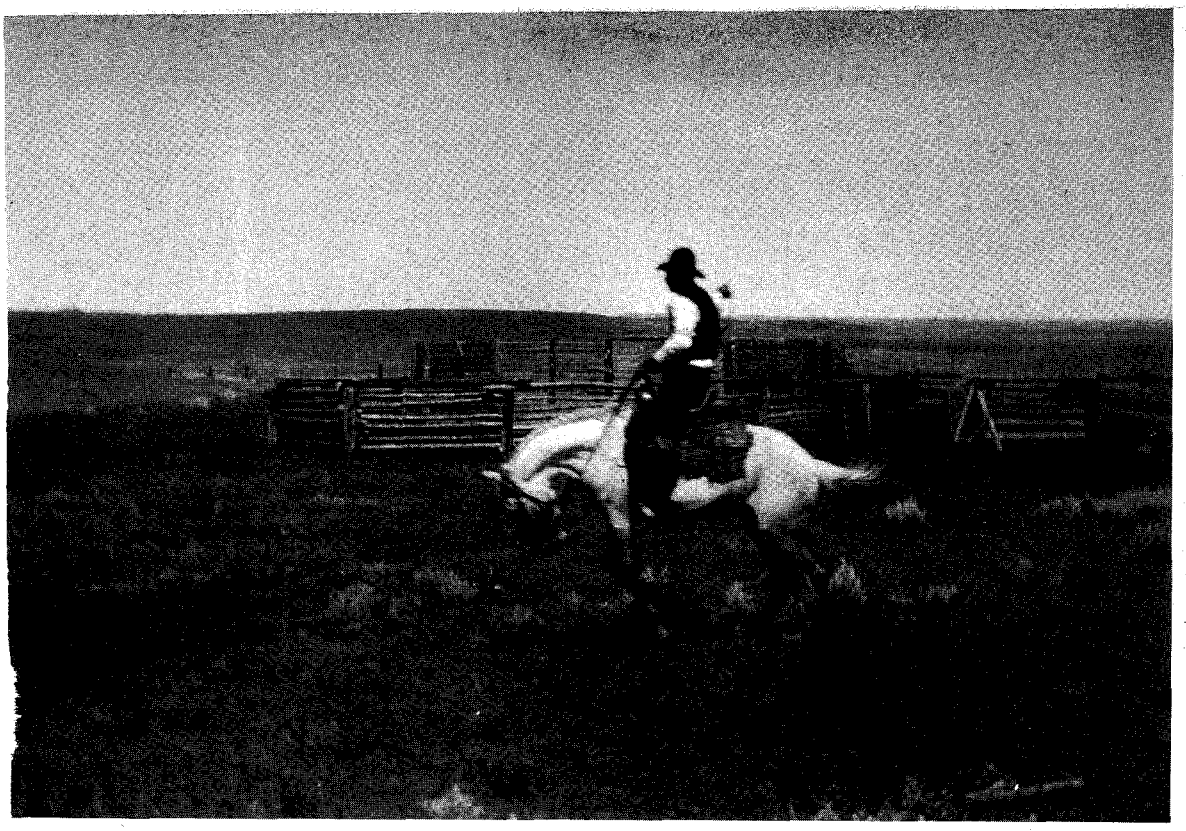

"Riding the wild horse." Bronc riding didn't begin as a sport. Wild horses needed to be broken and there was only one way to go about it. The beautiful animal shown would have been highly sought after by most cowboys.

YES, of such stuff were the early day cowboys made. They never knew four walls and a roof except for the few days and nights of fun after the herd had arrived at a railroad town. They slept in bedrolls composed of several blankets, and quilts encased in waterproof heavy canvas were used in all kinds of weather. Their food was always from the ever-present "chuckwagon," which followed the herds.

These chuckwagons were under the complete supervision of the camp cook. He could fry steaks to equal the product of the finest French cook. In his long-handled iron pans with their heavy rimmed lids he could make sourdough bread and dried fruit pies that were mouth-watering and filling. His coffee was strong and heartwarming and always ready on a pothook placed between heavy iron, prong-tipped posts over a "cow chip" or "buffalo chip" fire.

The chips were simply the sundried dung of the aforementioned animals and they burned with a clean hot flame. There were always plenty of chips picked up and sacked by the "wrangler" or "wagon boy."

Young boys loved the life of the ranges and many good cowboys got their start as helpers around the camps. There was always a "remuda" boy. His job was to look after the cowboy's string of private saddle horses, to keep them on good grazing when not in use, and to have them in camp before daylight, watered and ready to be caught and saddled for the work to come.

After the cowboys, squatting on boot heels, had finished their meals, scraped off plates and carried them to a wash tub of hot water, these boys washed the tin plates, cups, and cutlery. No person even so much as hinted any dissatisfaction with the food within hearing of the cook, who was usually an old cowboy unable to ride much. The men humored and respected him with good-natured tolerance. It was a dark day when the cook "blew up" and rode stiffly away into the distance.

Cowboys of the Old West!

As I muse over my past life it occurs to me that possibly more has been written about the American cowboy, more has been said, more moving pictures made of and about him, than any other character in American history. I am proud to have been one of these early-day cowboys; proud to have lived the life of those times in the great West. He has been, and is now, the idol of millions. He has been glorified to the stars. He is the most romantic, most glamorized and most misunderstood figure ever to ride across the pages of our history.

Yes, it was my privilege in the long ago to live and work with these lean, bronzed men, to share their loneliness, hard work, laughter and fun, and also their loyal friendships, heartaches and joys. I have slept with them around a flickering campfire, in the rain and under the bright western stars, as well as in sleet and snow. I have shared their hasty meals of beef, sourdough bread and beans in the frosty pre-dawn as well as in the dusty dry camps with heat burning and dust shimmering in clouds around us.

I CAN see these cowboys now in my mind's eye. They were booted and spurred as I was, with broad-brimmed hats at a jaunty angle. Colored neckerchiefs were loosely knotted around their throats, and heavy Colt six-guns swung low at their thighs. Broad belts were strapped around their middle, bullets agleam in the light.

Their talk ("lingo" as they called it) has left its mark on our American language—such words as "lariat," "latigo," "roundup," "remuda," "dogie," "dingbat," "wrangler," "chounce," "stomper," "ramrod," "chuck," and "flash riders," to mention only a few.

And these men are not legendary figures at all. Many of the younger generation live much the same today as we old fellows did. Warm-hearted, hard-working, rough-and-ready for a fight or a good time, these younger men are important today in the overall scheme of our American economy and everyone should know them better.

These youngsters rope and brand the calf crop each year, watch out for and doctor for "screw worms," and dip cattle for ticks and scabs. Like we did, they burn in summer and freeze in winter while attending to the unending duties of their jobs. In my day we did all these things and many more besides, and did it for $20.00 to $30.00 a month and "found." Yes, it was a hard life, but a full one and not without its satisfaction.

In the midsumer during my cowboy days, it was customary for all ranchers to unite forces, then to round up the cattle from the open range and brand them. Any calf following a branded cow received the same brand, thereby establishing true ownership. This was truly a time of hard and grueling labor. Then came the "fiesta." Cowboys dressed in their best polished boots and gleaming regalia, mounted their finest horses and rode, sometimes many miles, to display their skill as top hands.

They vied with each other with complete sportsmanship for the coveted title of all-around top hand of the range and in the arena contests. These get-togethers were "Cowboy Reunions," the forerunners of our modern day rodeo. There wild horses were broken to ride and steers were roped in the shortest possible time. Rules and points were kept religiously and when a man won the contests, the fun broke up.

In the fall came the rounding up of thousands of head of cattle and everyone made ready for the long, long drive overland to the railroads and market. I have followed the dusty, plodding way along the famous old Chisholm Trail, the Blocker Trail and many others. Now a person can rarely hear the weird song of the lonesome coyote from the mesas or glimpse the far distant flicker of an antelope's white rump as he signals to his timid band.

The old longhorn has vanished. I recall watching heat lightning jump from

(Continued on page 62)

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FIVE MONTHS

and 2,000 Miles to Oregon

By J. QUINN THORNTON

Hundreds of wagons were lost on the way, and thousands of dollars worth of goods. One of history's greatest migrations took place in the 1840's when the pioneers marched to Oregon. J. Quinn Thornton, who made the trip himself, prepared a guidebook for others. Read it and imagine yourself hearing the call, "Wagons ho!"

Editor's Note: How many of us have cussed ourselves for the time lost in taking a "short cut"? Or turned around and returned home because car trouble ten miles out of town had ruined the whole trip? And who hasn't had vacations when the trunk would be filled with bags of clothing which would never be worn but nobody had remembered to bring a thermos or a first-aid kit or a bottle opener?

It was that way, too, back in the 1840's when the first great waves of settlers had started west. But there was one difference. Lack of preparation now means only inconvenience; in those days it meant life or death. Before our "treaty-making" days with the Indians, the Redmen might have been a nuisance but they were not a threat. What lined the trails with graves was ignorance of conditions, lack of planning, lack of leadership and judgment.

We think our readers will be interested in the practical advice given to emigrants by J. Quinn Thornton, who had made the overland trip himself and who had talked with the survivors of the Donner Party. (These people, whose tragic experience had shocked all of California, were the victims initially of the "short cut" and at one time spent thirty days making forty miles. This delay trapped them in the snows of Sierra Nevada.)

The following is from *Oregon and California in 1848, Volume II,* by J. Quinn Thornton, Harper & Brothers, New York 1849.

I TRUST that, having had some experience, I may be permitted to offer some advice to those who intend to enter upon the journey to any portion of our possessions on the Pacific coast.

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"All persons, whether the proprietors of teams, and the heads of families, or the drivers of the teams (who are often worthy young men, desiring to settle in the country, and who will go in this capacity), ought to use great caution in forming their connections. No partnership by which the rights of property are mingled ought to be made, if it can be avoided. If this cannot be avoided, at least, those with whom such connections are formed, should be well known to be persons of principle; for it is certain that the toils and every-day occurrences of the way, will furnish the severest tests of character—tests so thorough and searching, that every thing, but the genuine gold, will be consumed in the furnace. These remarks, and others of a like character, are made with a view to practical usefulness.

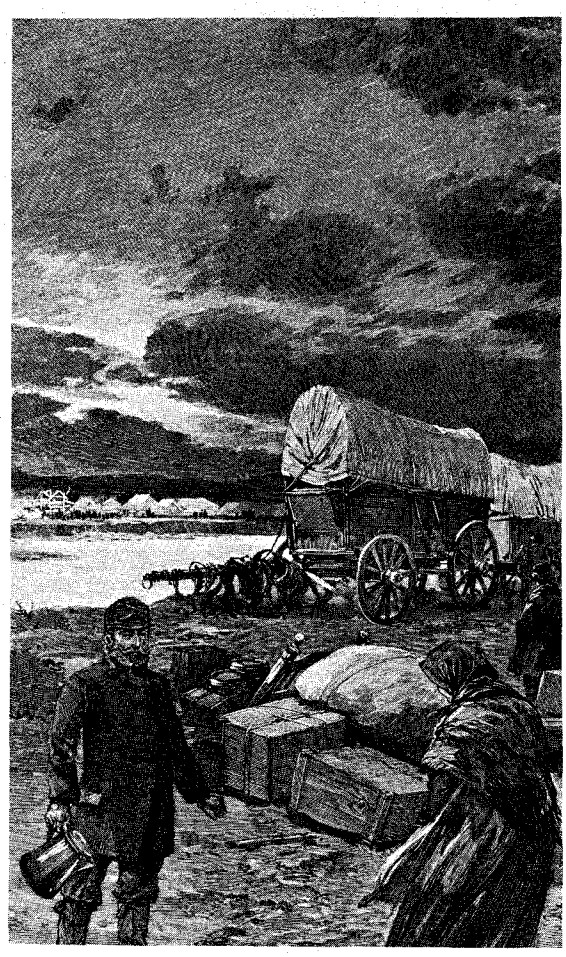
"Emigrants ought to procure strong, well-ironed, light wagons, made of *thoroughly* seasoned timber. The tongue should be a *falling* one, and the hounds should be *thoroughly* braced above, below, and at the sides, with iron. The bed should be made of three-quarter-inch plank, and be also well-ironed, having strong shoulders on the under-side to prevent it from becoming displaced in ascending and descending steep mountains. Each wagon ought to have at least four yokes of strong, healthy, well-broken oxen, with long straight legs, and from four to six years old. They ought to be worked some during the previous winter, to keep the neck hard, and be fed upon corn and hay, to secure firm flesh. Their yokes should be strong, but not unnecessarily heavy, and they ought to work easily upon the neck. They should also be provided with iron bow-keys, secured to the yoke by means of a light chain. Each wagon ought to be provided with about one dozen extra bows, made of hickory. As many young cows as can be brought, should accompany the loose stock. These can be yoked as the oxen give out, stray, or are stolen or killed by the marauding savages of the desert. Cows are not so strong as oxen, but they endure fatigue longer, and can subsist upon less. When brought to Oregon, they will sell for twice their cost in the States.

"Too much caution can not be observed in the weight of the load. No furniture, and but few cooking utensils ought to be taken. The table ware should be tin, and the camp kettles should be made of sheet-iron. These ought all to be made in sets, so as to fit into each other, for the purpose of economizing space. Little else ought to be taken than bed-clothing (without the beds, but buffalo-robes instead), an abundance of ordinary wearing apparel for use in the country, but buckskin for use upon the journey; and a *circular* tent. This tent is preferable to any other form, because it can be put up with one pole. It should be made of very strong cotton drilling, and may be double, but ought not to be oiled.

'To this should be added, for each adult:—100 pounds flour; 100 pounds butter crackers; 100 pounds bacon sides—no hams; 50 pounds dried beef; 50 pounds kiln-dried corn-meal; 20 pounds rice; 25 pounds beans; 1 light rifle, having a percussion lock, and carrying about 40 balls to the pound; 1 revolving, or Colt's pistol; 25 pounds lead; 12 pounds best rifle powder; 1 butcher-knife; 1 small tomahawk—with the nerve to use it, not rashly, but effectively, when necessary. Green goggles should be provided, to protect the eyes from the otherwise almost intolerable dust. I advise each person to take at least two pair, that the loss of one may be supplied in the event of accidental breaking.

"The provisions should be stored in half-inch pine boxes, of a uniform length,

(Continued on page 46)



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Above, a stop for the night. Below, a supply train fights the winter snow.

Kansas State Historical Society

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

Arthur M. King

Howdy!

I thought you would like to know that Arthur M. King, an authority on the Old West who once rode shotgun beside Wyatt Earp, died recently in San Francisco. You ran an article about him a few years ago in TRUE WEST.

King was hired by Wyatt Earp in 1905 and served with him first in Los Angeles County and later as a deputy marshal in Arizona and New Mexico. He and his wife have lived in Santa Rosa, California, for the last fourteen years.

Proclaimed an honorary marshal by Tombstone, Arizona, in 1957, King spent his final years as a real estate dealer.—L. A. Frame, 467 North Carmel, Gilroy, California.

Lost Crazy Woman Mine

Dear Joe:

The story in your June, 1961 issue of the Lost Crazy Woman Mine ties in with a story a friend of ours told my wife and me.

The lady told us that in 1934 she and her father were out hunting about twenty-five miles from their home in Colorado when her father spotted an elk. He shot the elk but only wounded it. He told her to stay in the area while he tracked the elk, which he did, killing it.

Nearby he noticed an old mine opening. When he entered the tunnel, he found a gold pan, pick, shovel and other tools, and a mound of quartz, rich in gold. Going farther into the tunnel, he spotted a rich vein of quartz loaded with gold, the richest he had ever seen. He also noticed that whoever had worked it had never returned. Excitedly, he hurried back to his daughter and told her they must come back the next day and claim it.

They returned but were not able to locate it again. Her father has since passed away and she has moved to California. She and her husband have gone back, but had such limited time they were not able to search the area as they would have liked to. It is in the same general area of your story and ties in very well with the same mine that you speak of.

She has given us the area and we can pinpoint it on your map. They know within a few miles of the spot where it is. I intend to try looking for it myself—Walter C. Miller, 175 West 25th Street, Upland, California.

Sunfishers

Dear Mr. Small:

In the story, "Boss of the Maltese Cross" (May-June, 1961), Teddy did own that brand in the Dakotas but he knew enough not to use steers to build up his herd. He was like the rest of us in the cow business, he used cows.

The article speaks of Teddy riding the sunfishers. I don't think Teddy was ever on one, nor do I think there were more than two or three in all the Dakotas. I am an old man; I spent fifty-six years in the saddle on the open range, and I rode only two sunfishers and have seen only four.

I will explain what a sunfisher is.

In the first place, a sunfisher always is an outlaw. When they buck, they go high in the air. When they come down, you could reach out with your right hand and pick up a handful of dirt. Then back up in the air they go and when they come down you could pick up dirt with your left hand. They keep going this way, twisting first to the right then to the left, until they throw you off or until they give out.

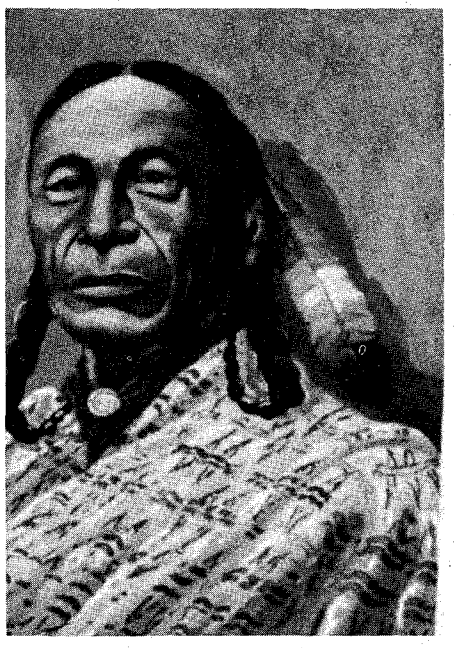
And if they throw you off and you have no help, they will turn and jump on you. Now that's a sunfisher.—Lynn S. Langfield, Sr., Box 5, Sterling City, California.

Iron Tail

Dear Joe:

In 1915 I went to see the Miller Brother's 101 Ranch Wild West Show, which was playing in Brookfield, Missouri. That summer the Millers were featuring Chief Iron Tail, Dakota Sioux, whose face was chosen by the U. S. Government to appear on the buffalo nickel. I was a young artist in 1915, and that day I sketched Iron Tail in the show grounds. Later, I did a watercolor portrait from the sketch.

Chief Iron Tail was outstanding in every respect, loved by everyone who knew



Reader Boomer's portrait of Iron Tail.

him. William F. Cody, M. I. McCreight, Major Gordon Lillie and many others expressed great admiration for Iron Tail and I believe he is entitled to more public mention and honor than he has received.

I just want everyone to know the Indian on the buffalo nickel. Only one person in 10,000 could tell you his name. Of all the coins minted in the United States, only Chief Iron Tail is practically unknown—all others are familiar to everyone.—Lyman Andrews Boomer, Browning, Missouri.

An Accommodating Sheriff

Kind Sir:

My brother, Art Horn, was sheriff of Clark County, Missouri. In an old newspaper, I found this clipping about him:

> "When sheriff Art Horn of Clark County and his deputy, Roy Cole, went to the farm of Matt Toops last week to arrest him on a murder charge, Toops remarked that he had several cows to milk and asked time

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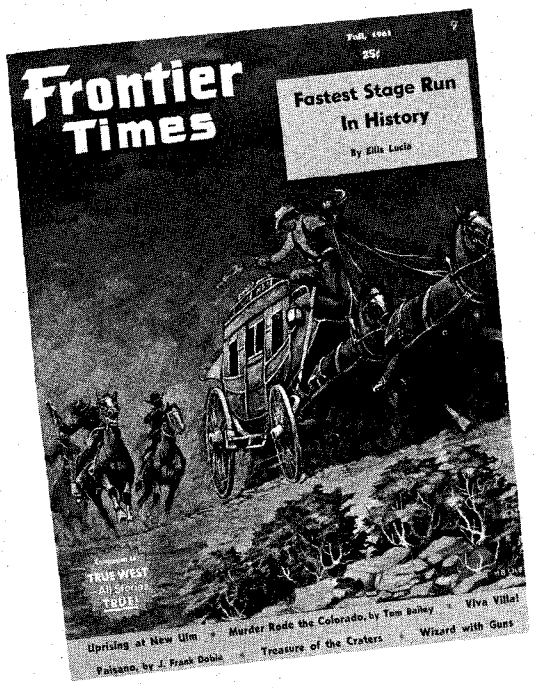

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CHECK THIS PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS:

UPRISING AT NEW ULM. The United States Government had made a treaty with the Sioux in Minnesota, promising to compensate for occuping their land by giving them annuities of food and other goods. When Washington failed to honor its part of the bargain, Little Wolf and his fellow tribesmen launched one of the bloodiest campaigns in the history of the West. The frightened settlers and inexperienced soldiers were whipped into shape by Colonel Sibley, whose strategy and waiting game finally subdued the Indians.

MURDER RODE THE COLORADO. Four killers commandeered a little craft in the desolate Four Corners country of the Southwest and fought rapids, posses and themselves in an attempt to evade the long arm of justice. One of their captives, a teen-aged Indian girl, lived to recount this tale of excitement and terror.

SWIFT JUSTICE. When settlers began to flock into Iowa from the border wars of Kansas and Missouri no one knew whether or not his neighbor could be trusted. The sod house down the hill might be occupied by a murderer—and murderers were dealt with surely and swiftly!

TREASURE OF THE CRATERS. The government gave two men permission to look for lost loot—but only if they filled up their holes behind them!

FASTEST STAGE RUN IN HISTORY, by Ellis Lucia. "You said it, Jack, now prove it!" the old expression went—and Ben Holladay of the Overland Express was out to do just that when he left San Francisco bound for St. Jo in a desperate cross-country run to save his company's mail and passenger franchise.

A WIZARD WITH GUNS. John Mose Browning was one of the gun world's most prolific and talented inventors. For half-a-century this Utah-born genius supplied both military and civilian marksmen with new and brilliantly designed firearms.

VIVA VILLA! by Eve Ball. Bert Judia did not know that the Mexican traveler he helped out one afternoon was the later-to-be-famous Pancho Villa. The leader of the Mexican revolution in the north had a good memory for friends, and during the crises that followed Bert was one of the few men Pancho would do business with on this side of the border.

There just isn't enough room to list other thrilling stories, including RABBIT, THE ROUNDUP COOK; THE MAYOR OF ULYSSES; BOWLEGS; UNCLE DICK; FLOUR, FURS AND FREIGHT CARS ON THE RED RIVER RUN; PAISANO; DEWEY IRON HAIL; and ASK FRONTIER TIMES. NUGGETS brings you "I WANT TO EAT DINNER IN HELL"; OLD WEST HOSPITALITY; BUTCHERING A BUFFALO; A REASON TO HATE; SHEEP CAMP POETRY AND BALLADS; and BUGGY WHIPS BY THE MILLIONS. Don't miss this Fall issue of FRONTIER TIMES—it's a reading experience you won't forget!

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Western Hard-Cases, or, Gunfighters Named Smith, by Ed Bartholomew. 1961. 192pp, dj, cloth. There was only one well-known gunfighter named Smith, but the author, after studying the lives of 6000 of these individuals of the early West, from the unpublished archives tells the story of sixty-five Smiths! But, as these wild Smiths trample through history, there are involved also such characters as Wyatt Earp, Hoodoo Brown, Off-Wheeler, Six-Shooter Bill, Turkey-Creek, Wild Bill, and a host of others! Fact, not fiction! $3.50

A Texas Ranger, by N. A. Jennings. 1960 facsimile of the 1899 edition, 321pp, cloth. The only book to fully tell the story of this period of the Texas Rangers, and by a Ranger himself! A hundred escapades, gun-battles, captures by the Rangers on the Rio Grande in the 1870s. McNelly's Rangers crossed "the line" to capture bandits! Tells of outlaws King Fisher, Wes Hardin and a host of others. $4.00

The Texas Vendetta, or, The Sutton-Taylor Feud, by V. Rose. A facsimile of the lone remaining copy of the rare 1880 edition, bound in cloth, 1956. Here is the true account of this celebrated Cattle War in South Texas, which involved the families of early Texans, including such individuals as Wes Hardin, Creed Taylor, others. $2.50

Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson, by Wm. Walton. A reprint of the rare 1884 edition, 232 pp, with rare photographs. Shot-gun Ben Thompson was a Texas gambler & gunfighter, who plied his trade in the Lone Star State, in Kansas and over the West. Here is life in the Confederacy in Texas, in Mexico, with Maximilian, etc. Cloth. Published 5 years ago in a limited edition. $4.00

Cullen Baker, Premier Texas Gunfighter, by Ed Bartholomew. 1955, 139pp, with rare photos. Here is the only full-length account of this early Texas guerrilla who rode for the Confederacy in Arkansas and Texas, and was an outlaw afterwards. Cloth. $3.00

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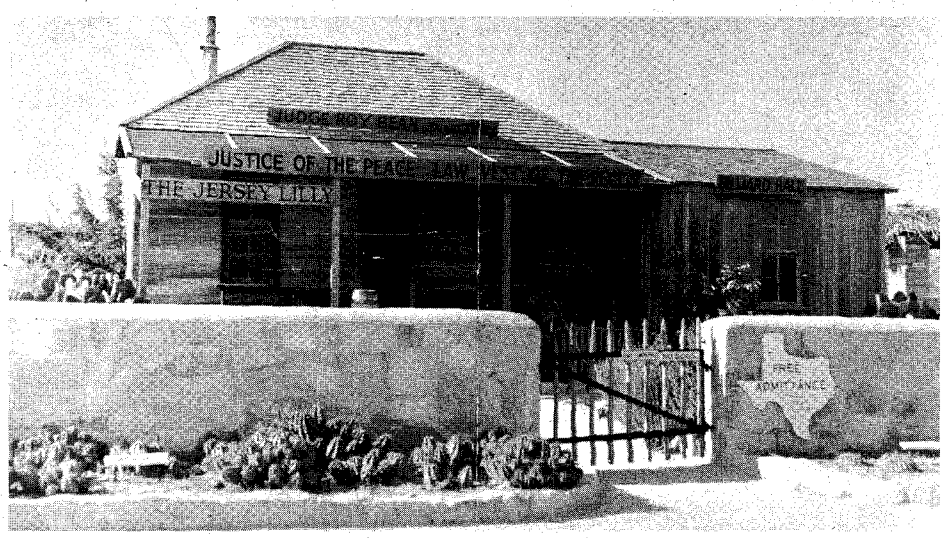

Judge Roy Bean Museum in Langtry, Texas.

to do the job. The obliging sheriff told him to get some buckets and they would help him with the chores." This is especially humorous since my brother couldn't milk a cow!—Eva (Horn) Whitehead, Wyaconda, Missouri.

Pawnee Bill Museum

Dear Sir:

According to an Oklahoma newspaper story recently, a total of fifty-five interested and influential persons attended a dinner at Oklahoma City March 8, 1961, to discuss the possibility of making the former "Pawnee Bill" home a state museum. Mack Burks, chairman of the State Planning and Resources Board, read a formal resolution from the board asking the State Legislature to make the purchase.

Major Gordon W. Lillie ("Pawnee Bill") was known as one of the greatest showmen of all time. I hope the state buys the place and opens it as a showplace to the public.

I enjoy stories which teach history and appreciation of our great country, rather than legends of killers and robbers. We can get plenty of that on present day TV programs.—Archie L. Hawkins, 227 Arkansas Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

"Ice Cold Beer and Law West of the Pecos"

Howdy!

I thought you-all might be interested in these old photographs. They show Judge Roy Bean's "headquarters"—one as it was in the old days, the other as it has been restored for visitors.—Shirley Ratisseau Dimmick, Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas.

A Boost for Teddy

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a little yarn I thought might interest you. While visiting relatives in Montana recently, I copied this from a ragged old volume of *Early Days on the Range in Montana.*

"In the presidential election of 1904 many of the cowboys and range men of northeastern Wyoming were intensely partisan. They were strong supporters of Teddy Roosevelt, who was the Republican presidential candidate. Some of them had known Teddy personally, and perhaps worked for him, when he had a ranch and livestock interests farther down the little Missouri, near Medora, North Dakota. They had heard rumors to the effect that Colonel Roosevelt was in a "tight race" and would need every vote he could get, so they decided to do something about it.

"The counties in Wyoming and Montana in those days were very large ones, and the range riders in their work were required to cover large areas, so they could quite reasonably claim a residence most anywhere. In those good old days one didn't have to register, and a statement that one was a bona fide resident and

Judge Bean's headquarters.

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of voting age was sufficient qualification.

"So some twenty cowboys employed by cattle outfits along the Little Missouri River in Wyoming started out on election day to give Teddy a boost. Voting early in their home precinct, they rode on to the next settlement to get in another vote, and continued that program throughout that sparsely-settled region, voting at every polling place they could find.

"Securing fresh horses, they crossed the line and gave their candidate a boost in Montana by voting at every settlement they could locate in what was then Custer County (said to have been at that time the largest county in the nation) and finished the day by getting 'under the wire' for a final vote in a small town on Powder River, just before the polls closed.

"They had covered nearly a hundred miles and are said to have cast their votes in some thirty precincts. They were highly elated with their day's work and staged a hilarious celebration as a finish for the day.

"Whether or not Mr. Roosevelt ever learned of their strenuous efforts in his behalf is not of record. Anyhow, he didn't need their votes, as he was elected with a majority of 2,000,000—the greatest majority ever given a presidential candidate up to that time."—R. I. Martin, Saratoga, Wyoming.

"A Link with the Past . . ."

Gentlemen:

After reading the articles on the Wounded Knee massacre, I feel I must tell you about a very interesting experience I had a short time ago.

I live in North Carolina, not many miles from the South Carolina line. One weekend, my family and I decided to take a picnic lunch and go on a little trip down in South Carolina.

While going through the town of York, South Carolina, we passed a very old cemetery called Rose Hill, in which a great many Civil War soldiers and some Revolutionary War soldiers are buried and we decided to stop and go through it.

A stone marker at one grave caught

Captain George D. Wallace's monument.

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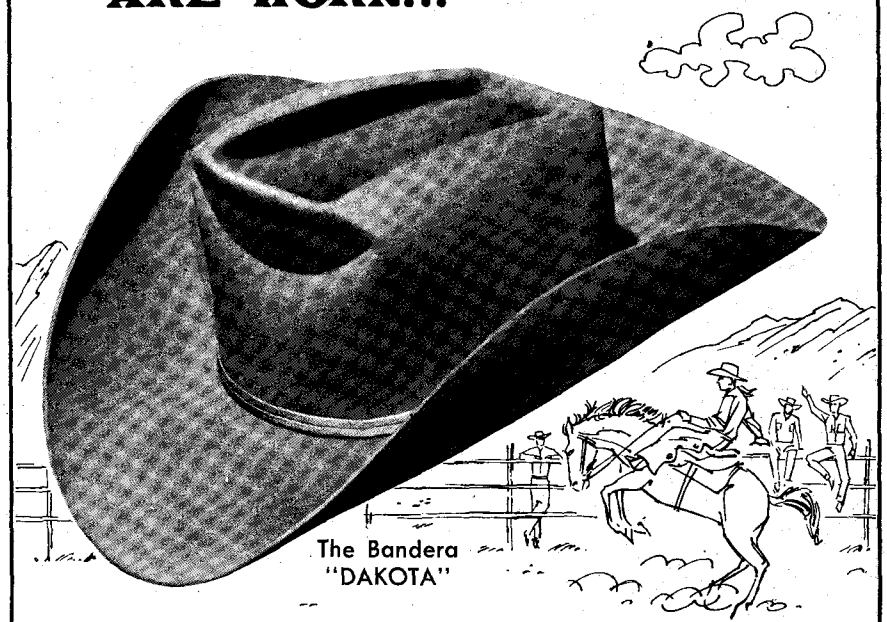

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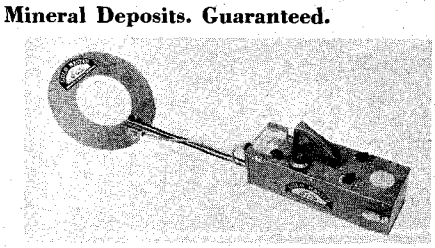

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my eye, as it had crossed cavalry swords and a draped flag carved on it. When I got close enough to read the inscription, imagine my surprise when I read the following:

In Memory Of
Captain George D. Wallace
Seventh U. S. Cavalry
Born June 29, 1849
Killed in Battle with Sioux Indians
At Wounded Knee, South Dakota
December 29, 1890

In reading about this battle again, I find that Captain Wallace was the only officer killed in the Battle of Wounded Knee.

I felt I was really seeing a link with the historical past, and since you have had recent articles on the battle, I thought you might be interested in the picture.—V. B. Robinson, 200 Hillside Avenue, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Wounded Knee Photographer

Dear Sirs:

A first cousin of my father, Stephen Truman Fansler (1866-1953), was the photographer who made the picture of the burial of the dead after the Wounded Knee battle (June, 1961, TRUE WEST).

He served in Troop D, 8th Cavalry, in the Dakotas and participated in the campaigns against the Sioux, including the battle of Wounded Knee. When his enlistment expired, he remained in the area and opened photo galleries in Fort Yates, North Dakota, and Mound City, South Dakota. He was there for about fifteen years and then moved to Florida where he died eight years ago.—Homer Floyd Fansler, Hendricks, West Virginia.

An Insignificant Role

Dear Editor,

Being an American History major and senior at the University of Wisconsin, I appreciate your honest factual presentation of historical subjects. However, I must take violent issue with your presentation of Western badmen.

In the first place, the sources of information are highly unreliable: chance acquaintances, newspapers trying to promote sales with sensationalism, and writers of the *Police Gazette* variety. One might ask, "Just where do you get your information if you ignore these sources?"

The answer is you don't, because the dearth of factual information is really a manifestation of these sordid individuals' true place in history. In the context of history, these men played an insignificant role and, if anything, were a negative influence. This includes the supposed law enforcement officers like Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, and others.

I only hope that these individuals will be laid to rest someday and the true history of the West, without sensationalism, will be known. These individuals' actions were a *result* of the too rapid expansion of our country and in no way, shape or form did they cause any deviation to the progress of society.—Peter Dennis, 661 Mendota Court, Madison 6, Wisconsin.

Editor's Note: Sifting through the hundreds of written accounts for the truth about the Old West's badmen has been one of the major problems that has come up for TRUE WEST's writers and editors. Every "badman" story we run sets off an avalanche of criticism, pro and con, from people who knew—or knew about—these enigmatic inhabitants of the Old West. It is our hope that, eventually (and if necessary, grain-by-grain) the chaff will be separated from the wheat and the truth, without sensational "heroizing" or, on the other hand, undue "villainizing," will be printed.

Above, "Crossing the Dakota Plains, 1892." Stephen T. Fansler is on the left, an Indian guide in the center and an old prospector on the right. Below, an old Fansler photograph. The woman was Ella Spicer Roush, murdered by five Sioux in March, 1894, at Winona, North Dakota, along with her father, mother, grandmother, and her twin sons. The Indians were later lynched.

Five Months and 2,000 Miles to Oregon

(Continued from page 41)

of a uniform height, and corresponding in length with the width of the wagon-bed. Wearing apparel. bed-clothing, etc., ought to be stowed in sacks (waterproof, if possible), to avoid the unnecessary and often fatal weight of boxes and trunks.

"To each wagon there ought to be an ax; a drawing knife; a handsaw; a set of augurs, from half-an-inch to two inches; a gimlet; a hammer; about four pounds of assorted wrought nails; about forty pounds of tallow; and fifteen pounds of black lead.

THE overland emigrant, having repaired to Independence, Missouri, and there completed his outfit in those things in which it was before wanting, should hasten to the place of rendezvous, which is usually in the great prairies, some fifteen or twenty miles from Independence, where it may be proposed to perfect the organization of the companies, previous to finally taking up the line of march. The companies should be organized as soon as twenty wagons are ready. A strong, athletic, enterprising farmer, of great endurance and patience, possesing a sound judgment, and practically acquainted with the use and management of cattle, ought then to be selected as a leader. An education—if I may be allowed the term—upon a farm and among cattle, would qualify any man for this station, who possesses good principles, a mature judgment, and the other qualifications already mentioned.

"Being thus prepared for the journey, and the organization being perfected, as soon as the grass is an inch high, the emigrant ought firmly to resolve that he will keep the fear of God before his eyes; that he will never yield to fatigue; that he will never beat and bruise the poor oxen that draw his load from day to day, and from month to month; that he will take no offense at any thing that may be said either to him or of him; that he will never become either angry or unreasonable with those who are dependent upon him, or in any manner in his service; that he will neither be im-

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patient with himself, nor unjust to himself or to others; that he will not confide in Indians, nor misuse them; that he will use all due and proper diligence in traveling; and then he may cherish a reasonable hope that he will arrive at the end of his journey safely and in season.

"In prosecuting this journey, the emigrant should never forget that it is one in which time is every thing. Emigrants are often disposed to remain in camp a day or two, and sometimes even three. They ought to remain in camp on the Sabbath day. Aside from the obligation imposed by a command of God, the cattle will endure more if they are permitted to enjoy this periodical rest. The emigrants should remain in camp also about one day in two weeks, at some place where there is good grass and water, for the purpose of washing and cleansing their clothes.

"That time is important on this journey can easily be made apparent. If the emigrant to California fails to arrive at the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada before the falling of the very early snow, to which that mountain is peculiarly liable in consequence of its altitude, the destruction of his property is certain, and the loss of his life probable. If the emigrant to Oregon fails to arrive at the Presidents' Range before the rainy season commences, he must hazard the destruction of his wagons by leaving them among the Indians at The Dalles; he must have his cattle driven over the mountains; and must take his family and goods in boats down the Columbia. He thus encounters a considerable expense and loss, which might and ought to be avoided.

"But another evil resulting from remaining in camp, arises out of the fact that cattle, after remaining upon grass more than one day and night, are inclined to stray in search of new feeding-grounds. The loss of a single ox is the loss of a yoke, because they must be worked in pairs. The loss of a yoke is often practically the loss of the whole team, in consequence of the necessity for requiring the remaining oxen to perform more labor than their strength is equal to.

"For these reasons it is expedient to drive every day, except those already mentioned, even if the distances traveled do not exceed two or three miles, and therefore there be little more than a change of camp.

"To observe this diligence, and to continue it with system, will require an energy that is not ordinarily necessary. The long journey, which many will regard as being interminable, bringing with it, upon the return of each day, a renewal of great toil and anxiety under even the most favorable circumstances, will exhaust the vital energies of the body, and fatigue the mental faculties to so great a degree that there will often be a powerful inclination to remain in camp. But this must not be done, unless it be absolutely necessary to rest the cattle, to repair a broken wagon, or to afford the females time to wash.

THE preceding . . . will show that our enterprising brethren, who may propose to emigrate from the western states to Oregon, must reasonably expect to encounter much in getting into the country. But the difficulties of the way have been passed by men, women, and children, and can be surmounted by others . . . . It can be shown that there has been a greater

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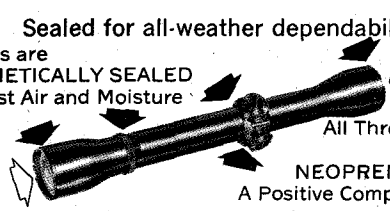

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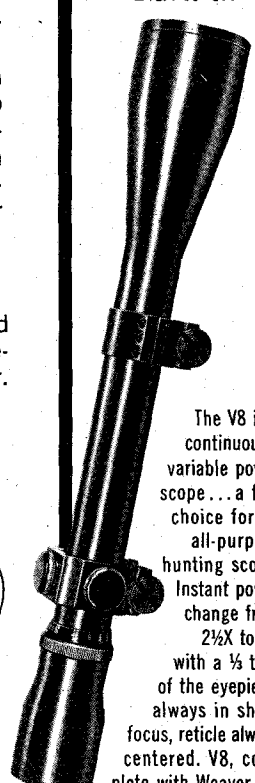

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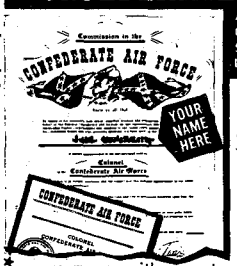

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loss of life and property, in one year, resulting from abandoning the regular route, than has ever been sustained at the hands of all the savage tribes between the borders of the western states and the Pacific coast. About half the emigrants into Oregon in 1846 lost their property, not by savages stealing it from them, or robbing them of it, but in consequence of placing confidence in a man who led them from the old road into his 'cut-off.' A body of California emigrants, consisting of eighty men, women, and children, was, in like manner, led into a 'cut-off.' This company . . . lost all their property; and thirty-six of their number starved to death, and were literally devoured by the more miserable and unfortunate survivors. These companies would have arrived, each at its place of destination, safely and in season, had they pursued the regular route. The disasters, therefore, of these two companies are not to be regarded as necessary incidents of the journey.

"If the emigrant, therefore, will give heed to my advice, I believe that when he arrives in Oregon he will be grateful to me for having given it. I might, by suppressing the necessary difficulties of the journey, and by presenting prominently in my journal only the agreeable scenes and incidents of the way, have induced others to believe that the journey to Oregon and California is only a pleasant excursion. But, to refer to no higher motive, I am too proud to utter an untruth; or, which is the same thing, to suppress a part of the facts, when I profess to tell the whole story. Besides, I believe that I have some character; and I have not yet made up my mind to sacrifice it.

"Being fore-warned, therefore, the emigrant is forearmed; and although he will have some serious and real difficulties, yet when he arrives in western Oregon, he will, according to my best judgment, after seeing considerable portions of it, find a country which, in health, climate, soil, and productions, will more than compensate him for all his toils, anxieties, and privations upon the way."

THAT Judge Thornton's advice was not always heeded is graphically shown in Ezra Meeker's reminiscences of his own journey west.

"People too often brought their own ills upon themselves by their indiscreet action, especially in the loss of their teams. The trip had not progressed far till there came a universal outcry against the heavy loads and unnecessary articles. and soon we began to see abandoned property. First it might be a table or a cupboard or perchance a bedstead or a heavy cast-iron cookstove. Then began to be seen bedding by the wayside, feather beds, blankets, quilts, pillows, everything of the kind that mortal man might want. Not so very long till here and there an abandoned wagon was to be seen, provisions, stacks of flour, and bacon being the most abundant, all left as common property. Help yourself if you will, no one will interfere, and in fact in some places a sign was posted inviting all to take what they wanted. Hundreds of wagons were left and hundreds of tons of goods. People seemed to vie with each other to give away their property, there being no chance to sell, and they disliked to destroy. Long after the mania for getting rid of goods and lightening the load, the abandonment of wagons continued, as the teams became weaker and the ravages of cholera struck us. It was then that many lost their heads and ruined their teams by furious driving, by lack of care, and by abuse. There came a veritable stampede, a strife for possession of the road, to see who should get ahead. Whole trains with bad blood would strive for mastery of the road, one attempting to pass the other, frequently with drivers on each side the team to urge the poor, suffering dumb brutes forward.

" 'Now, fellers, just let 'em rush on, and keep cool; we'll overcatch them afore long,' my friend said. And we did, and passed many a broken-down team, the result of that first day of rush."

Editor's Note: In a forthcoming issue, an account of Ezra Meeker's journey will be given in full.

Mystery of the Lost Hardin Silver

(Continued from page 29)

Clarence King confirmed the opinion of all scientific men from the beginning, that Black Rock was a swindle . . . ."

WITH the whole shameful handwriting thus set upon the wall, poor Hardin City died and stayed dead. And that should have ended it; and would have ended it, save for one thing.

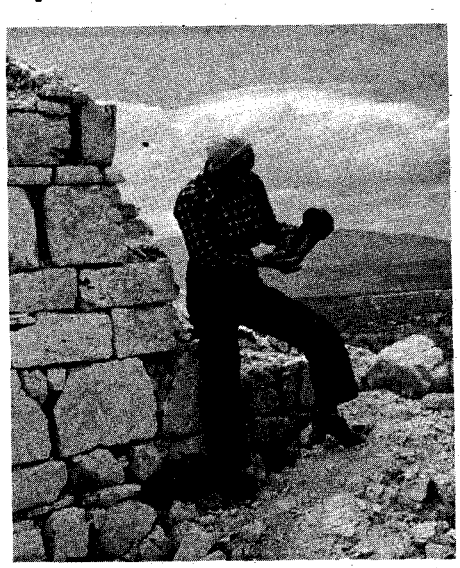
Every now and then, as years went on, some respectable person who had never seen or spoken with Mr. Isenbeck—possibly never even heard of him!—would wander in to Winnemucca, or Lovelock, or Cedarville with a piece of pure native silver he had found in the vicinity of Hardin City!

So the mystery increased with the passing of time, and as my acquaintance with the Black Rock desert grew, I began reading every word I could find on the Hardin silver—old histories, mining reports, emigrant diaries, and almost endless columns of blurred six-point type in Nevada newspaper files of the Civil War period.

The more I read of those conflicting reports the more confused I became and, eventually, I knew I had to go to Hardin and see for myself! If I could range over the actual scene of operations, could find some tangible link with the past, it seemed as if the missing pieces of that crazy puzzle might slip into place.

There was only one difficulty—for all my researching, I still didn't know how

The author holding a ninety-year-old quicksilver flask found in Hardin City.



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to find Hardin City! Several prospector friends of mine, in the vicinity of Lovelock, had visited the site of the old town, but whenever I tried to enlist one of them as guide, I found that his rheumatism was giving him hell, or that he expected to leave any day for South America, or that his wife was expecting twins. In other words, if they hadn't *found* much at Hardin, they hadn't *lost* anything there at all!

Some of the men I contacted said that nothing remained to mark the site of the old town; others mentioned the presence of old mill ruins, generally described by them as "adobe." One man said there was no road to the site. Another conceded the presence of a trail but said it was washed so badly no wheeled vehicle could travel it.

Even Humboldt County officials were unable to offer any help in pinpointing the old town's location.

"I've been hearing about Hardin City all my life, but I sure can't tell you how to find it!" said the county recorder. Turning to a large wall map of his county, he studied it thoughtfully. "I'd say it's probably somewhere in this area—" and with a circling finger, he embraced a tract of unsurveyed desert roughly the size of Connecticut!

In the end it was Ed Green, of Lovelock, who came to my aid. I had known Ed several years and we had made some good desert trips together but, at first, even he refused to help me seek Hardin City. The Black Rock, he blustered, was away off his range—he wouldn't have a ghost of an idea how to find my cussed town. Besides, he had to see a man about a scheelite mine. But, eventually, he surrendered.

"Okay!" he agreed. "I'll string along with you! If we can find Hardin City, we'll find it! Otherwise, we're due to see a hell of a lot of country."

Since it isn't considered advisable to enter the more remote sections of the Black Rock with only one vehicle, our departure from Lovelock found us equipped with both Ed's pickup and my old desert-toughened sedan. Our immediate destination was Gerlach, in central Washoe County.

Despite a population of only 200 residents, Gerlach is the largest settlement and the only trade center in 10,000 square miles of desert, and also serves as the chief port of entry to the Black Rock wilderness. It was here we filled our gasoline and water tanks and gave our tires and cooling systems a final check.

And then we dropped in for a brief visit with my friend, Sheriff "Cisco" Ashenbrenner. Whenever I'm heading into isolated territory, I like to have some responsible person in the vicinity know where I'm going and when I expect to be back.

Cisco advised us to go to the Jackson ranch, thirty miles north of Gerlach, and from there out east across the playa toward the Black Rock range. In that way, he said, we would hit the old emigrant trail just south of Double Hot Springs.

When Ed asked him about the condition of the road, the lawman grinned.

"Road?" he repeated. "*What* road? Mostly, you'll be traveling across the old lakebed. You pay your money and take your choice . . . and if you're a praying man, you pray you won't hit a soft spot! You can see 'em if you keep your eyes open. They're a little whiter than the surrounding flat, and if you think

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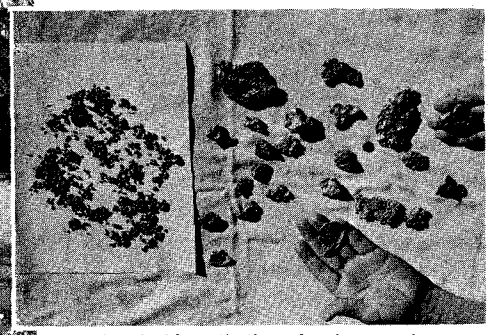

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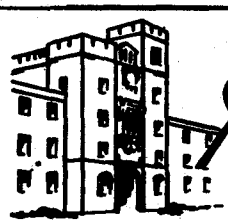

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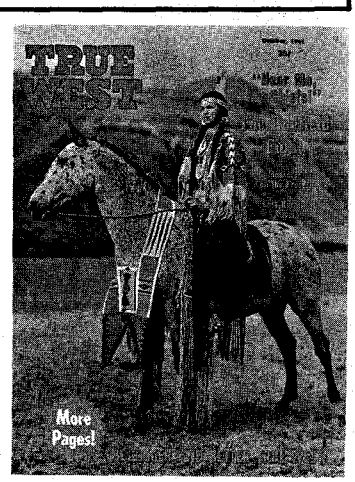

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grease is slippery, you've never been trapped in one of these Black Rock sinks!"

Business at Gerlach completed, we headed north on the trail of a lost city, and the hoped fulfillment of a long dream.

AFTER following the Leadville road about a dozen miles, we turned sharply into the desert and five minutes later were rolling soundlessly across the bland face of that great sink where thousands of years before had lain the deep blue waters of Lake Lahontan.

We were entering, now, upon a wide world, flat and wild and terribly big and empty! All around us stretched the pale magnificence of the Black Rock playa—a devil's dance floor, sixty miles in length; a cream-colored void in which was visible not one sign of life, neither plant nor animal, bird nor insect—not even one greasewood, nor a lone blade of salt grass! Whenever I cross this Black Rock sink, it is with the strange feeling of having been reborn into another era of geologic time.

by drift sand and scattered greasewood. Having bounced over the last rough hummock of the old beach line we again turned north, now on a dirt road that paralleled the east base of the Calicoes.

Thirty-one miles north of Gerlach we reached the Jackson place, where we found Grover Jackson and his son, Andrew, on the point of leaving the house to return to work in their hayfield at the west edge of the Black Rock.

The Jacksons at that time were running about 500 head of cattle and were dividing their spare time between haying, prospecting, hunting Indian relics, and fighting off further encroachment by the Navy, already utilizing the Black Rock as a bombing range and eying two million-plus adjacent acres with a view toward expansion.

Mr. Jackson wasn't sure, but he thought we *might* be able to drive all the way to Hardin City. Our best chance, he said, was to go through a gate leading into his field.

"Pass to the north of that bay horse yonder, and head due east across the desert."

Double Hot Springs, where Hardin and his party camped the night before their alleged fabulous silver find.

The entire lake bed was our highway. Wheel tracks led off crazily, circled and reconverged. There were no road signs nor bridges, no guard rails, no gutters. There was no speed limit, no traffic officers, no traffic. As the sheriff had said, you paid your money and took your choice—and all the while, you sat a little tensely in your seat and the cords in your neck grew tight as you watched for those treacherous soft areas of which you had been warned.

Due to the stiff tailwind that pursued us we found it impossible to outrun our own dust. Always we were enveloped in it—a rolling, billowing, incredible void, that piled itself deeply on the windshields, buried the seats, and laid gray windrows upon our sleeves. And, all the while, the pointer on the little thermometer hung steadily at 115 degrees in the shade of the car's interior.

After boring into the northeast for a dozen miles we bent to the northwest and the west. Gradually, the slate-like surface of the dry lake bed was replaced

After traveling seven miles across the unwrinkled face of the Black Rock playa, we bounced for another mile over the rough hummocks of the easterly shore line. Then, again, we were heading into the north. Even though travel was becoming steadily more difficult we found compensation in the knowledge that we were actually following the old emigrant road over which Hardin and his trail companions had passed on the day prior to his discovery of the mysterious silver!

Torrents of water, pouring from tinder-dry canyons during this area's infrequent but violent storms, had cut the trail into a series of sharp, deep gashes. Some of these gullies required shovel work; most could be crossed with care, in low gear.

There were stretches of knife-like rocks, and gravel-filled washes, and pockets where powdery blow-sand had drifted deeply over the trail. If it had been difficult to travel this road a century before, it was no less difficult that

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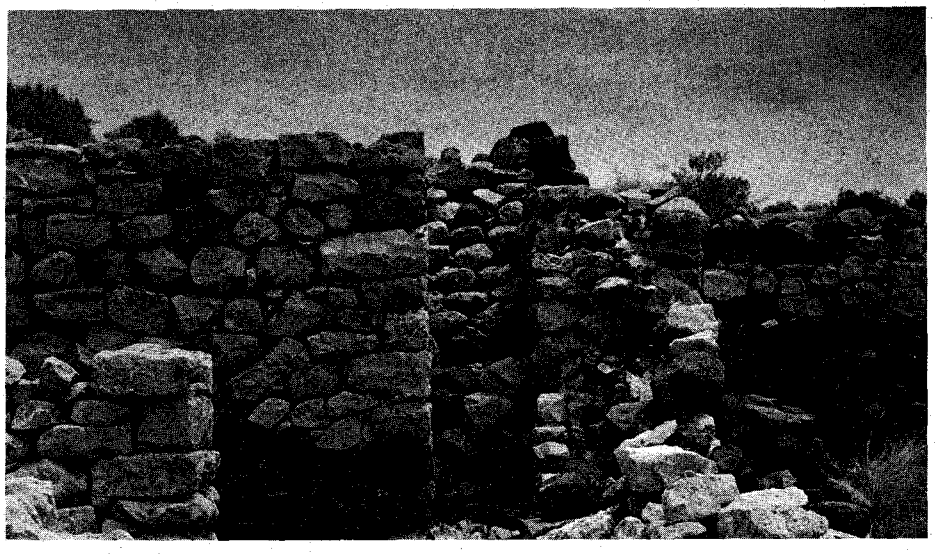

Ruins of an old ore mill built at Hardin City nearly a century ago to crush ore which, apparently, never existed.

day. It was still the same road! But we eased our vehicles through at five miles an hour, and the distance gradually wore away.

A smear of green tules and salt grass, vapory white steam rising from twin cauldrons of near-boiling water, a white-encrusted flat, and a long-deserted cabin built of old railroad ties, announced our arrival at Double Hot Springs. Here the wagontrain had made camp on the night prior to the discovery.

SOON after leaving the hot springs, we began paralleling the Harlequin Hills, a gaudily-colored range that stretches along the horizon a couple-or-so miles east of the trail. Had it been in these hills Hardin made his discovery? Viewed from our road, there was nothing about that range which suggested the presence of ore; but certainly it looked like a place where a man might easily lose a mine, should he ever find one!

Twisted and tortured, faulted and banded, those burned slopes presented every shade of sultry yellow and searing white, the smoldering red of hot embers, the black of cinders and gray of ashes. It seemed to me they were like no hills ever seen on earth, and I wondered if the realms of Pluto must not look much the same.

My eyes were still searching those lonely canyons and bare ridges when Ed halted the pickup. When I had coasted to a stop behind him and the dust cloud between us had partially settled, I saw he was grinning.

"Over there—" he said, jerking his head toward the west. "What's that?"

Narrowing my eyes against the wind, I could make out a white stone upthrust, like a broken fang, and all in a quick, incredulous flash I knew it was an old mill chimney!

It was Hardin City!

Closer inspection revealed the ruins of two mills, neither one large or tall but, all the same, strangely imposing in that wide, empty land where no other man-made structure was visible. Situated about 100 yards apart, each of the ruins was perched on the lip of a low bank that dropped away to a clump of tules, a seeping spring, and a pond of chocolate-colored water huddled in the dead white somnolence of the flat.

Before we had time to examine the mills, we had made another discovery—an old hand-welded quicksilver flask! Half-buried in the white salt crust, the iron container was eaten deeply by corrosion and so fragile it crumbled half away at our touch.

And not more than a dozen feet from the burial place of the flask, Ed stumbled upon an old arrasta! In a copy of the *Humboldt Register* for 1865 I had read that Steve Bass was installing at Hardin City one of these "Mexican type" ore grinders, but I had never dared hope we might find it after all these ninety years.

The pit, about six feet in diameter and lined with wooden planking, was refilled to the brim with blown sand, but the rotted stump of the pivot post was still visible; the old grinding stones were lying beside the pit; and nearby lay the flat paving stones with which the pit had been floored. Concentric lines, etched into their top plane by the circling boulders, left no question in our minds concerning the original use of those stones.

Two old ore mills, a mercury flask, an arrasta—where I had hoped for even ONE tangible reminder of the past, our first hour at Hardin City had yielded four positive links with that long-ago day when men roamed this lonely land in search of treasure!

We established camp at the east edge of "town"—our campsite consisting of an almost limitless flatness encrusted with white mineral salts and sparingly dotted with small saltbrush. Despite the fact that later analysis showed that white-crusted floor to be composed of almost pure sodium nitrate—"Chile saltpeter"—we put in a splendid night and whatever quantities of native salts we consumed with our food had no ulterior effect on either our health or our appetites.

In our prowlings of the following day we found the ruins of a third mill. Largest of the trio, it was a vivid sort of structure built of black and red volcanic boulders combined in some semblance of a color pattern. Sections of these walls were standing to a height of ten feet. Numerous low mounds, roughly squared, marked the sites where adobe or sod buildings formerly had stood and melted away.

Around these mounds we found old square nails and sun-purpled glass, a few bone buttons and necks of green bottles—older and cruder in form than any

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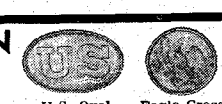

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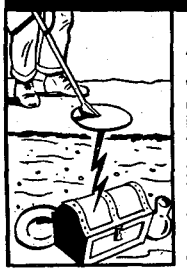

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we had seen before! We also found several graves, outlined with volcanic boulders, with black basalt for markers. Time and the sand-blasting wind had erased whatever identification those markers once may have carried.

So engrossed were we in prowling these few old ruins, we almost failed to notice that the ground bore many signs of a race that had antedated even those sanguine miners. Scattered over the flats between the sand hummocks lay thousands of arrow chippings of black obsidian and beautifully-colored agate, jasper and petrified wood. While we gave but little time to arrowhead seeking, we found one fine obsidian point and fragments of two others, as well as a stone scraper and a nicely shaped Indian mortar.

Several pounds of gem-quality agate and jasper chippings and cores—many of the latter sufficiently large for cutting—found their way into our respective rocksacks. All the while, naturally, we were keeping sharp watch for the black "waxy material" that had inspired that long-ago excitement; but except for some black stratification in the Harlequin Hills to the east, we saw nothing that remotely resembled the ore described.

"Candidly," said Ed, who has spent a good share of his lifetime prospecting the Nevada hills, "I don't think there was ever a pound of ore here! Nonmetallics, maybe, but not silver or gold."

We continued, however, to prospect the washes and flats, but by the time we left the Black Rock I was inclined to agree with Ed. I felt we had given the place a fair shake, and that Rossiter W. Raymond, Uncle Sam's mining statistician, had been right. There had never been any ore here, and Hardin City had been nothing but a swindle.

As I was unloading my camping gear after our return to Lovelock, I found in the trunk of the car a piece of rock as large as a small cantaloupe. Several days later, on impulse, I gave it to an assayer friend of mine for testing. Next day he came puffing into the room where I was typing my Hardin City notes.

"Where'd you get that sample you gave me?" he demanded, with the license of long friendship.

"What sample?" I stammered weakly.

"The one you gave me for assaying."

"Oh, that. Why?" I asked. "What was in it?"

"Nothing but scheelite, and molybdenum, and *silver!*" he said. *"Where did you get it?"*

It was useless to explain to him that he shouldn't get excited—that the sample I had given him was only a piece of float that someone probably had carried for a hundred miles before he dropped it. All he would say was, *"Where did you get it?"*

I finally had to tell him I had found it in a wash immediately south of the second mill—at Hardin City!

Then, suddenly, it seemed ridiculously funny that I had thought for even a moment that Ed and I might go to Hardin City and clear up a mystery that had baffled wiser heads for nearly a century. After driving several hundred miles to see for ourselves and prove something or other, all we had done was to leave the issue a little more clouded, a little more confused, than it had been before.

So, as I said in the beginning, the Mystery of the Hardin Silver is still unsolved.

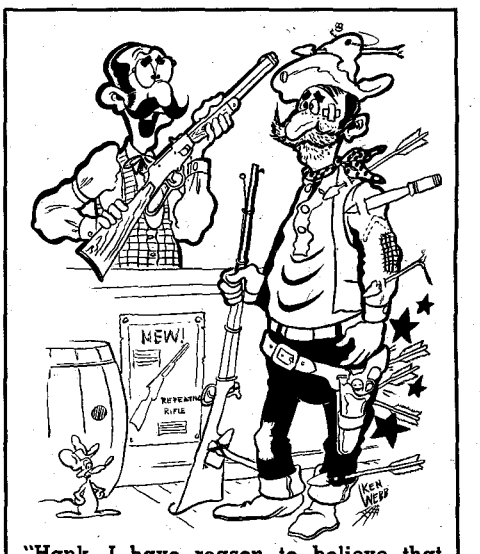
The Hayfield Fight

(Continued from page 10)

and roared defiance to their foes. When the flames were within thirty or thirty-five feet of the corral, a miracle happened. The ground around the small enclosure had been trampled and torn by the hay crew in the days previous to the fight. This stripped condition of the ground had been further augmented by the countless number of horses' hoofs during the present fighting. The flames hit this area of bare ground and died out completely due to lack of fuel upon which to feed.

Once again the lives of the men had been spared. The fire which a moment ago had been threatening to engulf them lifted and revealed the Indians following in its wake. Expecting to be concealed by the flames and smoke until they were in a position to make an overwhelming rush on the trapped men, the Indians were caught flat-footed in their own trap.

This ended the direct assaults for a time. The Indians evidently thought it time to hold a council of war to talk over their setbacks and plan new strategy. The



"Hank, I have reason to believe that you could use one of these repeating rifles."

men in the corral found time to check and clean their weapons and secure new supplies of ammunition. Several of the men dashed for the creek with buckets, making several trips to fill the water barrel. The Indians knew the men could not escape, so they made no attempt to fire.

About this time, the daily wood train, Captain Hartz in command, was returning from the hills to Fort Smith. The captain heard the sound of the firing in the meadow beyond the fort and halted long enough to view the situation through his field glasses. Hurrying his detail and wagons on into the fort, he reported that the hay crew was being attacked by hundreds of Indians.

Stating that the brush fort and men were in a very precarious position, he asked permission to lead a force to their rescue. General Bradley had visions of another Fetterman disaster and refused permission. He believed it better to sacrifice the men at the corral than to send additional men, lose them, and thereby risk the loss of the fort also.

Notice of the resumption of hostilities at the hayfield was served when the warriors began slipping back into their positions, to resume their sniping fire.

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Under cover of this firing, an important chief rode up to the banks of the creek. Partially screened by the live willows, he leaned forward, trying to solve the puzzle of the stubborn defense. A carefully aimed shot dropped him into the water where he helplessly floundered. His struggles grew weaker and weaker until he drowned.

The next large attack came from the western bluffs between the corral and Fort Smith. This time it was no assault by force, but an intricate maneuver of criss-crossing horsemen, designed to destroy the aim of the now respected rifles of the whites. This type of offense had been devised by the Cheyennes, and as they drew closer in their intricate exhibition of perfectly-timed horsemanship, it was apparent that their leader was a Cheyenne chief.

The new type of attack promised to be the best attempt to evade the accurate defensive fire. Shots did not seem to have much effect until a carefully aimed bullet by a civilian named Duncan dropped the chief.

The main body of Indians drew off to watch an attempt at rescue by pairs of matched warriors. Concealing which team was to effect the recovery, all of the pairs diverted the attention of the white men. Suddenly, two braves swept in on the fallen leader, leaned from their horses to grasp an arm and rode swiftly away to the bluffs. To the amazement of the whites, they soon saw the leader rise, somewhat stunned from his actions, but evidently not too badly injured.

THE last big try of the day came from the south, against the gateway. The war party had tried to break through the different walls without success and with a terrible loss of men. Now they would try the gateway. This was what the Sioux chief had been intending when he was shot among the willows and drowned in the creek.

Colvin and his men saw the attack forming, this time without horses, behind the covering of the creek willows. There was just time for him to caution them to hold their shots until they would prove the most effective. His own shot would be the signal for all to open fire.

The stream bed at this point was about twenty feet wide and six feet deep. The banks sloped gradually toward the center where the water ran. The stream itself was about eight feet wide and three feet deep.

Giving a whoop as a signal and waving his men forward, a Minneconjou chief sprang into the lead, breaking through the far fringe of willows and jumping over the creek to emerge into the open from the nearest fringe of willows. With only forty feet remaining between him and the gate he gave a premature shout of triumph and bounded for the opening. Al Colvin was waiting for him; at that distance he couldn't miss. The chief went down like he'd been hit with an iron-bound singletree and never made another move.

Colvin's shot was the signal for the others. The shotguns loaded with buckshot wrought fearful execution. The Spencers and Henrys worked faster than they had at any time during the day. Bodies began to pile up, tripping the charging warriors emerging from the willows. Forty feet isn't a great distance; it wouldn't require more than a second for a warrior, in the open and at full-speed, to cover it. But these braves were just breaking into the open, they weren't in full stride, and

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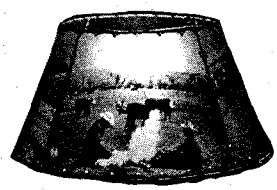

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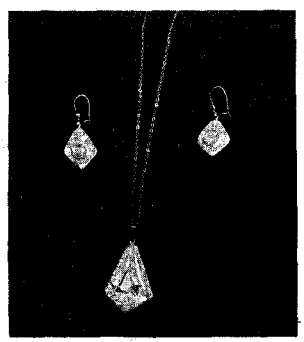

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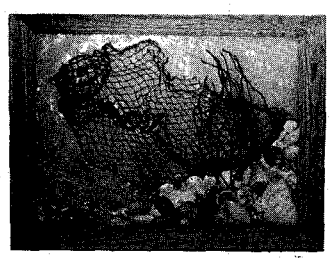

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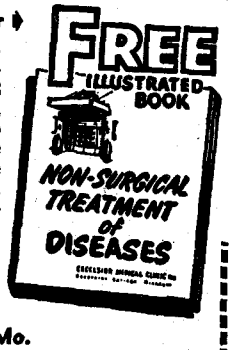

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they had to detour or leap over the bodies of their fallen comrades.

Despite the limited amount of time in which the white men had to shoot, not one of the hundreds of warriors got to the corral wall or made it through the gate opening. The murderous fire was more than human nature could stand. The charge failed and the Indians broke and ran, leaving their dead and wounded behind.

Inside the wall the men stared as though in shock. The forty-foot space a moment ago had been filled with screaming murderous savages. Now it was empty, except for a carpet of fallen enemy warriors. The men relaxed as the tension ebbed and they found time to grin at each other. Not one of them had received so much as a scratch during those few seconds when hell spilled over their doorstep. For the first time they dared to believe that survival was not impossible. With renewed courage and determination to live through it all, they prepared for the next assault, not knowing that the last attempt had been the Indians' best effort and that there would be no more.

The hayfield had extracted a heavy toll of important chiefs. The leader of the last charge must have been of great renown among his followers. Despite the fact that he was almost under the rifle ends of the white men, several attempts and a useless sacrifice of lives were made trying to rescue him. The warriors were brave, but unwise.

The Indians finally had enough. They wanted no more of the flimsy shelter that was defended so stoutly on Warrior Creek. No party, which they could attack in the open had been enticed out of the big fort. The day was growing old; soon the sun would be down and night was no time for fighting. Fort Smith was saved by the heroic defense of a few enlisted men and a haying crew.

Toward evening, when the Indians could be seen retreating down the valley, one of the soldiers was given permission to ride the one remaining horse to the fort, bearing an appeal for aid.

Al Colvin informed General Bradley that he, Colvin, had dead and wounded at the corral and that he was unable to care for them properly. He said it was hopeless for him to think of holding the corral a second day against such odds—he would have to quit the shelter that night. The only Indians remaining were scouts or snipers. If the general were a man, he'd send help. If not a man, he could go to hell, where he ought to be.

The messenger was attacked by Indians before he had gone beyond rifle range of the corral. Helped by fire from those remaining at that location, he left his horse and made his way to the fort under cover of brush and the cut banks along the Big Horn River. He was met by every member of the anxious garrison at the gates of the fort.

General Bradley, after reading the message, sent two companies of infantry to the relief of the beseiged men. The latter prepared to meet the relief expedition if it were stalled by Indian attack. Ready to carry their wounded, they awaited sight of their rescuers.

The civilians claimed that the major in charge of the relief expedition was cast in the same mold as General Bradley. Within sight of the corral, at the first fire of the Indian snipers, he halted his men and prepared to return to the fort. The lieutenant, in charge of the second company, was made of sterner stuff. He rode up to the major and told him either to go on or get out of the way, that the second company was going on. The major changed his mind and the expedition arrived at the corral about sundown.

THE army records have a different interpretation of the relief operation. In his report of the fight, General Bradley stated he knew nothing of the battle until it had been in progress for some hours. He further stated that very few shots had been heard and that no large bodies of Indians were seen because the battlefield was concealed by large bluffs. He indirectly referred to the Captain Hartz incident by saying the timber train had been harassed by a few Indians.

But Bradley displayed too much familiarity with the situation to be ignorant of what took place in the hayfield. Fort Smith was located on a plateau on which the mentioned bluffs terminate, and they rise only fifty to a hundred feet above the bottomland. During the Fetterman disaster, the discharge of firearms was heard clearly five miles away over a rougher and more wooded terrain than that near Fort Smith.

"If there's anything I can't stand it's someone shooting over my shoulder."

It is highly probable that some of the same firearms captured from Fetterman were used by the Indians at the hayfield. General Bradley states that one-third of the Indians during the hayfield fight had rifles. The noise of the two battles must have been about the same because more Indians were using rifles during the hayfield fight than in the Fetterman battle.

One of the attacks made on the corral formed on the bluffs between Fort Smith and the hayfield.

That something extraordinary happened at the fort, not in the best tradition of the army, is evident from the taboo set and maintained then and thereafter by the officers of the garrison. It requires little reasoning to deduce that the officers resented the position in which they had been placed. Most of the officers had brilliant Civil War records that described their daring and courage.

Early that morning the hay train had made it through to the post with an escort of only eleven men. General Bradley said that he attempted to return the wagons with an escort of twenty mounted infantry, under Brevet Colonel Edmund R. P. Shurly.

If all had been peace and quiet along the Big Horn, it would not have been

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necessary for General Bradley to have sent this special scout force to reconnoitre the area between the fort and the corral.

Brevet Major Thomas B. Burrowes was the officer in command of the two companies dispatched to relieve the situation at the corral. He had been breveted for bravery during the Civil War and was later to serve with distinction under Crook at the Rosebud. The major may have been momentarily confused during one stage of the rescue, but his personal courage could hardly be questioned.

Major Burrowes reported that he had to fight every inch of his way to the corral, dispersing especially large concentrations of Indians with case shot from his howitzer. He further stated that if he had not had the howitzer, he would have had all the fighting he could handle.

On the way to the corral, Major Burrowes rescued Lieutenant Shurly and the twenty scouts sent to reconnoitre the ground between the fort and the corral.

It is known that no direct attack was ever made on an established fort during the Indian wars. The favorite tactic of the Indians was to decoy and ambush whatever detachments they could handle outside the forts. The secondary objective of the attacks on the Wagon Box and the Hayfield corrals may have been to lure rescue parties outside the forts where they could destroy them, as they had Fetterman's eighty men.

Major Burrowes' report of the hard fighting that he and Lieutenant Shurly encountered may be proof of this. The other side of the picture, favoring the stories of the civilians, is that neither Major Burrowes nor Lieutenant Shurly suffered any reported casualties.

Colorful accusations and recriminations probably flew thick and fast when Major Burrowes arrived at the corral. The civilians say that the major exhibited extreme impatience to return to the safety of the fort. Cursing the men, he ordered them on their way with their equipment and personal effects half-loaded.

In reality, Major Burrowes probably resented the questions, accusations and descriptions of the personnel at the fort. He exhibited the crusty exterior of the old line officer to hurry them back to safety. His actions and words did not set very well with the hay crew, who had been under great tension and strain for over seven hours. The civilians were not being employed by the quartermaster but by the post sutler. Under those conditions, it can be certain that they asserted the independence always exhibited toward the army by the civilian.

It is said that Al Colvin set the major back on his heels by informing him that if he were in that big a hurry he could run on back to the fort. Colvin and his men had been fighting more Indians all day than the major and he guessed they could continue to fight their way through to the fort if they had to.

As in most Indian fights, it was almost impossible to estimate the Indian casualties due to the Indian trait of removing their dead and wounded from the field as soon as possible.

The personnel of the hay crew were willing to swear that Al Colvin had not missed a shot all day. One of the civilians stated later that he believed Al Colvin killed more Indians in one day than any man who ever lived. Al, unlike his brother Zeke, was armed with a sixteen-shot Henry repeating rifle and had a reserve supply of a thousand rounds of ammunition.

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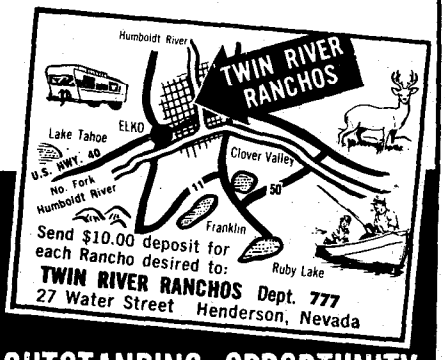

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The hay crew counted over 300 empty cases around his position. They believed that a conservative estimate of the number that he, alone, had accounted for would be a minimum of 150 Indians, dead or wounded.

There were other civilians armed with repeating rifles who had also done well.

The hayfield loss was one officer, one enlisted man and one civilian killed with three enlisted men and one civilian wounded. The men believed that this comparatively light loss was due to the effective screening by the interwoven willows and to their prone positions behind the protective logs. Everything above twelve to eighteen inches high was literally shot to pieces. There were thirty horses and mules killed on the picket line inside the corral. Only one horse and one mule survived the battle.

Two days after the fight, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Green, arrived at the fort with two companies of cavalry. Colonel Green was on escort duty with supplies between headquarters at Forts Phil Kearny and C. F. Smith.

The Crow Indians had reported a terrible loss amounting to hundreds of dead and wounded among the Sioux. The village that was the origin of the attacking warriors was reported to be a hospital camp, with additional Sioux dying every day from their wounds.

The Crows volunteered to guide a party to a series of ledges where the dead of the village were being placed. Colonel Green, somewhat skeptical of the numbers reported as killed and wounded, headed a force of two cavalry troops and interested officers on a trip to the burial site to either confirm or refute the reports.

Arriving at the first ledge they counted over fifty bodies. The Crows wanted them to go on to other ledges, saying that this was the smallest group of the dead. The colonel and the others were convinced that the Crows were telling the truth and could prove their statements. Knowing the Sioux were still in the area in large numbers, they decided to return to Fort Smith without visiting the other burial ledges.

The hayfield fight marked the end of large scale attacks on Fort Smith but the Sioux and Cheyennes returned to their harassing tactics until the fort was abandoned.

The little known hayfield fight must take its place among the other great fights in the West which partially compensate for those battles in which the blunders made by supposedly competent commanders resulted in great sacrifice and unnecessary loss of life to the Army.

Luke Short

(Continued from page 25)

and fire, then he would ride ahead to reload and the next one would act as rear guard. This went on for miles, with Indians gaining all the time.

John finally led the way to a low cliff which he knew, not far from home. They all leaped their horses off into a river below, swam downstream, and went home for the rest of the family.

They came back, armed and reinforced, to find their oxen hamstrung, the wagon burned, and flour smeared all over the prairie. Years later, George, who was then a politician in Oklahoma, was still trying to settle this claim with the Government, and getting nowhere.

ANOTHER time Luke was around the house when John came in flogging his horse and yelling that Papa was in trouble. They all took off like a covey of partridge, riding the tableland with guns at the ready.

The old man had been lying back on a lame horse, taking aim, threatening a small band of Kiowas. No single member of the band had wanted to take the fire. What the Indians did not know was that J. W. was carrying a single-shot rifle that day.

The Short clan came winging in, circling like the wild riders they were. This is where Luke L. Short shone. Young could whip him, John was the eldest and the straw boss, but Luke could ride and shoot better than the rest of them, or any of the neighbors, for that matter. He was also calm under any circumstances, and very cool in action.

The old man's horse was pincushioned with arrows by now, and a couple were sticking in his back. But he turned and fought with the boys. Luke came in on the flank and went into action with his new six-shooter, a cap-and-ball affair which he kept in prime condition. Kiowas began to fall.

The Short boys, howling with as much abandon as the savages, went into frontal attack. The Kiowas fled. There was no time for pursuit, they had to get J. W. home to the ministrations of Hettie.

It took a whole lot more than a couple of Indian arrows to kill the father of Luke Short. Hettie was quick with a lancet and a silk handkerchief to draw through the wounds, when possible, to cleanse them. She did most of the surgery around the Elm Creek district, there being no other medico at hand.

At fourteen, Luke had several Indians to his credit. The war had ended; there were other troubles, with Negro Military Police and with carpetbaggers, but Grayson County was not thickly settled and therefore not a great temptation to the looters of Reconstruction and, besides, the wild ranch youngsters would as soon bushwhack anyone in a blue uniform as they would spark a neighboring girl.

It was the Comanches who gave them the most worry. These wiliest of Plains Indians were dangerous folk. Night was the same as day to them; they had no superstitions and possessed tremendous ferocity and bravery. They were never beaten until the 1870's, when Colonel Ranald Slidell MacKenzie, the Indian fighter Custer *thought* he was, harassed them and hustled them into surrender. In the '60's they were at their peak, marauding among the Texas settlers.

One night Luke, Henry, and little Will were in charge of the ranch in the absence of J. W. and the older boys. There was a starry sky, but no moon. Idly lining up the outbuildings against the horizon, Luke saw something moving. He waited until he was sure, then told his mother quietly that there were Comanches about. He and Hettie both refrained from informing Grandpa, who was becoming senile and on the last occasion had darted out waving his cane and threatening the enemy in his archaic language, "You grand rascals, *vamos!*"

Because of youth and gender, there were strict orders not to allow a member of the defending forces to be tolled outside. Hettie made the girls watch each window, and with Luke listened agonizedly as one after the other of the precious horses were loosened from the corral.

With the stock run off and in their hands, the Comanches became bold and

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curious about the silent, dark cabin and rode up close to peer between the chinks. They couldn't decide how many men lurked in the fastness, being wary of the white man's strategy, and contented themselves with drawing off a distance to await daylight.

It was then that Luke made his decision. He feared that in the morning, their weakness discovered, they would fall easy prey to the Indians. Against his mother's wishes, he slipped out of the cabin and wormed his way to the shadow of the outbuilding. He remained there long enough to locate the Indian camp and decide that they had not put out an encircling patrol.

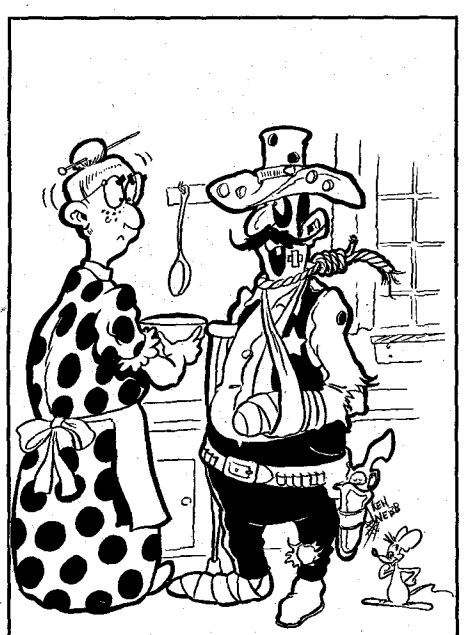
The horses were gone; he had to proceed afoot. It was fifteen miles to help and he knew it. He hated to walk, much less run. Nevertheless, because of Mama and the girls, he set himself a killing pace. The dark was the time of safety, now.

He stumbled into the settlement while everyone still slept, even the denizens of the local saloons. He went from house to house, rousing the citizenry.

He borrowed a good horse and when the avenging white men came back, he was in the van with his six-gun, peppering away at shadowy Indians while others saved the Short horses. No man could make Luke go fifteen miles afoot and not suffer his vengeance.

THE truth was that the Bible-reading of old J. W. had little real effect upon his male offspring. John was tetchy and grouchy; Young was a fighter from taw; Will proved wild and was later killed by a bucking bronco in his young manhood. Luke became a gambler whose name ran like fire through a wild and woolly succession of frontier cowtowns.

They were salty, randy citizens, the junior Shorts. One time Luke, Young, and Henry became unhappy with a gruff, ill-tempered old man who lived not too far from them. In some fashion he finally made them completely angry. They waited until he was absent one day, went over to his place, and relieved their bowels in a crock of molasses he was making, restirring the mixture to smoothness.



"Did you ever have one of those days when everything seems to go wrong?"

This gay little jest might not have had far-reaching results had not Joe, already turning sour before his time, informed upon the culprits. J. W. applied the razor strap and looked for a Bible quotation which might be apt, but found none.

They grew up that way, rough as a cob, simple and forthright and generally black and blue from the beatings. The country was wild and so were the people. They did the best they could with what they had and it was usually good enough.

They finally got a school for the Short youths to attend. It was necessary that they hire a large gentleman to conduct any school in Texas in those days, and evidently the local folks hired a doozie.

At any rate he gave little Luke a good beating. Luke only stood five-feet six, was slender and weighed about the same as his father, 135 pounds dripping wet. He was sixteen and he took his whipping and then went home. He had his six-shooter and was on his way back "to kill that big s-o-b," when J. W. stopped him.

He was now too big for his father or anyone else to punish. He felt that deep down in his soul. He listened to the Bible reading, but something prevented J. W. from trying anything with the worn razor strap.

After a while Luke said brief goodbyes. His horse was saddled—his own horse that he had raised from a colt. His meager belongings were packed behind the saddle. He had a rifle and a six-shooter and well-worn but sturdy ranch clothing. All he lacked was ready cash.

He reckoned, he said, he'd head for Fort Worth. He might catch on with a trail herd. He didn't mind school, in fact he liked to read better than others and schooling meant betterment in life. He appreciated all that. But the Bible, the razor strap, the school, and that big devil of a schoolmaster, that was too much all in one bundle.

So he rode for the trail herd, seventy miles southwest, and the family never knew him again.

J. W. and Hettie moved from Grayson County at some later date. He and his wife are buried in the cemetery at Ben Ficklin, a ghost town near San Angelo, Texas. There are several headstones in the plot:

J. W. Short
Born Feb. 8, 1812
Died Feb. 29, 1890

Hettie Short
Born Feb. 2, 1827
Died Nov. 30, 1908

W. B. Short
Born Oct. 21, 1867
Died Mar. 29, 1890

J. D. A. Short (wife of George Short)
Born Dec. 3, 1873
Died Apr. 4, 1893

Luke L. Short is buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Fort Worth, Texas, in a lonely grave. His path was to be far from that of the other members of his family. It was to lead to meetings with other famed men, to violence and disorder, triumph and defeat. It was to end when he had lived a hundred years, but only reached the age of thirty-nine.—*Luke Short and His Era*, Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Copyright © 1961 by William R. Cox.

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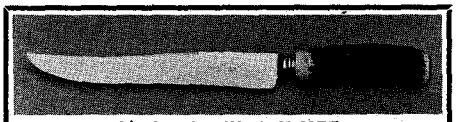

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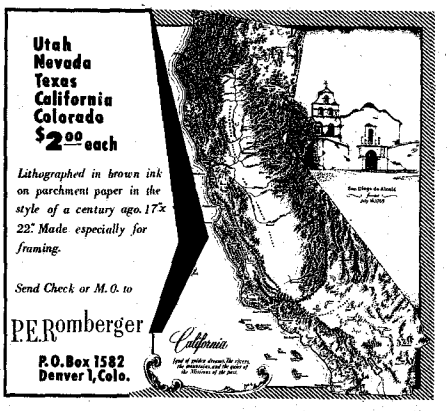

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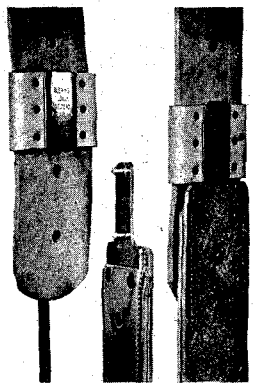

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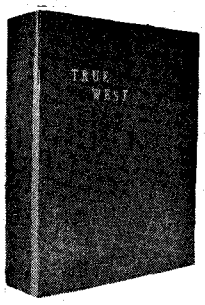

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Massacre on the Fraser

(Continued from page 23)

with the band.

For days the party labored through the black, high-walled canyon. Sometimes they crawled on hands and knees over narrow ledges hundreds of feet above the torrent below; at other times they crept uncertainly across Indian suspension bridges fashioned from roots and cedar bark. They had to ford the rushing mountain streams that feed the Fraser.

At last, aided by the guidance of the Indian girl, the men arrived at the forks of the Fraser and Thompson rivers, some 170 miles from the sea. Here the growth of the coast gave way to rolling brown hills sparsely dotted with bull pines and matted with gray sagebrush. The confluence of the Nicola River with the Thompson, just above present day Spence's Bridge, was reached on June 14.

FOR the better part of a month the miners washed their pans and fed gravel into crude rockers and were modestly rewarded for their efforts. But meanwhile, unknown to them, events of a grim nature were taking place lower in the canyon.

About a week after the departure of McLennan's party from the Village of the Bad Rocks several more groups of miners arrived. The Indians suddenly objected to this overflow of white men. They feared for their salmon supply and objected to the rough way some of the miners treated them.

Bands of unwary whites halfway through the canyon were suddenly butchered. Just east of Spuzzum, where the highway presently crosses the river on the Alexandria Suspension Bridge, a group of Germans were killed and dismembered. At Boston Bar, sixteen miles farther up, a band of Frenchmen met the same fate. At Hell's Gate the Indians swept down on a band of unsuspecting Englishmen. Their naked, mutilated corpses were left draped on the rocks to rot in the sun.

Meanwhile at Nicola, the advance party of McLennan's miners was unaware of any peril. On the warm summer evening of July 15, the unsuspecting men were sitting around a campfire, talking, smoking their pipes, and listening to the music one of the boys was playing on a mouth organ.

Without a sound, the young Indian woman suddenly stole from the shadows, sat on a log and stared down at the blaze. The conversation ceased abruptly and the mouth organ stopped halfway through a tune.

"Something's wrong, boys," cautioned McLennan, rising to his feet. "No one speak until after she has her say. There's something mighty wrong."

In the tense moment that followed, a cricket chirped somewhere out in the night and a gentle breeze was heard blowing through the pine tops. No one moved. All eyes were intent on the downcast face of the young woman sitting across the campfire from them. Finally, in halting signs, she told them, "My people kill all white men in canyon. Tomorrow they come, kill you too. There is no time. Go now. Go quick!"

To save the man that she loved and worshipped with childlike affection, the young Salish woman had betrayed her own race. Without allowing her timid eyes to meet the curious gaze of the bearded men assembled around the fire, she shot a quick last look at John McLennan, then nimbly sprang to her feet and ran swiftly into the darkness. She was never seen by them again.

A short jolly Irishman, Mike Mollahan, who seemed more interested at the moment in reaming out the bowl of his pipe than in heeding any warnings about Indians, spoke up.

"Well now, what d'ye make of that, John? The natives certainly seemed friendly enough to us on the way up here. D'ye think our girl is telling the truth?"

Before John could answer, another voice from the group with a Texas accent chortled,

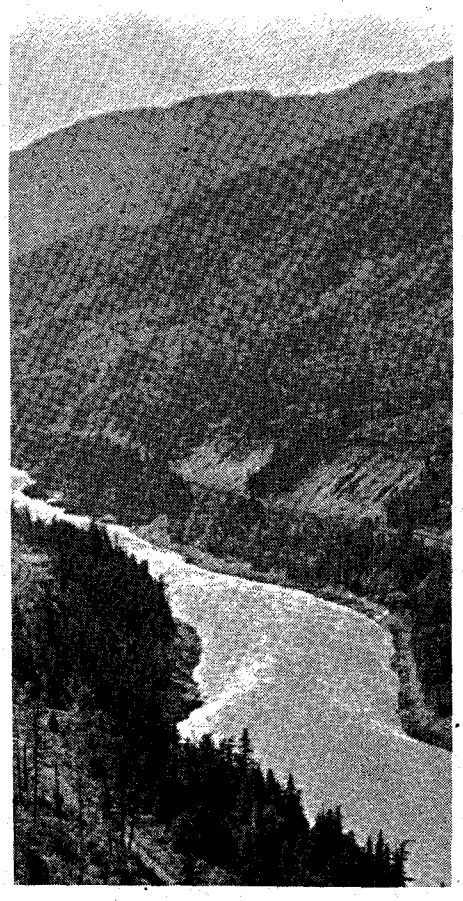
"Mebbe the gal jes' wants us all to move out so's she can have John all to herself. I've heard it said that in these parts the Indians like Scotties better'n anybody else."

"Well, if the only choice they had was between Texans and Scotsmen I wouldn't blame 'em," mused Mollahan, squinting into the bowl of his pipe.

This brought a chuckle out of most of the men and the Texan was about to move in the direction of Mollahan when big John McLennan stepped forward.

"Boys, I have no doubt that she was telling the truth. It took great courage for her to try to save our lives. I believe what she said and I believe we are in great danger at this very moment. Perhaps none of you has noticed it, but doesn't it seem strange that, though news of this gold strike reached California over two months ago, we've yet to see another white miner since we came up here? I think the Indians have gone on the warpath back down the canyon. I want extra guards posted tonight and the rest of you get some sleep. We're

The Fraser River, looking west downstream toward China Bar where the last of the miners were holed up until their rescue.



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getting out of here first thing in the morning."

AT the break of dawn twenty-six men, each carrying one blanket, a supply of jerked venison, a gun and a bowie knife, commenced a retreat through the Fraser Canyon.

Their arsenal consisted of twelve double-barreled shotguns, several larger horse pistols, and six deadly Kentucky rifles. With its three-foot barrel, the Kentucky rifle was considered accurate up to 200 yards—much farther than any weapon the Indians possessed. It had a quarter-of-an-inch bore and therefore, while still deadly, used less lead and powder than many other rifles—a saving that was to be appreciated in the days ahead.

The Indians owned a few Hudson's Bay muskets, but their most fearful weapon was their native bow and arrow. Many of their arrowheads were tipped with a mixture of deer blood and dried rattlesnake venom. It did not have to strike a mortal blow to cause death. Instead, from even a minor wound, the victim would die of convulsions, his skin turning a blotchy black as the venom jelled his blood.

The miners did not know about this horrible weapon.

All that night and on through part of the next day they worked their way down the canyon. At one point, where they stopped for a brief rest, some of them commented that maybe they were wrong in turning back just because of the warning of a squaw. Maybe there was no danger, no uprising.

But Ned Stout, a sober-minded German in his early thirties, reflected, "Yah, but vot if she vas telling the trut'? Better ve get back down safely than stay here and find out ve all get killed. Das vot I t'ink."

The march resumed.

On the second afternoon of the retreat, just a few miles above Boston Bar, their path crossed a dark shale slide that swept down from the shadows of an overhanging bluff to the edge of the swirling river. Without hesitation they started across in single file, their heavy boots sending loose rocks and bits of shale clattering down the slope.

Unseen in the boulders above them an Indian slowly raised a bow, took aim, and released his arrow. In an instant it found its mark—deep in the shoulder of John McLennan.

He screamed as he fell on the rocks, his hands clutching at the thing sticking out of his shoulder. Two more arrows in quick succession whistled their song of death over the rocks. Two more miners pitched forward, rolled down the slide screaming, and then lay still.

Men yelled and swore and scrambled clumsily back off the shale slide into the protective cover of nearby brush. Seconds passed. The faint metallic click of a rifle being cocked sounded. Suddenly the canyon walls reverberated with the explosions and flash of a dozen guns. Thin tongues of orange flame lashed out from the brush and blue smoke drifted into the air. Ricocheting lead twanged off the rocks.

The Indians fled and the short skirmish was over. But John McLennan and two other men lay dying. The poisoned arrows soon produced their horrible effects. Before dawn next morning, to prevent their being mutilated, the three bodies were slipped into the swift waters of the Fraser River.

From that hour onward the men traveled only by night and hid by day in makeshift forts of logs and rocks by the river's edge. Their food and ammunition were running low. They lost an average of a man a day. At Boston Bar they came across a band of butchered Americans.

A little farther on they encountered an Indian village which they were unable to sneak by. So they prepared to go right through it. Working very quietly some distance back from the village they cut stout poles onto which they each fixed their bowie knives. Thus armed they crept to the edge of the clearing with rifles and revolvers ready.

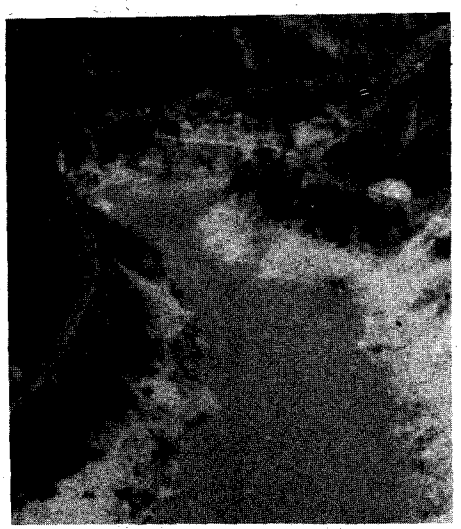
Around the fires, shouting and dancing, fifty Indians, many wearing clothing stolen from the bodies of murdered white men, were celebrating their victories. At a signal the miners suddenly exploded their guns simultaneously and, before the smoke cleared, charged straight into the midst of the startled Indians. In the fierce hand-to-hand battle that followed, many Indians were killed, but six miners also were slain. The Indians took to their heels and the surviving miners, most of them wounded and exhausted, set fire to the village, plundered its food supply and stumbled on into the night.

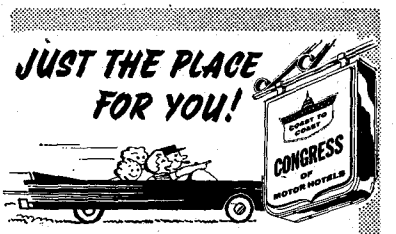
The running siege continued for several more days until at last only five wounded and starving white men remained alive. They huddled together near China Bar, their rifles loaded ready for one last attack. But it never came. Instead, help, in the form of a well-armed body of miners from the lower reaches of the river, arrived in time to save their lives.

On August 22, 1858, peace treaties were made with Chief Splintum and the Fraser Canyon Indians and the short-lived but fierce war slipped into history. It is not known how many died in its short duration, but from records kept of the mutilated bodies that floated down-river almost daily, it is believed that several hundred were killed.

Th last survivor of that Indian war, the only one of its kind in British Columbia, was ninety-nine-year-old Ned Stout who died in 1924. In a casket given by the Hudson's Bay Company, his body, still bearing scars received sixty-six years previously, was laid to rest in the Yale, British Columbia, cemetery.

Looking upstream toward the most narrow part of the river, known as Hell's Gate. It was along this bank, close to the water's edge, that the miners had to walk while working their way back to civilization.





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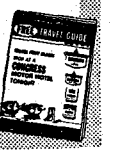

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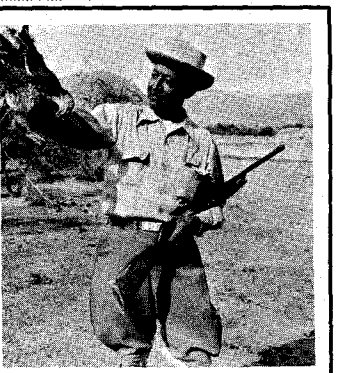

General Quinones

A little bit of Heaven South of the Border! This new club, located on the ranch of the colorful general, J. Jayme Quinones, offers quail, dove, coyote and all types of varmint shooting plus bass, perch and catfishing—on a little river that is a pictorial wonderland. It is fed by springs and snow from the Burro Mountains.
The ranch is located 45 miles south of Del Rio. Charter members get in at the low price of $100.00 per year, plus passport which runs only $6.00 for six months. It's worth the fee just to spend several lazy days on the river even a few times per year. Write

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Mail Order on the Wild Gila

(Continued from page 36)

Angeles, where his intended would meet him.

Would Dad lend him $50 on his solemn promise to repay within three months? He had saved up $50 of his own and had enough left over for railroad fare, but figured that he might need as much as $100 to get himself properly launched on the sea of matrimony in a big city.

Soft-hearted as ever, Dad made the loan. That was the last we ever heard of Sam Monroy. Perhaps he found the financial sailing a trifle rougher than he had expected when he landed in Los Angeles with his $100 stake.

The homestead just east of ours belonged to Mel Gordon, a Hoosier of education and ambition who soon became Dad's favorite neighbor. He frequently ate with us and after one Sunday dinner announced that a cousin of his, a Miss Twinnam, was coming out for a visit and to see the country. But since his cousin was a woman of about his own age, the proprieties must be observed. Would Mother provide room and board for the term of Miss Twinnam's visit?

Glad of the prospect of feminine company, Mother readily agreed. A few days later, Mel drove his buggy to town and brought back a right attractive, sensible-looking eastern lady. Mother rushed to the gate, all a-bubble with hospitality.

A dozen yards from the gate, and before he started to pull his gray buggy-horse to a halt, Mel sang out:

"Hello, Ella! This is Miss Twynam. Miss *Twynam,* this is my good neighbor, Mrs. Douglas. And here comes Angus. This is Miss Twynam, Ang. Miss Twynam, those are the two Douglas boys I told you about, hiding back there under the shed."

Then we knew. Mel would certainly have known how to pronounce the name of his own kin. Miss Twynam was a *Heart and Hand* woman, there to look over Arizona and Mel Gordon and his prospects before making a final decision.

Her impressions must have been satisfactory for they were married the next week by a justice of the peace at Gila Bend, with the whole Douglas tribe as witnesses.

Uncle Billy Chappell was neither so cautious nor so fortunate. When his long-distance, sight-unseen courtship resulted in acceptance by registered letter, he couldn't keep the glad news to himself but broadcast it over the neighborhood that he had won the heart of a Michigan widow with a little girl.

The telling entailed some little difficulty, however. Uncle Billy had a cleft palate. He was unable to speak distinctly and in the middle of a sentence would suddenly stop with mouth open while he writhed to regain control of his vocal apparatus. Nor was he a very appealing person otherwise. Although he had the heart of a saint, he looked like an old reprobate.

Everybody wished him well and there was quite a turnout on the day the widow and daughter were due to arrive by train. The mother turned outo be charming, dainty, almost beautiful, with graying hair and stylish clothes—obviously a woman of refinement. The child, of five or six, was positively lovely, excited and perhaps bewildered, but reveling in the attention showered upon her.

I saw them only once after the wedding, two days later, when Mother sent me over to the Chappell place with a layer cake and a message that she would be calling soon. Uncle Billy was not at home. Mrs. Chappell had been crying, and she choked up when thanking me for the cake. Her daughter now appeared scared and troubled. Embarrassed, I lost no time in making my getaway.

Next, the news spread through the sagebrush that Uncle Billy's bride had returned to Grand Rapids, taking the child with her, of course. Uncle Billy carried on as usual, or seemed to, and never spoke of his matrimonial calamity.

Surprisingly, there was little comment. Most of the remarks I heard were to the general effect that "The old fool ought to've had better sense," or that "She should have known that she could never put up with that stutterin' old saddle-stiff." No one seemed to sense that we had glimpsed a pathetic human tragedy of deep longing and bitter disappointment.

IF Uncle Billy had learned his painful lesson, the Douglas kids had not. The magnets had long been hidden and almost forgotten. A fresh catalog arrived from Lynn & Company to arouse new desires for marvelous decorations and gadgets of which we had previously existed in deplorable ignorance. Among the most intriguing was the Deviline whistle, guaranteed to make a louder noise than any similar device activated by lung power.

That guarantee turned out to be valid, unfortunately.

Again evading Dad's embargo, we sent off another order. Mother picked up the mail when our package came and was hesitant about turning it over to us, but finally gave in. Soon we were down behind the barn, trying out our Devilines and filling the air with the eeriest shrieks heard in those parts since three packs of coyotes merged for a concert in the south pasture.

The Deviline was a tube of bright metal, three inches long and nearly an inch in diameter, flattened at one end for a mouthpiece. Inside were two perforated brass disks that revolved in opposite directions when blown through. This produced a ghostly, far-carrying wah-oooo—wah-oooo! Here was something that really would sell to the Papagos if we ever took time away from our ecstatic tootling for another peddling venture.

We didn't need Mother's warning that there'd be blood on the moon if Dad ever heard or saw those instruments of torture. We were discreet enough until the following Tuesday, when he and Jim Cooper resolved on another attempt to round up some of the wild cattle that ranged in the immense motte, or thicket, which covered Dendora Flat.

"Just ignore him."

Clyde and I pleaded to go along and get some real experience in the not so delicate art of handling cattle on the range. Dad consented, for we could be useful as wagon drivers if nothing else.

Dendora was a day's travel downriver, so we took along a chuckwagon and several bales of hay. Clyde and I drove, leading our saddled horses behind, while Dad and Jim and a hired Mexican vaquero scouted the Gila bottoms.

As soon as the men were out of sight, out came our Devilines. The devilish, whirring, ooo—wah-ooo slightly startled the sluggish plow-horses in front and the sleepy cow ponies in back, but they soon settled down. Mother's prediction that the whistles would scare the stock had been wrong—we thought.

We camped by the river at the very upper end of the motte. Before daylight we were in stealthy pursuit of the outlaw cattle that infested that jungle of mesquites, catclaws, screwbeans, cottonwoods, willows and lesser growth.

We boys were spotted near the edge of the brush while Dad, Jim and Ramón continued warily to circle a spot Jim had discovered on a previous expedition, which appeared to be an occasional bedground for cattle. This proved to be one of those occasions. We young sentinels soon knew, from the wild yells of our elders and the snapping of brush by fleeing bovines, that a fair-sized bunch had been jumped.

Of course, the object of the cattle was to escape deeper into their refuge. The object of the cowhands was to push them clear out to the open mesa, then keep them running until they were close to exhaustion and could be headed into a holding corral about three miles away.

Clyde and I withdrew to open country and stationed ourselves on opposite sides, well back from the area where we judged the cattle might emerge. Soon a panting bull's head was thrust exploratorily from a clump of batamote shrubs. A magnificent roan head it was, with stubby horns and two long ears never mutilated by any cowman's knife.

It was visible for only a second, then dodged back. But the din behind was growing louder; men and horses were right on the trail of the old bull and his family. Soon he plunged out in the clear, followed by ten or twelve cows and half as many calves. Not an earmark! Not a brand! Those critters were genuine orejanas, the property of anybody who could catch them.

First thing the patriarch saw, when he broke cover, was my black horse. He lowered his head and lunged. I was too scared to do anything, but I didn't have to. That pony knew what to do. In his rage the bull pursued us but he was no match for a horse with speed. Before he gave up and wheeled back toward the brush, he was cut off.

The cattle ran, bawled, galloped, stumbled. They strove frantically to get back to the motte but somehow were edged farther out into the greasewood bushes and cholla cacti. Dad, with the swiftest of the five horses, was in the rear of the jumbled column led by the bull. Jim and Ramón were toward the front, on opposite sides, of course, to keep the herd

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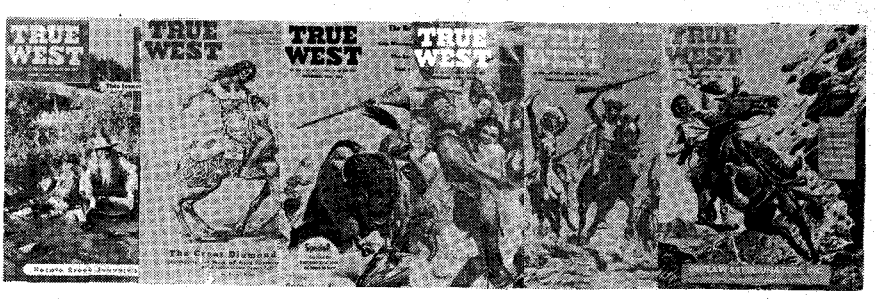
You have been able to order numbers 15, 16, 18, 20, and 34 in the past for fifty cents a copy. They are gone now. That makes twenty-one issues out of print!

The instant our supply of a back number is exhausted, many dealers and collectors charge from $1 to $5 per copy (and get it!)—so stock up, boys, while we have some left.

This magazine is like a fiddle—it definitely gets more valuable with age. If we only had a good supply of those first issues!

IMPORTANT!

It appears as though you readers have finally caught on that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are the same magazine, just issued under different titles to keep them on the newsstands longer. Suddenly everybody made a wild rush to buy FT #13—so many were sold we have only a few left, and have had to raise the price on it to 50c in order to have enough to supply those of you who weren't able to get it and want to have it to complete your bound collections.



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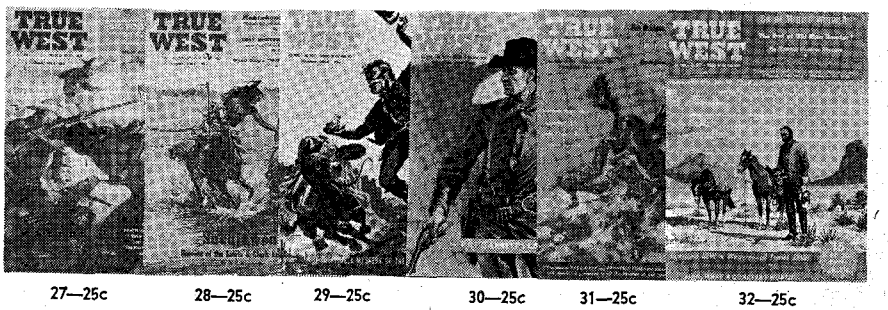

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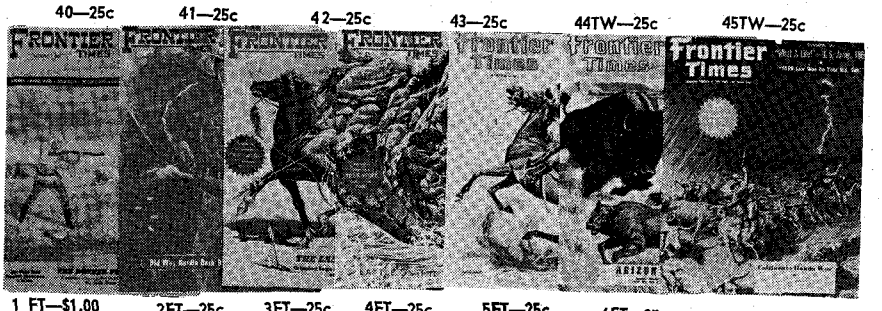

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headed into the open if possible. Clyde and I were on the flanks.

"Fifteen hundred dollars worth, maybe two thousand," Dad yelled through the dust and racket. Nobody, I knew, had ever captured more than one or two Dendora outlaws at one time. We were about to set a record.

The fugitives were tiring; even the roan bull faltered. Ramón struck up a slow-tempo, soothing, Spanish ballad about *Ojos Verdes*—green eyes. Jim joined in with his own version of *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie*. Dad added a third cracked voice to the confusion of hoofbeats, bawls and so-called music.

Clyde and I knew no songs but he thought of a way we could help. As things turned out, it was a positive inspiration. A long, piercing, metallic wail told me that he had brought his Deviline into action. I couldn't have been more than a moment in following his example.

Those cattle left us in a stampede that made history on the lower Gila, and for all I know may still be the subject of yarns told around cowboy campfires. Nothing short of a modern A-bomb could have stopped them. Terrified before, they were now absolutely panic-stricken. They didn't know that anything was in their way; all they knew was the direction in which the motte lay, and that they were going there.

In less than two minutes, $1,500 in beef on the hoof was safe in the densest depths of Dendora and the Douglas boys were out of the mail-order business permanently, forever, eternally.

Cowboy!

(Continued from page 39)

tip to tip of those wide horns now gone forever. Where the city of Clovis, New Mexico, now stands was the round-up grounds of the big Green Igo, Buckle G Ranch. There was a windmill there and plenty of water. Many times I was one of the weary bunch of cowboys who rode night herd at that spot. I rode restless, wiry, mustang cow ponies. Now the wiry mustang I rode has been replaced by the marvelous quarter horse.

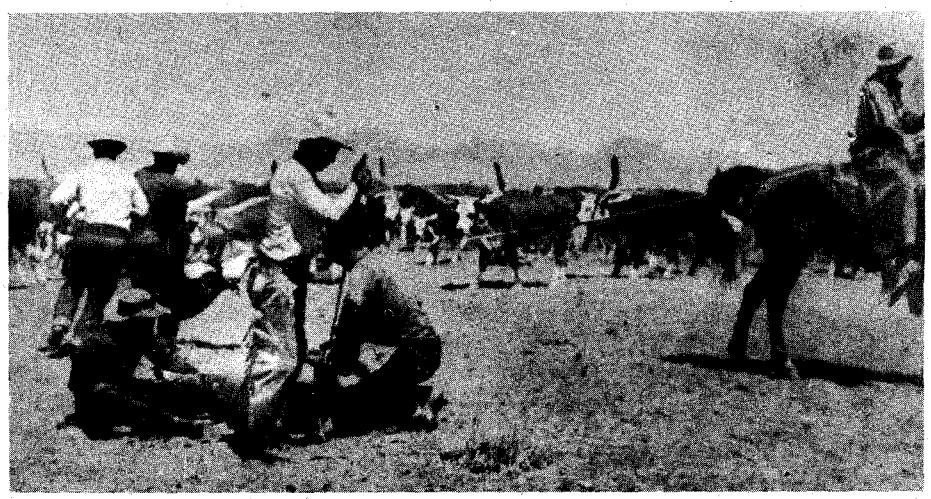
Yes, methods are more in keeping with modern times, more scientific. The cowboy of today works with his automobile. His horse moves in a trailer. His bunkhouse is a very modern ranch house and his meals are cooked with gas. Yet at heart, the character of these cowboys is the same as in my time. The broad Stetson hat, the high-heeled boots and spurs are still seen in the West as working attire. Famous brands are still seared into the hides of many cattle, but are now worked with the new invention—the branding chutes.

While these present-day cowboys never have known the long overland trails and other discomforts of my time, they do understand the handling of cattle. They can swing a catch rope with astonishing speed and skill. They can ride an outlaw horse just as easily as any of us old-timers ever could. Their calf roping speed and skill outclasses the old-timers' two-to-one. All honor to these boys, the best of whom may be seen in rodeos from Madison Square Garden in New York to Cheyenne, Wyoming; Pendleton, Oregon; and points elsewhere all over the United States and Canada.

No, the American cowboy is not a forgotten man, for he is still with us. He is real, warm-hearted, steel-muscled and reckless in gambling or fighting or flirting, and his play time is as much enjoyed as mine ever was.

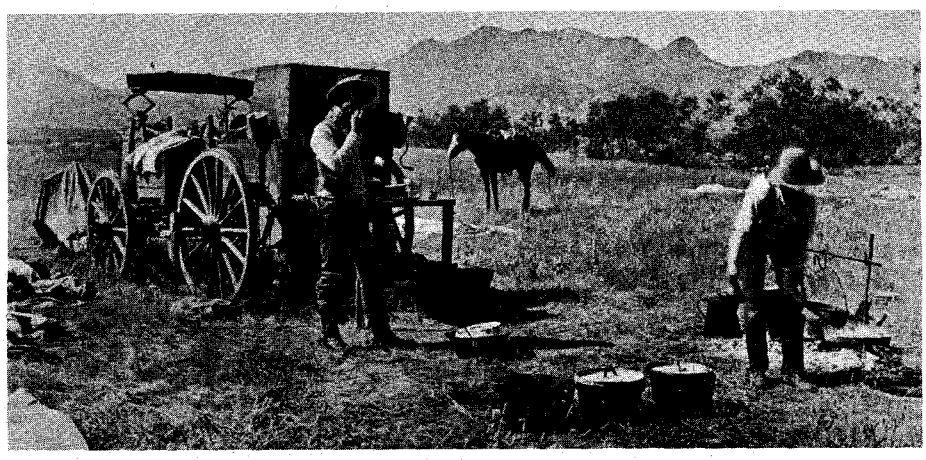
Do not forsake me when I am old.

Editor's Note: Milt Hinkle was born near Bovina, Parmer County, Texas, October 15, 1881, in a dugout on the Bovina division of the XIT Ranch. It was the largest ranch in the world at the time, 3,000,000 acres (ten counties), which had been deeded to Boyce and Sneed, cattle barons of Chicago, for building the State Capitol. Regarding the brand XIT: X stood for ten, the I for in, the T for Texas—ten counties in Texas. To those who care to write to him, he now lives in retirement in Kissimmee, the "cow capital" of Florida—Milt Hinkle, P. O. Box 228, Kissimmee, Florida.



Branding time.

The horse-wrangler comes to the chuckwagon for a bite while his horse patiently waits.



"Hear Me, My Chiefs!"

(Continued from page 18)

eral with a bluff assurance he did not feel. "All your arms must be given up. We will send you back to your homes."

"I can give up only half the guns," replied Joseph. "I must have half for myself."

"No," replied Miles firmly, "I must have them all. When you go back to Idaho, there I will return the guns to you, and the horses we have captured. The government will help you to live."

For a full minute the tall chief stared at the white man, trying to "read his heart," as he later explained. Finally he nodded his head in assent. "It is well," he wearily agreed.

It was not well. Things began happening at once, things that smell pretty badly even when examined three-quarters of a century later. Joseph was held under guard in an army tent all night, and it is virtually certain that Miles intended holding him as a hostage indefinitely but the suspicious Nez Percé guessed his plan and neatly foiled it.

The crafty General, who boasted that he "knew Indians through and through," made the mistake of sending Lieutenant Lovell Jerome to spy on the Nez Percé while he held Joseph in "friendly custody." The Indians, refusing to surrender their rifles at Jerome's demand, checkmated Miles' scheme by holding the Lieutenant as a hostage pending Joseph's safe return. The chief's version of this double double-cross follows, in part:

I walked to General Miles' tent. He met me and we shook hands. He said: 'Come, let us sit by the fire and talk this matter over.'

"I stayed with him all night. The next morning Yellow Bull (a subchief) came over to see if I were alive and why I did not return. General Miles would not let me leave the tent to see my friend alone.

"Yellow Bull said to me, 'They have got you in their power and I am afraid they will never let you go again. I have an officer in our camp and I will hold him until they let you go free.'

"I answered, 'I do not know what they intend to do with me, but if they kill me you must not kill the officer. It will do no good to avenge my death by killing him.'

"Yellow Bull returned to my camp. I

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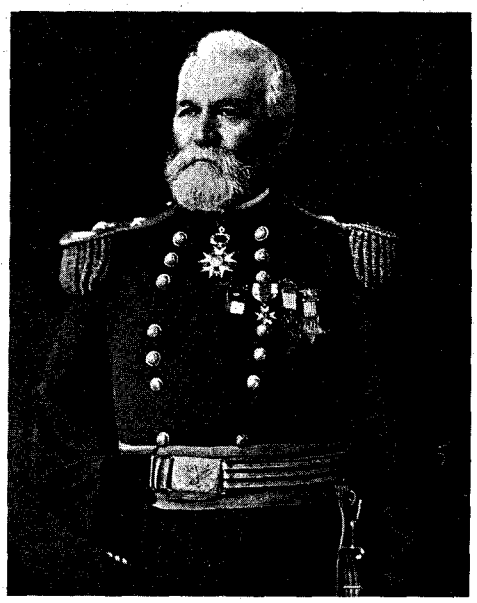
did not make any agreement that day with General Miles. The battle was resumed while I was with him . . . .

"On the following morning I returned to my camp by agreement, meeting the officer who had been held a prisoner in my camp under the flag of truce. My people were divided about surrendering. We could have escaped from Bear Paw Mountain if we had left our women and children behind. We were unwilling to do this. We have never heard of a wounded Indian recovering while in the hands of the whites."

Lieutenant Jerome summed up the situation concisely in these words: "What made Miles mad, he had Joseph and did not intend to let him go until my capture forced the exchange."

Fighting began again, once the two hostages had returned to their own lines. Miles, not daring to risk another charge, banged away with his twelve-pounder; the Nez Percé, running low on ammunition, replied with only an occasional rifle shot.

Fearful that Sitting Bull—camped eighty miles to the north in Canada—would come to Joseph's aid or that the



Historical Society of Montana

General Howard.

warriors would desert their women and children and try to escape to Canada (the General didn't know Indians so well after all), Miles had already sent couriers galloping to General Terry at Fort Benton, 100 miles to the west and to General Howard and Colonel Sturgis, struggling along somewhere to the south, begging them to hurry to his assistance. Anxiously, Miles awaited these reinforcements before risking a final all-out assault on the entrenched Nez Percé.

On the bitter-cold morning of October 5, General Howard arrived at the battlefield with a small detachment of fifteen troopers and two Nez Percé scouts. Quickly, Miles sent the Nez Percé forward under a flag of truce to carry a new proposal to Joseph. Again the chief came forth to parley. He tells of the meeting in simple, stark words:

"General Miles said to me . . . 'If you will come out and give up your arms, I will spare your lives and send you back to the reservation.' I do not know what passed between Miles and Howard.

"I could not bear to see my wounded

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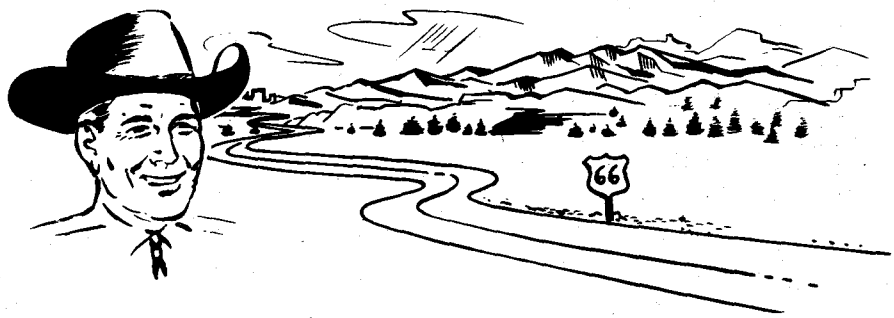

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And then, when you think this incredibly beautiful land couldn't possibly have more to offer, great **66** brings you to the pass in the Sandia mountains and there below you is the Queen herself, **Albuquerque.**

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Consider, then! Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty is a cosmopolitan city of more than 260,000 people which has grown **800% in 30 years.** Founded in 1706, the population of Albuquerque as late as 1930 was only 36,000. Then things began to happen. The incomparable climate and the staggering beauty began to draw Americans to the Big Sky Country. By 1950 there were 97,000 Albuquerqueans. And in the next 10 years, to 1960, this quaint Southwestern town rocketed to the status of a major city – the 7th fastest growing city in the U.S.! Professional estimates of Albuquerque's future vary. But the most cautious guess is more than 500,000 by 1970; **and far more many experts predict that by that time Albuquerque may reach a population of one million.**

This is a city of modern shops and Conquistadore history; of gleaming new schools and semi-tropical foliage; of health and peace . . . and yet spilling over with opportunity. This is Albuquerque, a city with a future as bright as the sun that bathes it 360 days a year.

It is no wonder, then, that the valleys that surround Albuquerque – green valleys of prosperous farms and great ranches – are now being converted into communities to fill the demand of a growing Albuquerque. One of these valleys is **Estancia;** and here, in our opinion, is located the most exciting offer of homesites being made in the entire Southwest – THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES. Were one to imagine this Valley 39 miles from Phoenix, or from Tucson, or from San Diego, the cost of an acre could be as high as $10,000 each. **Yet an acre in THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES – 39 miles from Albuquerque – is only $395 complete, payable $10 down and $10 a month!** It is only because Albuquerque has only recently been "discovered" – because Albuquerque is only now in the very beginning of its inevitable huge growth – that these Ranchette sites can be offered at such a low price! **THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES lies directly on Rt. 66 – little more than a half hour from the heart of the city.** Its natural beauty, the picture-frame of the mountains, the color springing from the fertile soil, its calm and peace will enchant you. A VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTE is near enough to Albuquerque to be benefitted by the advantages of a great city, yet just far enough away to be purchased **today** at a price you can afford! **For that is the nutshell of it – the price today of a Ranchette in the Valley of the Estancia will be impossible to duplicate a few tomorrows from now.**

Let us send you our thick four color portfolio absolutely **free** of charge. In it you will find maps, full color photographs, statistics, the answers to your questions about the Southwest. **Remember this portfolio is FREE and places you under no obligation whatsoever. No salesman will call – only the mailman. Get your free portfolio by writing VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES, Dept. N-30A, 2316 Central S.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico.**

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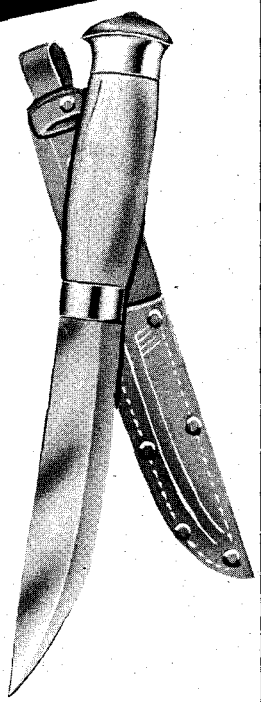
NORSE KING KNIFE

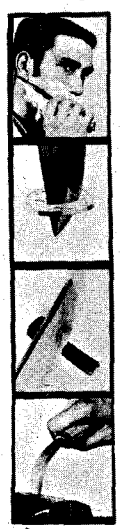


This is the sharp Mora Blade that has won world-wide fame as the toughest, strongest knife made. This is the knife that men who face the worst dangers of the cruel Northland **rely on** — to take game with one swift blow or throw; to cut wood for fire or shelter; to skin game; to be a rugged tool of every work. It must give exceptional performance **in action!**

To guarantee this, the famed craftsmen of Mora, use world-renowned Swedish steels in a wonderful **triple-laminated blade.**

NOTE FEATURES: Norse King Knife, with Mora Blade has won highest praise of thousands of sportsmen. They know the value of these features: (1) Blade length just over 4" is ideal for maximum leverage and cutting pressure on point and edge; (2) Swedish Birch Handle is perfectly formed . . . can't slip or turn in hand. Easy to clean, polishes better with age; (3) Blade tongue extends through handle—is inseparably riveted through nickel-silver pommel and ferrule; (4) No hilt to get in way of cutting action. Guides know the value of this for speedy work; (5) Quick-draw heavy cowhide leather sheath holds knife securely, yet is ready for instant one-hand draw. Blade cannot penetrate sheath to cut you.

SPECIAL OFFER
$2.98 ppd.



UNIQUE CONSTRUCTION: Famous Mora Blade has 3 layers—a thin sliver of hard alloy steel with slabs of tough, flexible, resilient steel on either side. This is what makes its amazing performance possible—the Mora blade can be bent, even to 90° without snapping! (see illus.) Point can be hammered through a coin. Blade edge can be driven through a bolt! Yet it takes such a sharp edge that a well-stropped Mora blade will shave you in complete comfort!

You'd expect a knife like this to sell for many times its low price of $2.98. But this model is made exclusively for us in Mora—and priced low by us for maximum sales. What's more, we GUARANTEE the Norse King with this iron-clad offer. Order it today. Try it yourself for a full 60 days. Give it every test you can think of for an outdoor knife. If you don't consider it the greatest value you ever saw, you may return it for a full, immediate refund. Send order now—only $2.98 ppd.

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men and women suffer any longer; we had lost enough already . . . I believed General Miles or I would never have surrendered . . . I would have held him in check until my friends came to my assistance. (Joseph didn't realize at the time that he had no friends: Sitting Bull had made his decision to stay in Canada and there was no one else who could possibly come to the Nez Percé's aid.)

"But my people needed rest and food—we wanted peace. I agreed to surrender the next day at four o'clock."

The "next day" (October 6) had arrived, the appointed hour was at hand, the chief was approaching. Joseph dismounted from his horse and held out his rifle to Howard. The one-armed General, who had chased and fought and been outwitted and twice defeated by the great Nez Perce chieftain, motioned Joseph to Miles, who accepted the weapon. Joseph stepped back two full paces and began his speech of surrender—famous among recorded oratory of celebrated American Indian leaders; worthy to be ranked with the speeches of Logan, Tecumseh, and the noble Seneca, Red Jacket:

"Tell General Howard that I know his heart. What he told me before I have in *my* heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Tu-hul-hil-sote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who now say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead (Joseph's younger brother, Alokut). It is cold and we have no blankets and no food. The little children are freezing to death.

"My people, some of them, have run away to the hills and have no blankets and no food. No one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs! My heart is sick and sad. *From where the sun now stands I shall fight no more, forever.*"

Frontier Book Company

General Miles and staff. Left to right, Dr. Leonard Wood; Lieutenant R. F. Ames; Lieutenant W. L. Wilder; Captain H. W. Lawton; Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles; Captain W. A. Thompson; Major A. S. Kimball; Lieutenant J. A. DePray; Lieutenant Thomas J. Clay. The photo was taken at Fort Bowie, Arizona, in 1886.

The Land Is Free

(Continued from page 11)

you will be at the top and check everything that goes up or down. Promise you won't leave this hole till I'm back on top."

"All right," I said. I felt my responsibility was as great as his. He stood in the well bucket, took a coal oil lantern, an axe, and a long knife, and we lowered him into the darkness. Finally, I could hear his muffled voice calling from the bottom of the well. He said that the horse filled the entire hole. There was just about enough mud and water to cover the horse. He could not feel anything of the man or the shovel.

"Colen, are you there?" Heber's voice seemed to tremble a little.

"Yes, I'm right here," I said.

"There's only one thing to do. I'll have to cut the horse up and send it up piece by piece, so I can find the bottom."

"Whatever you say," I called back. "Do you need some help?"

"No," shouted Heber, "There isn't room. I'm using the knife to shorten my axe handle and then I'll get to work."

The men stood around a sagebrush fire and waited in silence.

"Pull the bucket up," shouted Heber. I stood by the pulley ready to take the bucket while the others grasped the rope and pulled it up. When the bucket came to the surface, I carried it toward the fire a few feet to get some light and emptied the bucket on the ground. The sight of the steaming horse's head in a half bucket of blood was too much for me. I was sick from that time on. When I started to lower the bucket again there was no glow from the lantern. "Are you all right?" I called into the darkness.

"Yes, I'm O.K. The blood and body heat have made such a thick fog in here that the lantern won't burn. Pull it up, I can't spare the oxygen anyway."

By this time the stench had reached the top of the well. I wondered how much Heber could stand. He had never been known to turn back from anything, but I wondered if there would be enough oxygen for him to finish the job.

Next came the front quarters of the horse one at a time, then the entrails came up in the bucket. It was a grim little group around the fire.

"Now let the cable down," called Heber. I wondered how he could even talk down there. We pulled him up in the bucket. Mud and blood had dripped on him until he wasn't a very encouraging sight. When the remainder of the horse had been pulled out on top with the cable and a team of horses, Heber prepared to go back.

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Colen H. Sweeten, Sr.

"You've done your share," I said. "I'll go down."

Warren jumped to my side. "No, you won't go down," he said, "You run this end."

Heber brushed us both aside. "Let me down again," he said.

For a long time after he reached the bottom, all was quiet. Then the startling words came, "It's empty, fellows, there's nothing here."

I CAN'T attempt to describe the feeling that I experienced in that awful moment. The small group of men huddled around the well in silence. No one moved. No one seemed to have anything to say. Morning was approaching. After what seemed an eternity there came the words, "I've found a broken shovel handle. Mud sure is thick." Then later, "I can feel a hand." I shuddered and looked around; how thankful I was that the older men who had stopped their wagons had taken the two bereaved brothers for a long walk away from the well.

"I have an arm out," called Heber. "He sure is mashed into the mud." He struggled for a while longer and then shouted, "Pull me up, I'm running out of air." We brought him to the surface and someone built up the fire.

"I have the cable around his waist," said Heber, "but he is still stuck."

Everyone pulled steady on the cable. We felt the suction of the mud break loose and pulled the body to the top of the well. I don't know what I expected to see, but the sight of the young man bent double backwards where the cable encircled his body was a shock to all of us. We later heard the rumor that his hair had turned white, but that was not true. However, I sometimes wonder why some of us didn't turn grey during that night of horror.

Now, nearly sixty years later, I drive along the highway almost every day and pass within a few hundred feet of that well site. Sometimes I look out in the field at that well-remembered spot, even though there isn't as much as a weed to mark the exact location. I think of young Peter Nielsen running toward the west that day. He is the only one who was there that day, except me, who is still alive. I think of Eph Briggs falling from his horse like he'd been shot. I think of a lot of other families who paid such a high price that we might have a community. Yes, I think of Ray's shoes still stuck in the mud sixty feet below the smooth field of wheat.

How could anyone have ever said, "The land is free."

Rawhide

(Continued from page 17)

tunity to cash in on more publicity. She telegraphed her old friend Goodwin that she was on her way to research American life in its unrefined state.

At that time the Sand Spring diggings were simmering down from their first wild rush but Rickard, Rice and Goodwin had no idea of passing up such a glorious chance to gather more national front page space.

The authoress, accompanied by a couple of San Francisco gentlemen, Sam Newhouse and Ray Baker, was given the key to the city in a manner that only Rickard, Rice and Goodwin could have conceived on such short notice.

A twenty-one champagne-cork salute welcomed the trio to town. Rice later wrote about what followed. Mrs. Glyn and her sophisticated companions were escorted to the room of a hotel where half-a-dozen unshaven, gun-belted, tough-looking hombres were assembled around a poker table, six-shooters conveniently at hand beside their piles of varicolored chips. The players wagered stacks in the "tens of thousands" until finally "the pot reached $300,000." By this time four of the players had their guns shoved into the midriffs of one another and were engaged in a snarling argument.

When gunfire commenced, the novelist and her two friends beat hasty retreats. Outside they could hear further shots as the players fired at the ceiling, followed by well-staged groans. A few minutes later, eyes wide and hearts palpitating, they watched as two stretchers were carried down the stairs and taken to the undertaking parlor.

After this first act, Mrs. Glyn was taken on a tour of Stingaree Gulch's half-mile of bespangled parlors, was made a deputy constable, witnessed one of the frequent fires which called out the volunteer fire department, and was properly impressed with the gift of a bunch of bedraggled, common desert daisies which a bearded miner said he had "gathered ninety miles away" to bring to her.

Amazing as it seems today, the off-the-cuff performance went through without a hitch and Elinor was "enthralled." Clutching a new set of ideas in her head she hurried east to write another best-selling novel, and ever after insisted that she had never found "such a natural fitness of things, such an innate aristocracy as in the mining camps of Nevada."

The editors of the town's three newspapers, *The Rustler, The News* and *The Times,* gleefully reported the visit of the famed writer "straight." It is apparent now that only Mrs. Glyn and her two companions were unaware of the gigantic hoax—for some of the national editors immediately spotted the exhibition for what it was. Rickard worried a little about this but not Rice who said, "Every knock's a boost. Just the fact that we could get anyone as prominent as Elinor Glyn to visit will impress people with Rawhide's growing importance."

THE Grannan funeral and Elinor Glyn's visit were the tops in the Rice-Rickard-Goodwin publicity promotions but there were others with which they managed to get widespread front page coverage.

One of them concerned the dynamiting of a boulder to clear it out of the town's main street. The story reported the boulder contained $30,000 in gold ore. They

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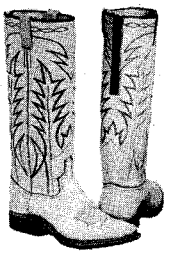

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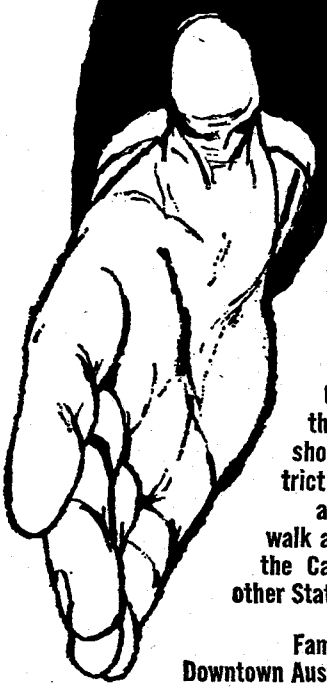
THE STEPHEN F. AUSTIN



The friendly hotel in "The Friendly City" is in the theatre-shopping district and just a pleasant walk away from the Capitol and other State offices.

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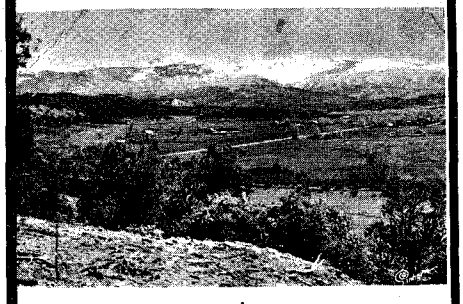

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Highway frontage and cabin sites. Located in the beautiful Mancos Valley on the Navajo Trail (Highway 160) only 7 miles from the famous Mesa Verde National Park. 7,000 ft. elevation, excellent hunting and fishing. Acre cabin sites only $1,000.00. Hi-way frontage $25.00 front foot. Only 1/3 down. All utilities. Rolling pinon-covered acreage, live stream. Fish from your back porch.

This area will boom late this year due to the completion of the new West-to-East highway. Get in on the ground floor.

STROUT REALTY

Box 475 Mancos, Colorado

embellished this cute legend with a tale about the bank president's paying $60 for a fragment of the rock which crashed through his front window.

Rawhide probably contained more fabulous characters than any other mining town of the later years. One of them was "Rawhide Jack" Davis—no relation to "Diamondfield Jack"—who got in early, then sold his interests in the Rawhide Consolidated in May, 1908, receiving $250,000 in "hard cash" as a down payment.

It was easy-come cash and Davis decided to have himself a big time. The *Goldfield Review* told of his plans to purchase the most powerful automobile yet built and, with two liveried chauffeurs, attempt to break the transcontinental record which at the time was fourteen days. The paper noted that he was thirty years of age at the time and "has been married seven times."

Unfortunately, the record breaks here. Nobody knows what happened to Davis or to his proposed cross-country trip.

There were other rare characters. Leo Grutt often told tales about the Gum Shoe Kid. The saddest of them was about the barrel of whisky he rolled out of his cabin and buried when he saw fire coming his way. During the excitement he forgot just where he had buried it. "Never did find that barrel of whisky," Grutt laughed, "although I dug all over the place hunting for it."

The volunteer fire department was a gay outfit of leading citizens. And not all of the women in town, by a long shot, were those 600 girls in Stingaree Gulch. Actually there were quite a few wives of mining executives and merchants and they managed to give Rawhide a semblance of social life, even if the parties were conducted under crude roofs.

Then came that fateful day of September 4, 1908, when a vagrant breeze whipped a curtain in the rear of the Rawhide Drug Store over the flame of a gasoline stove. The blaze spread rapidly, jumping from one sun-dried building to the next.

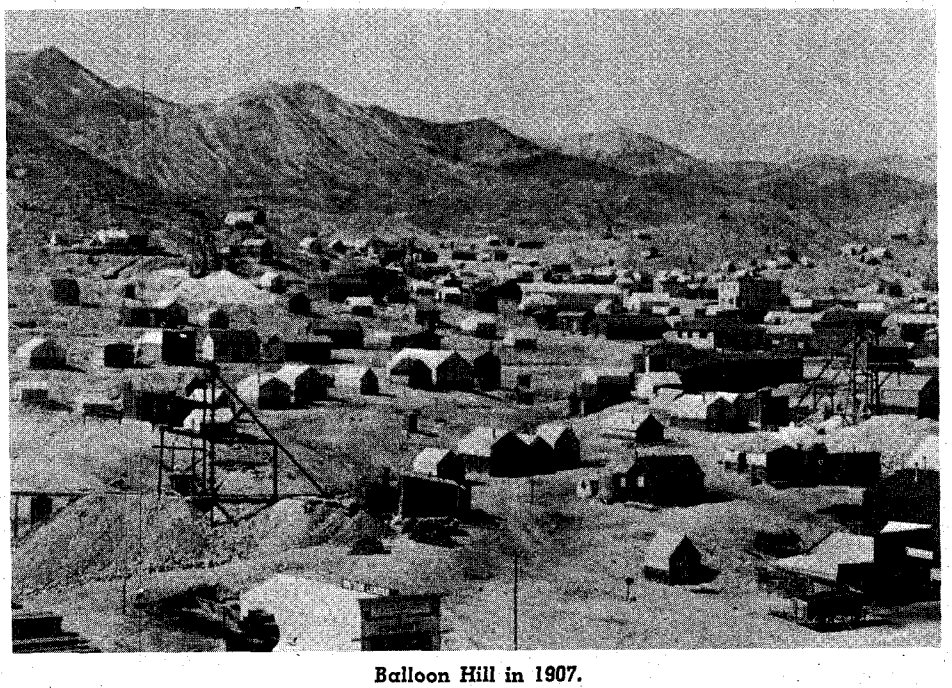
The volunteer fire department could do little when the scant supply of water was exhausted.

"I remember I stood on a pile of sand across from our place and was scared to death because my father and mother were downtown," Stowell recalls. "When they appeared though, I quit worrying and watched the fire spread. As the water ran out, they began dynamiting buildings to halt the spread of the flames. It has always been my opinion that it was those explosions that really made it as bad as it was—every blast flung flaming timbers all around and started new fires."

When the fire burned out, it had leveled nine square blocks in the heart of town and just about wiped out the business district. Papers throughout the country described the destruction of the famous Nevada town: "Rawhide in Ruins."

Tex Rickard ordered material to rebuild the Northern before the fire even reached it. Many others rebuilt, and optimism prevailed briefly.

But there was no getting around the fact that only about $1,000,000 in actual gold ore had been taken out of the mines, and ghosts soon flitted along Main Street and occupied most of the buildings. The big fire had snapped Rawhide's promotional string.



Balloon Hill in 1907.

Through the years Nevadans were reminded of its once gay existence every time a state election rolled around because Simon W. Cornwell of Rawhide was certain to pop up as a candidate for some office. Simon was one old-timer who never deserted the place and he never failed to enjoy a quadrennial spree (which would have pleased Rice, Rickard and Goodwin) as he campaigned around the state during election months.

He had a host of friends and well-wishers but never quite gathered enough votes to cut much political ice. Many still believe he might have won some office if he had just had that old-time Rawhide promotion trio handling his campaign. A few years ago Cornwell passed on to join the other ghosts of his beloved Rawhide.

There are a half-dozen or so citizens who still hang on expecting to find those veins they have always believed were there.

And the Grutt family, sentimental over the town they helped found, keep their

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interests and a furnished building to which they like to return frequently for a visit. It is then, if a person happens to wander that way, that he can hear the real tales of the roaring days of Nevada's merriest ghost town.

The Horse That Remembered

(Continued from page 21)

the comb. Every time Art would come into the corral, Ute would trot over to the box where the comb was kept and stand waiting for it to be applied to his fuzzy rough coat.

"When you get ready to ride him," Bill said one day, "let me know. I want to be on hand when it happens."

"When *what* happens?"

"When he tosses you higher than the barn."

"I'll let you know when that day comes," Art replied.

Bill returned to Elko to make a flight, promising to be back in time for the next mustang roundup.

Art showed up riding Ute.

"How in the world did you manage it?" Bill exclaimed. "Didn't he throw you?"

Art winked and took some cubes of sugar from his pocket, and the horse began nudging him with his muzzle.

"I see," Bill said. "Do you think he'd let me ride him?"

"I doubt it," Art replied. "But you can try if you like."

Ute stood quietly until Bill eased himself into the saddle. Then the big stallion shot up like something hurled by a catapult. Bill was on the ground before he realized what was happening.

"You can have him," he said, getting up. "He's too much for me."

Art caught Ute and stepped into the saddle. Nothing happened and Bill was amazed. "You've sure got him buffaloed," he said. "Maybe if I had some sugar—"

"No, I don't think sugar would make any difference. He's simply a one-man horse. He's never had a friend in his whole life and the experience of finding one is something new and pleasurable to him. I don't believe anyone else could ever ride him. In fact I aim to see that no one but myself ever tries it again."

Ute became as gentle as a kitten around Art, even displaying a jealous streak. When any other horse approached his master, the stallion would charge across the corral and chase it away.

Ute thereafter was ridden in the wild horse roundups and could travel farther and faster on an empty belly than any horse Art had ever owned. He told me he turned down a $500 offer for Ute at a time when desert horses were selling for as little as $20.

IN 1923 the partners suffered some losses. Bill's War I plane crashed on a rocky hillside and he was hospitalized for six weeks. The plane was a total loss. Without a plane to haze the mustang herds, capturing them with ground crews proved too costly.

The bank foreclosed on everything Art and Bill owned—everything, that is, but Art's ranch in Arizona, which was in his wife's name. He took Ute to the ranch but when the foreclosure papers were served on him at Ely, the stallion was listed as part of the assets.

"You can't take my horse," he told the deputy who served the papers. "A man has a right to keep one animal."

The deputy consulted his papers. "It says here the horse is worth $100 and goes with the rest of the stuff. If you come up with that amount of cash you can keep the critter."

He might as well have asked $1,000. At the moment Art couldn't raise a ten-spot.

"But my horse is in Arizona and if you want him you'll have to get him yourself. I have no money to bring him back."

A week later a man showed up at the ranch with some papers signed by a judge. Tears glistened in Art's eyes as he watched Ute being taken away. But there was nothing he could do about it at the moment. Even his ranch was mortgaged to the hilt.

He wrote the foreclosing bank, requesting that nothing be done about disposing of the stallion until he could come up with the $100. The bank replied that since it had been out considerable expense in sending to Arizona for the animal, the price had gone up. He would have to come up with $200.

The two brothers-in-law by then had dissolved their partnership and were on their own. Bill was working on a cattle ranch near Paisley, Oregon.

It was that year of 1923 that I made his acquaintance and heard about the wild stallion. I was so moved by it that I offered to sell a few Liberty Bonds I had bought during the war and lend Art the needed $200. But, as things turned out, Art raised the money himself and went back to Nevada for his stallion.

The bank official he called on hung his head. "You waited so long to bring us that $200, we decided to let the horse go at auction. We got only $50 for him."

"Who bought him?"

"An Indian."

"An *Indian?*" Art Green was indignant. "What Indian?"

The banker looked up the record. "Charlie Black Tail of the Moapa Indian Reservation."

Art was ready to explode.

"We had to sell him to somebody. What's wrong with selling him to an Indian?"

"Plenty. An Indian could ruin a spirited horse like Ute. Just where will I find this Charlie Black Tail?"

"Back at the reservation, I suppose."

WHEN ART GREEN arrived at the Moapa Indian Reservation he found Charlie Black Tail sitting before his hogan smoking a corncob pipe. Some horses were in a corral nearby but Ute was not one of them.

"You bought a horse—a stallion—at auction in Ely. What have you done with him?"

The Indian got up, his face impassive, and pointed toward the hills. "No got. Him gone. Jump fence."

"When? How long ago?"

The Indian thought for a moment, counting on his fingers. "Eight weeks."

Charlie Black Tail led his visitor to the corral and pointed out the fence Ute had cleared in his bid for freedom. It was five-and-a-half feet high.

Art's gaze settled on something that made him furious, a five-foot length of rope with two iron bolts tied in one end of it.

"You beat that horse, that's why he jumped the fence," he accused Charlie.

"Him no good," Charlie said. "Buck like hell. Nobody can ride."

Art realized that quarreling with Charlie Black Tail would get him nowhere. After all, the Indian still legally owned the animal.

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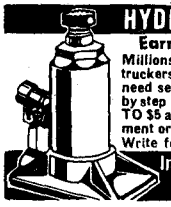

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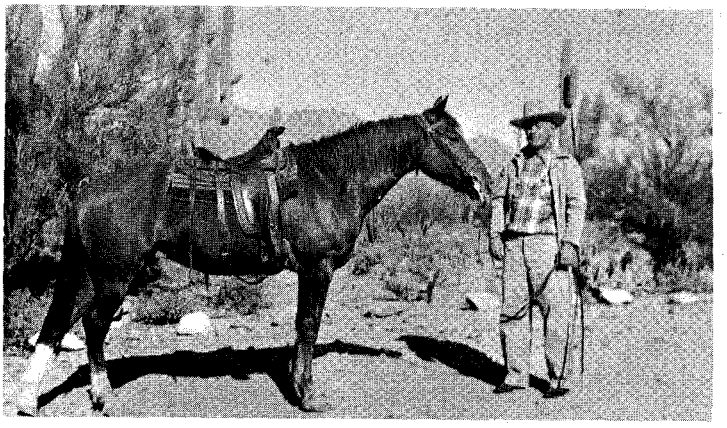

Art Green and his beloved Ute.

"How much will you take for that horse. Uncaught, I mean."

"I pay $50. You take for $50 and catch."

"Not on your life. But I'll give you $25 for a bill of sale."

"I take," said Charlie Black Tail. "You go catch."

ARMED with a crudely drawn bill of sale, Art set off for the hills. Looking for a long-gone horse was like searching for a quarter in a barn full of hay. Ute had vanished into the far reaches of the mountains.

At sheep camps and ranches Art left word that he would pay $100 to anyone bringing Ute in alive. The horse could be readily identified. It had a blazed face and two white rear stockings, the right one a little shorter than the left, and the mark of a wire cut on the right shoulder.

Art returned to his ranch and waited, but no word came in from the hills. Months went by. A year passed. Still no word.

Wild horses were being rounded up throughout Nevada for chicken- and dog-food manufacturers, and Ute might have been one of them. Art knew it was foolish to keep on hoping. Though he had engaged in the same business himself earlier, he began to talk of the mustang roundups as a crime and urged that laws be passed to protect the wild herds. For such a fine horse to end up as dog food appalled him. But he still carried Charlie Black Tail's bill of sale against the day he might come across Ute at a sheep camp or in some cattleman's corral. He would need some proof of ownership.

Art and Bill had been in the habit of attending rodeos when they had the price of transportation and entry fees. Art's specialty was calf roping while Bill went in for bulldogging. At Pendleton one year Art won top money.

When the 1926 Salinas Rodeo came along, Art and Bill went to the California event in style. They drove a Chevrolet roadster hitched to an oversized horse trailer, one of the first such contraptions to be used on the highways. Enroute it drew many a protesting blast from indignant motorists who found it difficult to pass on the narrow roads of that day.

The first day of the rodeo Art and Bill were sitting together on a high fence near the coming-out chutes watching the saddle bronc riders vie for cash prizes.

Art looked down into one of the chutes where a horse and rider were being readied for the takeoff. Suddenly he froze.

"Look down there," he said to Bill. "A dead ringer for Ute."

They were too far above the animal to see its hind feet but when Art leaned over and peered down at the wire cut on the right shoulder, he nudged Bill. He had seen it too many times to forget how it curled around, almost like the letter "C."

The chute opened, and the crowd caught its breath when the bronc disposed of its rider at the end of its first stiff-legged, jolting pitch. Suddenly it turned; it did not continue bucking in an effort to shake off the saddle as so many broncs do, but reared on its hind feet, forelegs outthrust, for a downward plunge designed to cut a man to pieces. Fortunately, the cowboy saw it coming and squirmed just out of reach of the hoofs, but the horse was rearing again and the injured rider stumbled trying to get away.

Art ran forward just as the killer horse reared for the second plunge.

"Ute!" he screamed, "No, Ute! No, boy! Whoa, boy!"

The horse seemed to lose its drive and again his hoofs missed the man on the ground. By then Art had reached the animal and had the halter rope in his hands. Speaking gently, he walked up to it slowly and put an arm around its neck. He said later he was talking to Ute all the while but could never remember the words he had used.

"It was just horse talk," he told me.

The crowd in the stands was looking on wide-eyed. It all had happened so quickly that few realized just what had taken place. A man had rushed out quickly from the fence and saved the rider on the ground from injury. Many thought it was a stunt—that the horse had been trained to do just what it did. However, when some veterans of the rodeo circuit began to cheer, the crowd understood that something extraordinary had happened and cheered with them.

They cheered even more when Art Green led the horse back to the chute from which it had emerged only a few moments before as wild a critter as ever thrilled a rodeo crowd.

When the bronc-riding was over, Art stepped into the wild one's saddle and made a turn of the arena, waving to the crowd. Though the horse kept its head up and obviously felt out of place in those strange surroundings, it did not buck. Those who thought it might have been an act, and still were skeptical, applauded even louder than the others.

Strangely enough, the stirring incident passed as commonplace, except among the rodeo performers. No one knew at the moment, of course, that the horse had responded to a command it had not heard in almost three years; neither did anyone know that the horse and master had

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not seen each other in all that time. No newspaper featured the incident; only the veteran bronc-riders made it a subject of conversation around the cafes, bars and stock pens.

It is not known to this day who recaptured Ute. The stock supplier said he had bought him from a man in Nevada, but he had made no record of the fellow's name. Ute was one of several mustangs that had been for sale.

Art Green bought the stallion back for $150. Foaled about 1919 as near as anyone could tell, he was past his prime but was still a good cow horse. The bill of sale from Charlie Black Tail hadn't been worth a plugged nickel.

IN August, 1929, I was holding down the news desk on the *Nevada State Journal* at Reno. I had written something for the paper about a rodeo performer and the article carried my by-line.

A man named Webb called me from Winnemucca saying he wanted to come to Reno and see me about some publicity for a rodeo there. I told him to come ahead.

The next day when he walked into the office I recognized him at once as someone I had seen before but I couldn't place him.

"Don't you remember?" he said. "I'm the one who helped you hunt for that lost mine near Paisley."

I remembered him well once he told me who he was. On my vacations I had spent some time looking for lost mines for kicks. I'd never found one, but it was fun, nevertheless.

"You're the one who told me about that wild stallion your brother-in-law captured," I said. "What ever happened to it? Hadn't it escaped and gone back to the hills?"

"That's right." He turned to the man with him. "This is my brother-in-law, Art Green, who captured him."

"Tell me about him," I said. The story they told me is the one you have just read, verified by the bank in Ely and by John Chillingsworth of Mesa, Arizona, who knew the horse well.

Up to a certain point, Art Green handled the details well, but when he came to the final stages of it, he seemed to hesitate.

"What ever became of the stallion?" I urged.

"You tell him, Bill," Art said. "I want to go get some cigarettes."

"He's touchy about it," Bill said. "He doesn't like to talk about it. He and Ute were out chasing some cattle in Arizona one morning. Ute was sure-footed in the hills but that morning he tripped over a strand of telephone wire carelessly left lying along the ground. He fell in the rocks. Art received a broken wrist and a dislocated shoulder. But that wasn't the real tragedy of it. Ute broke a front leg and had to be destroyed.

"I was only a little way from Art when it happened and heard him yell. When I got there he was bending over the horse, talking to it and crying like a baby. Ute was lying there in the rocks, the leg so badly busted up that the shattered bones had thrust their way through the hide.

"I had a .30-30 in my saddle scabbard but Art didn't want me to shoot the animal. He kept saying there must be some way to save Ute. When Ute rolled his eyes and looked up at me with that pleading look, I felt like crying myself.

"Two Mexican helpers of Art's came along. I gave one the rifle and told him to wait a while before he shot the animal. I didn't want Art to hear it. I put Art on back of me and we rode to a spring so he could bathe his wrist in cold water. While we were there we heard the shot. The way Art winced, you would have thought the bullet was meant for him."

Ghost of the Murder Maverick

(Continued from page 31)

always alone, a gaunt, solitary bull that grew and grew, and, as he got bigger, the letters grew, too. They got to be a foot high. His coat, as he got older, turned from dun to ash-grey, and some people say the hairs over the brand came out red. He was a jinxed maverick—everybody knew that.

And then a third man died. This time it was plain to see that the maverick was more than a jinx; he was an omen of murder.

Jeff Webb, boss of the D&W and the nephew of Fine Gilliland, was not a popular man after the killing. He appeared in Alpine one afternoon with a scary story about the maverick. It seems that the animal had stuck his head through the bunkhouse window the night before and bellowed loud enough to wake up the whole bunch. By the time they got outside he had disappeared.

Nobody paid much attention to Jeff. He got on a bender, all by himself. That night, very much under the influence, he started back for the ranch. Before he got out of town it was raining. Jeff did not make it home. They found him the next day in the trail—dead. He had been shot.

The legend grew some more.

The lawmen conducted a short investigation, but did not find anything. Most people decided that some friend of Powe was still not satisfied. Relations were not friendly between the D&W and the other outfits.

Sam Taylor had been one of the men questioned about the murder, because he was the last man to be seen with Webb. Taylor vowed he was innocent. He had an alibi, and he had no motive. But feelings were hard. Taylor convinced the law it was not he, but he did not convince everyone.

A few nights later he was sitting in an Alpine saloon playing poker with friends. Probably he had forgotten the incident, because it was not mentioned. Suddenly, through the open window behind Taylor there came a shot. Before anyone could act, there was a second shot.

Taylor lay dead across the table, shot twice.

There is no evidence that the murder maverick was seen that night. The story is that he was, but no one will ever know. There were other murders and other times when the maverick was seen. The growth from fact to legend was complete.

He became part of the land, and part of the way of life. The maverick with the murder brand was seen for nearly fifty years after Powe was killed, but the reports were always farther apart, and each time more unlikely. Nobody ever saw him in the daytime. Only in the late evening, after dusk, was he seen in his last years, and then only by a lone observer. When he appeared it seemed to be a sure sign that somebody was going to die.

He has not been seen now for some time, but nobody minds very much. Some things it is better not to see.

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Powder River Campaigns and Sawyers Expedition of 1865 (Clark, $12) by LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen is a handsome documentary account of the U. S. Army's Powder River engagements with Indians and includes official reports and contemporary statements from diaries, newspapers and personal narratives.

The campaign was under the direction of General Patrick E. Connor who was aided by Colonel Nelson Cole, Colonel Samuel Walker, Colonel J. H. Kidd, Captain Albert Brown and many others. The venture was hopefully planned to knock out hostile Indian power but it resulted in general failure because of improper military tactics due to slack timing, faulty backstopping, delays in supply delivery, inadequate scouting, weather that was either too hot or too cold and by tactical boners pulled by one of the columns.

This is Volume Twelve of The Far West and Rockies Series and comes with a specially prepared two-color folding map, six portraits and ten illustrations including views, diary facsimile, etc. It is another praiseworthy accomplishment by those brilliant western historians, the Hafens.

Classic Sioux War Reprints

Volumes 17 and 18 of The Western Frontier Library issued at $2.00 each by the University of Oklahoma Press present two quite different aspects of the war with the Sioux. No. 17 is Elizabeth B. Custer's *Boots and Saddles or Life in Dakota with General Custer* and No. 18 is John F. Finerty's *War-Path and Bivouac, or The Conquest of the Sioux.* Mrs. Custer's book covers only the period 1873 to the beginning of the fatal march to the Little Big Horn—Long John Finerty, a wild Irish reporter for the *Chicago Times,* picks up the story with the Battle of the Rosebud. Mrs. Custer leaves out of her account anything detrimental to her husband and it is a sentimental volume devoted largely to post life at Fort Abraham Lincoln near present-day Bismarck, North Dakota. It does include some account of the Stanley Expedition which surveyed a railroad route in the Yellowstone Valley and of the Custer Expedition to the Black Hills in 1874 where his report of finding gold set off a rush of miners. The gold rush to the sacred ground of the Sioux was a major factor in the Sioux uprising of 1876. Jane R. (Mrs. Edward I.) Stewart wrote an informative introduction to Mrs. Custer's book.

High Adventure

I, Jack Swilling, Founder of Phoenix, Arizona (Hastings, $5.95) is another top job by John Myers Myers. He has Swilling tell his own story and it proves to be an effective device. Swilling lived a life of high adventure but the written records he left are few and far between. The author had an all but impossible task in fitting together the tales of old-timers (often conflicting), some family recollections and the dates and happenings recorded in various places. He has produced a highly entertaining book and has frankly confessed that it was necessary to improvise details on occasion but not with regard to the more melodramatic highlights in Swilling's career. These he was able to document.

Range Life

The election of Ben Snipes to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame at Oklahoma City seems to be a good reason for another printing (the third) of Roscoe Sheller's *Ben Snipes, Northwest Cattle King* (Binfords and Mort, $3.50). This entertaining rags-to-riches story of a cowman whose great herds once ranged most of central Washington was reviewed in this column in 1958. We liked it then and we still do—we are proud that the range life collectors agree with us on its merits as indicated by three printings in four years.

If you lean toward solid rhymes from the cow camp, you'll go for *Red Wind . . . of Wyoming* (Sage, $1.25) by Peggy Simson Curry. A lot of readers jump sideways at the sight of a book of western poems for fear it will be bogged down with soupy doggerel. *Red Wind,* however, has class—it carries a salty message and is neither soupy nor sobby.

Great New Histories

Kansas, A Pictorial History (The Kansas Centennial Commission and the State Historical Society, $8.95) is a big handsome book prepared by Nyle H. Miller, Edgar Langsdorf, and Robert W. Richmond, all of the Society staff. There is a minimum of text and maximum of visual history as promised in the title. A special feature of the book is a series of double-page maps in color that show the gradual formation of the counties. The vast file of photographs in the archives of the Kansas State Historical Society provided most of the illustrations. However, many individuals and organizations supplemented the Society files to provide as complete a pictorial record as possible. The illustrations are uniformly good and some are excellent. In addition to the photographs, appropriate drawing and painting by such well-known Western artists as Frederic Remington (for a short time a Kansas sheep rancher) and Charles Schreyvogel are used to illustrate particular events. This pictorial history in time stretches from Coronado, the first white man so far as is known to visit Kansas, to the present. If any important historical happening is omitted, this reviewer, a once upon a time Ness County cowboy, has failed to

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spot it. It is a fine companion volume to *Kansas in Maps* by Robert W. Baughman issued by the Society and recently reviewed in this column. Both are strongly recommended.

History of South Dakota (University of Nebraska Press, $5.50) by Herbert S. Schell covers a broad scope of South Dakota experiences and will serve both the general reader and the specialist. The state covers about one-fifth of the original Dakota Territory (which included North Dakota, Montana and part of Wyoming). South Dakota's story is closely linked with that of adjoining states hence this work is both a regional and state history.

The author presents an interesting chronology of events beginning with the Rees and Sioux and their intertribal wars. It includes the bloody Indian-U. S. Army engagements that ended with redskin subjugation. There is much on the French-Spanish tussle for supremacy, plus adequate treatment of the early exploration and fur trading days.

The Indian Viewpoint

The Assiniboines (University of Oklahoma Press, $5) is a reprint of the very scarce *Land of Nakoda,* first issued in a very small edition in Montana in 1942 as a product of the WPA Federal Writers' Program. First Boy (James Larpenteur Long) interviewed most of the "Old Ones" and served well as recorder and compiler of the *Land of Nakoda* under the supervision of Michael Kennedy, then the Montana supervisor of the Writers' Program. The informative preface, introduction and editing by Mike adds much to the present edition.

Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 32)

was Marie, his beloved stepdaughter. She was all the family the old man had left now and he loved her dearly. She had kept house for him and made life so happy that he was glad to work hard to give her the humble living he could afford. But she had been lured by the gay life of the saloon and dance hall and the money to be had from a life of sin. He had pleaded with her to come back to him and she had relented and returned to the little adobe house on the side street. But not for long.

Marie was a good looking, vivacious girl and had been an excellent drawing card for Sam Bean's establishment. He used every allurement to get her back with him. The temptation had finally been too much and poor Clicerio Orayco was left alone again.

Oh, if he could only see Marie! Maybe he could plead with her; maybe she would take pity on him and, instead of giving him money, maybe she would return once more to his humble home. He hesitated. Just two days before he had sought her out in the dance hall only to be thrown out bodily by Sam Bean himself, and warned to stay away from the place if he didn't want something serious to happen to him.

Sam Bean had a reputation as a bad *hombre;* he was the *Jefe Grande* who ruled San Felipe with an iron hand. The Mexicans feared and obeyed him and the people in the other part of town avoided him.

Clicerio Orayco continued slowly on his way past the building. The door of the saloon suddenly opened and Sam Bean stepped out. Orayco turned hastily and quickened his pace but Sam Bean recognized him as he headed down the street.

"Didn't I tell you to stay away from here?" Bean demanded in a loud voice.

Orayco did not turn his head but continued on his way as though he had not heard the remarks.

"Hey, you old buzzard, I'm talking to you," Bean continued. "You stay away from here. You leave Marie alone."

For a moment Clicerio Orayco stood motionless. Then, with those last words ringing in his ears he seemed to lose all sense of everything except the bitter hatred in his heart for that leering face across the street. Reaching into his shirt he pulled out a long-bladed knife and started toward his tormentor.

A look of incredulous astonishment came over Sam Bean's face for a fleeting moment. Then, with an oath, he whipped out a six-shooter and fired at the advancing assailant. The first bullet seared Orayco's cheek and the second knocked off his hat. But nothing could stop him now. Oblivious to the flying bullets he rushed forward. Then as he closed with his enemy, the latter tried to use the emptied gun as a club. Orayco warded off the blows with his left arm as his right hand plunged the long knife into the body of his opponent. Again and again he struck.

Doctor Scott was hastily summoned from the other side of town but all he could do was count the nineteen knife wounds in the body of the fallen man.

It was an elaborate funeral. A military band was imported from the little garrison at Las Vacas (now Ciudad Acuña) across the Rio Grande. Carriages filled with flowers were followed by carriages filled with painted women and men in gay attire. A vast throng on foot brought up the rear of the procession to the cemetery. The ceremonies were more of a celebration of relief than any real mark of respect for the passing of a man whose only possible claim to be even noticed was the fact that he was the son of Judge Roy Bean who, as Justice of the Peace, had for so many years administered "Law West of the Pecos."

PIONEER HUNCH

When Ravenwood and Bates, partners, rolled their wagons into Burlington, North Dakota, in the summer of 1883, announcing themselves as railroad contractors, pioneer James Johnson was dubious.

Besides wagons, they had a band of horses. After arrival and for many months, they rode about the country far and wide.

This was justified on the grounds they were lining up horses and men for a coming railroad construction job. Burlington settlers badly wanted a railroad. They were hospitable to anyone whose business might help bring it.

In November of 1884, Ravenwood and Bates departed forever, manacled and guarded by William (Flopping Bill) Cantrell's band of Montana Vigilantes.

By this time the "contractors" were unmasked as thieves before their Burlington contemporaries. It was embarrassing because Ravenwood and Bates had been active members of a local vigilante group, the Burlington Regulators.

But Johnson was not surprised. He recalled a remark he had dropped when the partners came to town. He had observed that the front gear of their wagons was of one make and the rear ends were of another: also that the harness

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Miscellaneous

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was of rawhide, not the store harness legitimate contractors and survey parties usually had.

He also remembered how the two glowered as he pointed to the hybrid couplings.

Being a bluff man as well as an observing one, Johnson had said: "You fellows look more like horse thieves than railroad contractors."—*from North Dakota Territorial Centennial Edition, 1961.*

Royal Russian Buffalo Hunt

(Continued from page 13)

drew his bow and sent an arrow completely through a running buffalo bull. The gory missile was retrieved and presented as a trophy to Alexis, who rewarded the hunter with a gold piece and received his bow and quiver as a souvenir.

At this time, as befitting his station, Alexis distributed gifts to the Indians. Originally there were about 200 Indians to be provided for with twenty-five wagonloads of trade goods, but as Mari Sandoz points out in her book, *The Buffalo Hunters,* Indians loved the white men's celebrations and kept coming until there were about a thousand wandering in and around Camp Alexis.

mounting a racing motor on a coaster wagon.

The little cart jogged along pleasantly for a while with Bill as driver and Alexis and Sheridan as passengers. The General suggested it might be nice if they could go a little faster, what with all that horsepower at hand. Obligingly Cody gave them the whip and the little brakeless dogcart literally flew over the yellow buffalo grass with Alexis cheering and Sheridan, his dignity somewhat bruised, wishing he had kept his mouth shut.

The camp took on a festive appearance that night. Chinese lanterns were strewn through the trees and an Indian powwow and war dance were presented for the honored guest. Spotted Tail, an accomplished diplomat in his own right, seized upon the felicity and friendship of the occasion to ask two concessions of General Sheridan: hunting privileges below the Platte River and additional traders on the reservation to offer competitive prices.

Sheridan, under the influence of the pleasantness of the situation, and perhaps of the champagne also, granted the first request and promised to speak to General Grant about the second.

The Duke, indifferent that a formal party was in progress, quickly made a brief apology, dashed from the ballroom, and still in evening dress hastened to the special train waiting to carry him to the buffalo grounds. What was left of the party watched in utter confusion as Russians and aides scattered and Denver's Four Hundred paused to ponder why the Czar's son should suddenly develop a preference for the company of plainsmen and shaggy buffaloes to theirs.

To the consternation of his guardians, but to Alexis' obvious delight, this hunt proved much wilder than the previous one. The party was mounted on cavalry horses which were unaccustomed to running buffaloes and consequently not very adept at it.

Suddenly, as the herd and riders met, there was a potpourri of hairy beasts, bellowing Russian counts, and nervous American officers. As his companions gasped, the Duke's horse stepped in a prairie dog hole and the third son of Alexander II spilled headlong into a mixture of dust and galloping buffalo hoofs.

Much to the relief of his protectors and hosts Alexis leapt up smiling and, waving his arms, remounted his horse to continue the chase. Pistols were used in this hunt—lead was flying in every direction and Sheridan himself got a bullet through the coat-tails accidentally fired by Count Bodisco. Despite the pleadings for moderation and safety, Alexis was at his convivial best. As he proudly displayed his four buffalo tail trophies, he declared that he had never had such a time in his life.

Out of such an episode as this many stories were sure to develop, but perhaps the best is that told by Chalkley Beeson, a musician who left the interrupted party at Denver to join the hunt and who later became part owner of the famous Long Branch Saloon in Dodge City. As the story goes, Beeson and General Sheridan were watching one portion of the spectacular hunt when the General saw that a young bull had been wounded.

He asked Beeson to catch the calf by the tail so he could mercifully finish it off. Many years after the incident, when Sheridan was speaking of the hunt at a Chicago banquet, Beeson, who was present as the leader of a cowboy band, interjected that he, too, was on that much talked-of trip. "Funny," replied the General, irritated at the stoppage of his speech, "I don't remember you."

"You should," rejoined Beeson, "I'm the man who held the buffalo by the tail while you shot it."

The hunt in Kit Carson County marked the end of the royal sojourn on the frontier and Alexis left the West to storm the romantic port of New Orleans before finally departing for Europe and home.

Kansas State Historical Society

The royal party at Topeka, Kansas. Left to right, front row, General J. W. Forsyth, Lieutenant Stordegraff, Colonel M. V. Sheridan; middle row, Consul Bodisco, Chancellor Machen, Lieutenant General Sheridan, Grand Duke Alexis, Admiral Possiet, General Custer; back row, Frank Thompson, Dr. Kadrin, Colonel George Forsyth, Count Olsenfieff, Dr. Morris Asch, General Sweitzer, Lieutenant Tudor.

The Russian prince, unperturbed by the turn of events and potential danger, smiled as he distributed bright blankets, silver dollars, tobacco and beautiful ivory-handled Russian hunting knives. He laughed at the Indians' facial expressions as they tasted bubbly champagne for the first time.

Later the Duke inspected the Indian encampment with Mrs. Raymond, sister of a local homesteader and the only woman on the expedition. Alexis was astonished to learn that a woman living on the raw frontier, who had shot a fine large buffalo earlier in the day, could speak excellent Parisian French. She was probably equally surprised at this foreigner's fluent English.

The Grand Duke had been told of Bill Cody's feats as a stage driver and eagerly desired a demonstration of his talents. Other than a freight wagon, the only suitable conveyance in camp was a rather small English dogcart which was promptly fitted out with four spirited horses, an arrangement rather like

THE next morning the party headed back to North Platte, arriving there about ten o'clock that night. Inviting his gracious guide into his private car, Alexis offered Buffalo Bill a purse of money—which Cody allegedly refused. But he did accept a beautiful fur coat which the Duke insisted he take. Later, when Alexis returned to New York, he ordered Bill a set of diamond cuff-links and a specially made diamond and ruby scarf pin handsomely fashioned in the shape of a buffalo head.

After visiting some of the local mining camps, the Grand Duke's party arrived in Denver, where a formal ball was held for Alexis. More interested in the open air of the buffalo grounds than the stuffy atmosphere of these affairs, the royal visitor asked if another hunt could possibly be arranged. At the height of the ball his chance came.

A telegram arrived from Sheridan's scouts saying that a buffalo herd had been sighted in Kit Carson County, Colorado.

ANSWERS

1. **Bootjack**
2. **Apple peeler**
3. **Desert water bucket**
4. **Sausage stuffer**
5. **Turnkey—for pulling teeth**
6. **Bread-baking mold for use in campfires**
7. **Footwarmer—for buggy or church**
8. **Wire rat trap**
9. **Waffle iron**
10. **Shot pouch**
11. **7 shot, .32 calibre Palm Gun**
12. **Lemon squeezer**

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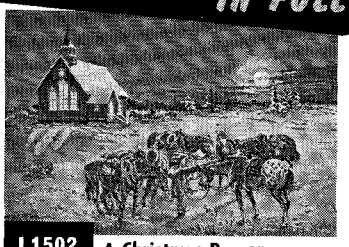

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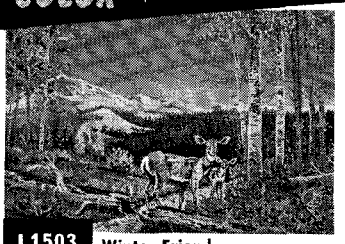

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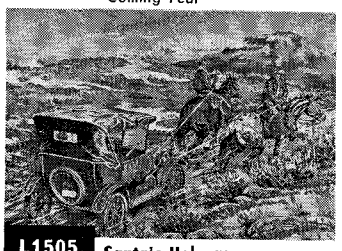

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W1507 **Western Wonderland**
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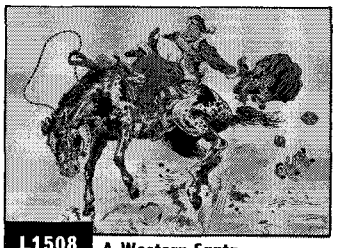
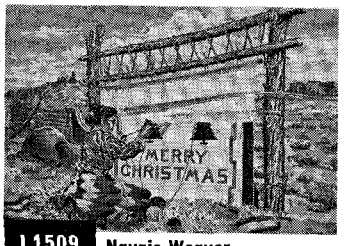


L1508 **A Western Santa**
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



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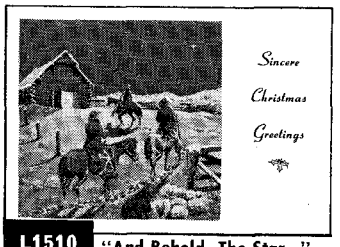
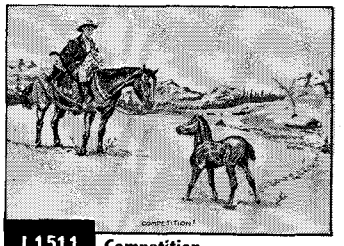


L1510 **"And Behold, The Star—"**
With Best Wishes for the Season and Happiness throughout the Coming Year



L1511 **Competition**
Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

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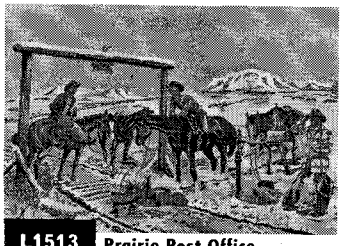

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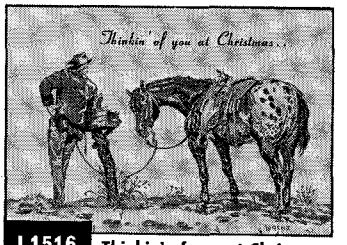
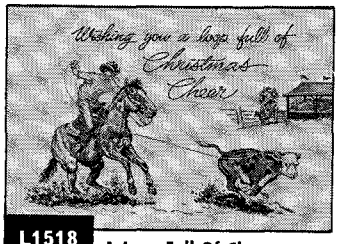
D1514 **A Ranch House Santa**
A friendly greeting at Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year

L1515 **A Christmas Visit**
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



L1516 **Thinkin' of you at Christmas**
Best Wishes for the Holidays and Happiness throughout the New Year

H1517 **Candles of The Lord**
May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You Throughout the Coming Year



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